

CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

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THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

THE immense advantage to the merchant commerce of Great Britain with India and the great additional security for the permanence of English rule in that vast peninsula which must result, were a ship canal cut through the strip of sand, shingle, and swamp, not more at its narrowest part than about seventy five miles in width, which separates the Mediterranean from the Red Sea and popularly known as the Isthmus of Suez must be apparent to the least observant person. Various plans for effecting this desirable object have been proposed, discussed, and forgotten during the last half century and at the first view of the matter it would seem that we are still as far off as ever from its accomplishment. But this,

little reflection will convince us is by no means the case. Much indispensable preparatory work has during that period been successfully achieved. The chief difficulties, hinderances, and hazards previously believed to be inseparable from the voyage to Bombay or Madras by the Mediterranean and Red Sea have, by the vigilance and sagacity of the British and home governments, and the marvellous progress of scientific discovery and invention, been removed or overcome. That highway of the seas is now sentinelled throughout at every pass, save that immediately by Suez which commands it, and—a matter of perhaps even greater importance—the dangers, uncertainties, and delays, formerly incidental to Red Sea navigation, no longer exist. A few words will suffice to establish these two propositions.

On glancing at the map, the reader will perceive that there are three points or keys along the overland route, as it is called, from England to Eastern India which command, and almost, so to speak, shut it in. These

points or keys are Gibraltar, at the entrance of the Mediterranean; Malta, between Sicily and Africa; and Aden, by Bab el-Mandeb, the Arabian 'Gate of Tears,' at the southern extremity of the Red Sea. Were either of these positions, Malta and Aden more especially, held by hostile forces, it is manifest that, in the event of war, this comparatively short cut to the Indian Ocean would be insecure, if not impracticable. Napoleon Bonaparte well understood this, and it was one of the chief reasons which induced him to declare to Lord Whitworth, previous to the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, that he would rather see the English in possession of the heights of Montmartre than of Malta. It was not before 1839 that the fortress of Aden, which commands the Pass of Bab-el-Mandeb, was by a lucky circumstance, as promptly as audaciously turned to account, taken possession of, and secured by the Anglo-Indian government. In the next place steam has rendered the difficult and dangerous navigation, as it was always held, of the Red Sea, not only practicable during all seasons of the year, but as safe as it is swift and certain. Before that mighty agent of both moral and physical progress had been applied to ship propulsion, it was a common saying amongst nautical men 'that there were six months in the year when you could not get out, and six months in the year when you could not get into the Red Sea.' There is no doubt something of exaggeration in this saying, although in the main true enough. This long and narrow sea, 1200 miles in length, and so thickly studded with coral reefs at varying distances from the shore as to render it unperpetive for vessels of any considerable burthen to keep the clear mid-channel, is swept throughout its entire extent, during the south-west monsoon in the Indian Ocean, by a north-west wind, and during the north-east monsoon by a strong southerly wind. The Red Sea lies between the 12th and 30th degrees of latitude; its main line from Suez to Bab el-Mandeb is from N.N.W. to S.S.E.; and it is quite plain, therefore, that its navigation by sailing vessels must be always exceedingly slow, if not accommodated to these prevalent and alternating winds. The slight Arab and Egyptian vessels leave the ports of the Red Sea for India during the south-west, and return during the north-east monsoon. Those timid and unskilful sailors, creeping along between the coral-reefs and the shore, and hastily anchoring in some friendly nook, or in the lee of a sheltering highland, at the slightest sign of a gale coming on usually occupy as much time in getting from one extremity of the Arabian Gulf to the other—forty days—as the ancients did. A steamer of fair speed will sweep through in four or five days only, and at any and every season of the year, and thus one main difficulty and hinderance in this route is thoroughly surmounted. Since 1775 the time occupied in the overland journey has been greatly diminished. In that year dispatches were for the first time sent to Bombay from England by the Isthmus of Suez: the winds were favourable, and the task was accomplished in ninety days. Subsequently the distance was traversed in eighty days, and men lifted their hands in astonishment and delight at so wonderful and unexpected a result.

In 1835 a bi-monthly steam mail-service was organised and put in operation, and the British public now, every fortnight, receive letters posted in Bombay only twenty-seven or twenty-eight days previously—a great triumph, it must be admitted, and, as we doubt not, the sign and precursor

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of others yet to come. Till the trial, however, made by the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer at the persevering instance of Lieutenant Waghorn—a man to whom travellers to India by the Isthmus of Suez are so much indebted—it was gravely doubted that steam-vessels could be successfully or economically employed in Red-Sea navigation, and a long land-route from Beyrout, on the coast of Syria to the Euphrates and Persian Gulf, including in its devious, but certainly to many attractive line, Balbec, Damascus, and Palmyra, 'Tadmor in the Desert,' was recommended for adoption in preference to the passage over the Isthmus by persons claiming to speak with knowledge and authority. Even Mr Maclaren—whose confidence in the practicability of effecting a sea-way from the Mediterranean to the Arabian Gulf was so complete and unhesitating, that he declared 'it may be safely stated that there is not a spot in the world where a water-communication of equal extent could be made with the same facility, and where human skill would produce so great a change with so small an effort'—only ventured five-and-twenty years ago to suggest 'that were it found practicable to employ steam-power, Bombay might be probably reached in six weeks, the distance being 7200 miles.' When so much has already been accomplished beyond the hopes and expectations of the sanguine and confident, by the union of energy and science, it were surely mere folly to despair of ultimately breaking through the last sole obstacle which impedes the intercourse between Europe and the immense countries skirted by the Arabian and Indian seas.

And thus last sole obstacle must—in the paramount interest, much less even of Great Britain than in that of India itself—be broken through. The material interests involved are, there can be no question, enormous—almost incalculable, as regards this country, now that railways and steam-navigation are beginning to open up the vast resources of the great Asian peninsula, but there are other and higher considerations than merely commercial ones, which enforce the necessity of effecting a swift passage for our ships to the Arabian Sea. It is admitted by all just and calmly-reasoning men, that England cannot, dare not, abandon the people of India whom she is slowly but surely rescuing from the impious cruelties of debasing superstitions and the demoralising influences of castes. Under any circumstances, however threatening or adverse, they must be shielded not only from themselves, but from the aggressions of other powers. And to defend effectively and promptly the coasts of India from insult and aggression, a ship-passage through the Isthmus of Suez may be one day indispensable. This is easily demonstrated. The only power which in the present age of the world would be likely to assail Great Britain in India is semi-civilised Russia, in whose councils the project may be said to be traditional. There is but one way in which she could do so with any chance of even temporary success. The land march with which we used to be menaced by certain alarmists is now generally regarded by competent authorities, who have kept in view the present state of military science and the requirements of modern armies, as a mere illusive dream; but if the Suez Isthmus continue sealed against us, the northern borders might find a practicable, and, did war suddenly break forth, an unmolested road to Bombay or Madras. The Armenian ports on the Euphrates are virtually in the czar's power; his transports might descend that river to

the Persian Gulf, and thence issuing into the Indian Ocean, strike at whatever point of the British-Indian coast they pleased, whilst the fleet that should encounter and dissipate such an armament was slowly struggling round the Cape. That this could be done is plain from the fact that the Emperor Trajan reached the Persian Gulf from the Euphrates with a fleet built in the mountains of Nisibus. True, the communication between the Persian Gulf and India would be ultimately interrupted, and the invading force in all probability exterminated, but not till after enormous mischief had been done—an end quite sufficient to justify, according to all former experience of the ruthless policy of the northern court, any sacrifice of its mere serfs. There need, however, be no apprehension entertained that Russia would indulge in such an enterprise if the expedition issuing from the Persian Gulf were certain of encountering the steam-squadrons which, sweeping through the canal of the Isthmus, in answer to the signal that would flame along the heights of Aden, Malta, and Gibraltar, towards Great Britain, would infallibly intercept and destroy it long before the shores of India loomed upon the horizon. There is no argument so potential against war, especially with semi-barbarous powers, as the impossibility of its being undertaken with a chance of success. And even the merely passenger-route by Alexandria, Cairo, and the Desert to Suez, is entirely at the mercy of a foreign power—the Pacha of Egypt; and we have seen, as lately as 1840, the extremities to which certain statesmen were disposed to push matters in order to maintain a dominant and exclusive influence over the rulers of that country—a dominant and exclusive influence, valuable only as affording the means of barring the road, should an opportunity for doing so occur, between England and her giant dependency. This, it must be confessed, is by no means a satisfactory state of affairs, presenting, as it does, a weak and consequently tempting point, at which, it might be hoped, the strong man could be assailed with advantage and impunity. Neither must we forget that the western transit by Panama, which, in respect of communication with the Australasian continent, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, &c., &c., has far superior claims to the route by Suez, is of slight comparative value as a ship-way to eastern Asia, the shores along the Arabian Sea and Gulf, and other adjacent countries. It is only by Suez that Bombay can be brought within less than a month's sail of Portsmouth, and that one of our improved ocean steamers will be able to reach that presidency in a space of time scarcely greater than no great while since was consumed by a coach-journey from Edinburgh to London and back again.

The object to be accomplished is the sundering of two vast continents—the forcible thrusting back of Africa from her barren, arid, obstructive embrace of Asia. There, away to the eastward of the city of Alexandria—the almost sole shred which time has spared of the wars and glories of the Macedonian conqueror—stretches toward Palestine the long, low line of sand which constitutes the northern Mediterranean shore of the hitherto baffling Isthmus. Its width from Tyneh, a village on the Mediterranean not far from the ruins of the ancient Pelusium—the termination of the eastern, or Pelusiac branch of the Nile, now blocked up by sand—to Suez on the Red Sea, is not much more than seventy miles; Tyneh being only about two miles north of 31° north latitude, and Suez barely a mile

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south of 30° north latitude. This long, low line of sand, swamp, and stones, but partially abandoned by the sea, gradually rises as it trends southward till both east and west of the Gulf of Suëz—formed by the promontory upon which Mount Sinai and the lesser Horeb lift their faith-lit summits to the sky—it terminates in the somewhat mountainous land which there bars out the waters of the Red Sea or Arabian Gulf. It has been conjectured that this sea once flowed into the Mediterranean, and that Africa was consequently a huge island. This is, however, very doubtful, and can only be true of a time anterior to authentic human records; when perhaps the Delta or triangle formed by the division of the Nile above Cairo into the two great branches which issue far apart from each other, and to the eastward of Alexandria into the Mediterranean by the sufficiently wide but shallow Boghas of Rosetta and Damietta, was a mere swamp; a period when, we are told by Herodotus—the father of profane history; by the way, knowing no more of the matter, except from traditional fables, than we do—Thebes was already an imperial city. The only and imperfect connection of the two seas partially known to have existed was that by the famous

CANAL OF THE KINGS,

that has now been closed for upwards of a thousand years, and the very existence of which, except as a merely irrigating contrivance, certain learned antiquaries were gravely questioning, till the report of the French engineers, who accompanied Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt at the close of the eighteenth century, put an end to all cavil upon the subject. This canal partially connected, there can be no doubt, the Red Sea with the Mediterranean by means of several cuttings, connecting the most southern of the lakes or lagoons of the Isthmus, called the Bitter Lake—the Lacus Amauri of Pliny, and Crocodile Sea of the Arabs—by means of the Pelusiæ arm of the Nile with the great Lake Menzaleh on the north-west of the Isthmus, which has an outlet to the Mediterranean. The origin and progress of this canal cannot be very distinctly traced. Herodotus, and repeating him, Diodorus Siculus, ascribe its projection to Nechæ, who lived about 600 B.C. Aristotle, Strabo, Pliny, on the contrary, refer its initiation to the more than half-fabulous Sesostriæ. Darius of Persia continued, and it is supposed finished it, although the honour of having done so is claimed by certain writers for Ptolemy the Second. Herodotus says it occupied four days to sail through, which, at twenty-three miles a day—a rather fast pace for ancient navigation—would give the actual distance, as measured by M. Lepère; namely, ninety-two miles. The point of junction with the Pelusiæ branch of the Nile was at the ancient Bubastis, considerably north of Cairo. We will presently more exactly define its course, but first it may be as well to finish with its obscure and chequered history. It was restored, after having long fallen into disuse, in the second century of the Christian era, by the Emperor Adrian, who, in honour of his adopted father, named the branch of the Nile which fed it the Trajan stream or river. The wind-driven sands of the desert, assisted by the wandering Arabs, whose transit-trade, carried on by camels, dromedaries, and asses, the canal greatly interfered with, again

gradually choked up the passage, and it was not till the conquest of Egypt by Amrou, the general of the Caliph Omar, that it was for the last time re-established. Omar is the same who sent Amrou the pithily-expressed order to burn the Alexandrian Library, for the admirable reason, that if the books contained nothing more than was to be found in the Koran they were useless, and if more, they were false—a story doubted by Gibbon, but which has a strong smack of fanatic likelihood about it—this Omar being desirous of re-establishing a safe and comparatively facile communication between the Valley of the Nile and the holy city of Mecca, ordered the restoration of the works. The narrative of this last attempt to improve and render serviceable the ancient canal by the Moslems, as given by an Arab historian, is worth relating. ‘There was,’ writes Abdalhal ben Saleh—we quote from a French translation—‘a cruel dearth at Medina in the eighteenth year of the Hegira (A. D. 639), under the caliphate of Omar, Prince of the Faithful. Omar consequently wrote to Amrou, who was in Egypt, in the following terms:—“From the servant of God, Omar, Prince of the Faithful, to Amrou ben El As, greeting. I swear to thee by my life, O Amrou, that whilst thou and thine are living in abundance, you care nothing though me and mine perish of want. Come to our help then. Come! God will repay thee.” To this pressingmissive Amrou replied: “From Amrou ben El As, to the servant of God Omar, Prince of the Faithful, greeting. I come to thy help: I come! I send thee a convoy of beasts of burden, of which the first will reach thee whilst the last is still with me.” This, considering Amrou was in the Valley of the Nile, seems a rather long string of animals, more especially as they marched, we are assured, closely at each other’s heels, though in single file. Omar was delighted, and determined to promote a constant and easy intercourse between Arabia and so fruitful and abundant a country as Egypt. Having with this view sent for his general, he thus addressed him: “Amrou, the Most High has delivered Egypt to the Faithful. It is a country abounding in riches and estates of every kind. I must profit by the opportunity afforded me by God himself to insure abundance for the inhabitants of the holy cities, and provisions for all Moslems. For this purpose a canal must be dug from the Nile to the Red Sea.” Amrou communicated this order to the chief men of Egypt, who were in despair at the thought that their country was to be impoverished to feed the hungry Arabs, and they prevailed upon Amrou to return to Omar and say, that although it was true that ships had once sailed from Egypt to Arabia, the canal had become so completely blocked up that it would be impossible to re-open it, and to attempt to do so would cost enormous sums. “I swear to thee, Amrou,” replied the caliph, “by Him in whose hands is the soul of Omar, that I do not believe thee. The Egyptians have persuaded thee to exaggerate the difficulties of the canal, but I will punish thee if thou dost not dig the canal, so that ships may sail thereon.”’

This imperative command Amrou durst not disobey. The canal was re-opened, and its junction with the Nile removed to near Cairo, in order to increase the fall and volume of the water by which the canal was fed. It continued open about a century and a half, during which it bore the name of the Canal of the Prince of the Faithful. This high-sounding designation did

not, however, preserve it from its old enemies—the shifting sands and Arabs of the desert, and so well did they perform their work, that, as we have before stated, it became so entirely obliterated during the last thousand years, that a dispute had arisen as to whether it had ever really existed as a navigable passage till the publication of the French survey M. Hedy says Amrouy dug the canal in the 23d of the Hegira, A. D. 843-4, and that it was finished in six months, so that on the seventh vessels passed from the Nile to the Red Sea. It was finally blocked up A. D. 767—according to Ben Ayas—having endured about 125 years only.

It commenced at about a mile and a half from Suez, and was carried in a north westerly direction till it reached the basin of the Bitter Lake—a distance of about thirteen miles. This basin, which is twenty-seven miles long, and from five to seven wide, formed the second division of the canal or passage. Its bottom is from twenty to fifty feet below high-water at Suez, and at present it contains no water except in the lowest parts, the surface being covered with saline incrustations, and the cavernous depths below sounding distinctly beneath the feet. From Serapeum, at the northern end of the basin, the canal was carried through the long wadi or valley—the land of Goshen of the Israelites, according to Josephus and others—to the lake Abaceli. The bottom of this valley is thirty feet below the surrounding desert, and about as much beneath the level of the Arabian Gulf. To exclude the waters of the Nile when at flood, the wadi was shut in by transverse dikes at Abaceli, Ras-el Wadi, and Serapeum. The canal ran along the north side, and was carried by another cutting, from Abaceli

to Bubastis, on the Pelusiac or eastern arm of the Nile, a farther distance of twelve miles. The contrivance of locks was unknown to the ancients, and hence great practical difficulties arose from the different and varying heights of the Nile and the Red Sea. The level of the Arabian Gulf,

except for a few weeks during the flood of the Nile, is considerably above that river—and supposing the canal to have been clear throughout, there would have poured a stream of salt brine into the fresh waters of the sacred stream, and as the inhabitants of the Delta have only Nile water to use, rain falling rarely and scantily in Egypt, this could not of course be permitted. The canal must consequently have been so contrived as to be shut off from the Nile when it had sunk below the level of the Red Sea, and it is also quite clear that the canal never absolutely debouched into the Gulf of Suez, the waters of which were no doubt artificially admitted only in sufficient quantities to supply the place of the vanished Nile. The Canal of the Kings—its ancient and certainly appropriate title—was from thirty six to fifty five yards in width, and in depth about fifteen feet—Herodotus says thirty. Of this communication—ninety-two miles in length—upwards of sixty were cut by human labour, ‘and half of that artificial construction is,’ says Mr Maclaren, ‘now so perfect, or so little damaged, as to require little more than cleaning to render it again navigable.’

This is pretty nearly all that is known and guessed at concerning this great ancient work, begun and carried persistently on, in spite of repeated failures, in times when these islands were uninhabited swamps and forests, and finally abandoned to neglect and ruin as long since as Alfred lived and reigned. It may now be our privilege and glory to restore, complete, and perfect, a highway for Europe through those once famous countries, and

thereby reawaken and stimulate by the highest of all teachings—those of power and example—the now sterile and torpid energies of nations that in the dawn and twilight of the world exhibited a considerable degree of refinement and civilisation. And before proceeding with the dry details of the work to be effected, let us pause awhile to survey the remarkable localities connected with the Isthmus: to mark some of the scenes in the gigantic panorama unrolled by ages until the red-cross flag of Great Britain—of a people dwelling far beyond the *ultima thule* of the old world—gleams upon the horizon, bringing with it the light of a new dawn, the harbinger and sign, let us hope, of a renewed life of hope, progress, faith, and peace.

THE ISTHMUS AND ITS BOUNDARIES.

The Isthmus of Suez, say geographers, is bounded on the west by the banks of the Nile, on the east by the Arabian desert of El Tyl, on the south by the eastern desert of Egypt and the Red Sea, and on the north by the Mediterranean—a description as barren as the place itself. The vicinage of the obstructing belt of sand, shells, and lakes, deserves and will repay a closer examination.

On the west lies Egypt, the land of misrule and superstition, where from the beginning of the long line of Pharaohs a slave race of men have toiled beneath the yoke of idol or of tyrant. Previously, perhaps, a comparatively purer, higher civilisation existed. Manetho's interminable dynasties may be dismissed, like most early genealogies, with a smile of contempt: they are like corpses which retain a semblance of life and reality only whilst sheltered in darkness from the air of day, and at the first glance of light which falls upon them, crumble into feathers, undistinguishable dust. Still if it be true, as Plutarch asserts, that this inscription was found upon an ancient Egyptian temple 'I am all that has been, is, or shall be'—a long time must be supposed to have elapsed before that testimony and revelation could have been slurred over and effaced by crocodile and cow worship. But obscure and uncertain as may be the old chronicles of Egypt, we discern clearly, though faintly and afar off, Abraham, the father of nations, journeying thitherward when there was famine in the land of Canaan; and five centuries nearer to us there stands broadly and grandly out, in the foreground of a heroic picture, the commanding and colossal figure of Moses—the general, deliverer, and lawgiver of his people, the historian who wrote a thousand years before Herodotus—we see him lead the fainting Israelites by the Gulf of Suez yonder; and as we do so, fancy that we hear, mingling with the clamours of his terror-stricken followers, the tramp and shouts of the pursuing Egyptians, the roar, tumult, horror, and despair of the catastrophe that overtook them, and the strains of the triumphant hymn uplifted six hundred years before Homer sang the mythic glories of that Greece for which Cecrops, Cadmus, and others, were setting out from Egypt at about the same time as the Jews' departure. 'Whenever,' says Niebuhr, 'you ask an Arab where the Egyptians were drowned, he points to the part of the shore where you are standing.' There is, however, one particular bay

where, in the roaring of the waters, they pretend still to hear the cries and wailings of the ghosts of Pharaoh's army. The Nile, too, what a marvel and a mystery was that to the old world! Julius Caesar, conversing with an Egyptian priest on the eve of the battle of Pharsalia, offered to abandon his army, empire, Cleopatra, if the priest would but shew him the mysterious sources of the river; so restless and powerful in the higher organisations is the desire to lift but a corner of the veil which shrouds the secret of this inscrutable universe. They were poor geographers, those fathers of the world. What became of the Euphrates below Babylon was a disputed point with many of the most learned of them; but the Nile mystery was admittedly an utterly unfathomable one. '*Quæreret caput Nilæ!*' said they, as expressive of an utterly unsolvable problem. The Emperor Julian, who refused credence to the divine message enunciated in Judea, could, however, readily believe that the god Serapis caused the rise of the fertilising flood—the ruins of a temple dedicated to which idol are, we may here mention, still to be seen at Serapeum, at the northern extremity of the Bitter Lake in the Isthmus. But long before Caesar and Cleopatra, Alexander, the Macedonian victor, had looked with the same glance of unquiet wonder upon the apparent inexplicable phenomenon exhibited by the Nile. This renowned warrior was, however, a man of action more than of sentiment, and he determined to turn the river, whatever its sources might be, to account in facilitating the intercourse between his kingdom and India. There were two modes by which this object could be effected: one by the Persian Gulf, and the other by the Red Sea. Alexander determined to avail himself of both; and Alexandria, intended to be the emporium of the universe, was built westward of the Isthmus, at the only point of the desert where a good harbour exists; and a canal, forty-eight miles in length, was run to the Coptic branch of the Nile. This was no doubt a considerable work for such a time, and may perhaps have tolerably sufficed for the infantine commerce of the period, but is of slight avail in helping forward the giant traffic of these days. The great conqueror passed away without leaving any permanently beneficial impress behind him; and Egypt, successively the prey and slave of Roman, Saracenic, Turkish despots, has crept down to our own times, still a fettered, degraded helot, and never more so than during the apparent elevation she attained during the remorseless rule of Mohammed Ali. The insane efforts of that man to erect his pachaie into a great naval power, independent of the Ottoman empire, and a sort of small rival to that of Great Britain, which it was the fashion a few years since to extol as an inspiration of eminent political prescience, sufficiently attests the range of his governmental sagacity. He had, however, let us admit, some excuse in the applause and incitements of his European flatterers and parasites. Prince Puckler Muskau's book, in 1839, gravely asserted that the ships and sailors of his Egyptian Highness were scarcely, if at all, inferior to the British that he had seen at Malta. The English seamen might perhaps be a trifle, only a trifle, smarter in their evolutions; but that was positively all. This was written only a few months before the numerous and grand-looking Egyptian fleet were blockaded in Alexandria by the *Asia* two-decker, and a sloop of war! Unquestionably it was the viceroy's possession of the Isthmus of Suez, of this important key to British India, which gave him such exaggerated

importance in the eyes of his adulators, and prompted the madly-ambitious pranks in Syria which were ultimately so rudely and effectually defeated. One really beneficial work performed by Mohammed Ali's directions was the digging out of the canal connecting Alexandria with Atfih on the Canoptic branch of the Nile, and thereby facilitating in some degree the route to Suez by Cairo. But even the honour of this achievement was stained or rather effaced by the reckless ferocity the viceroy displayed in its execution. Twenty-three thousand of the Fellahs, compelled to labour at the canal, perished miserably from the severity of the labour imposed upon them, and lack of sufficient sustenance during the ten months the work occupied; 'and they were buried,' says Mr St John, 'like so many dogs in the banks of the canal.' No wonder M. Lamartine should exclaim as he did in 1840: 'Our children could not find a veil thick enough to hide the shame of their fathers did we go to war in support of Mohammed Ali.' The treaty of peace concluded in January 1841 substantially restored much of the sultan's authority in Egypt; and it can scarcely be supposed that the Ottoman emperor, if earnestly pressed, would refuse his sanction to a maritime highway so essential to the security of the dominions of his ever-faithful British ally, and opposed to the interests or legitimate ambition of no people on the earth. And his Highness of Egypt, warned by the example of Mohammed Ali, would scarcely offer, we imagine, any prolonged resistance to the wishes of the sultan of the Turks and the queen of Great Britain. In this respect, then, we are also in a much more favourable position for the execution of the project than formerly.

Turning towards the east of the Isthmus, we perceive the 'desert of El Tyh ben-Israel (the Wandering of the Children of Israel, trending northward till it reaches the table-land of Judea; and west of that table land, and north of El Tyh, there stretches along towards the Isthmus the country of the Philistines, called by the Arabs to this day the Plain of Falastin. To the south of Suez is the Wilderness of Sin, and the pass of the Wadec Shela, through which, according to Burckhardt and others, the despairing Israelites were led by Moses to the vicinity of Mount Sinai, and is thus described by Miss Martineau in her 'Eastern Life':-- 'It was necessary to dismount, not so much on account of the steepness of the ascent, which was in fact a long zig-zag staircase, as of its narrowness. A baggage camel filled the space completely; and if one of these should press against a ridden camel, the rider's limbs would probably be crushed against the rock. . . . The heat was like the mouth of a furnace, and I should hardly have supposed myself on our own familiar earth, but for the birds which flew up in the sunshine, and the dragon-flies that flitted by. I now seemed to feel for the first time true pity for the wandering Hebrews. What a place was this for the Hebrew mothers with their sucking-babes! They who had lived on the banks of the never-failing Nile, and drank their full of its sweet waters, must have been aghast at the aspect of a scene like this, where the eye, wandering as it will, can see nothing but bright and solemn rocks, and a sky without a cloud. As I thought of their fevered children imploring water, and their own failing limbs where there was no shade in which to rest, I could imagine the agony of the Hebrew fathers, and well excuse their despairing cry: "Give us water that we may drink. Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of the land of Egypt,

to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst? Wherefore have ye made us to come out of Egypt to bring us into this evil place? It is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates: neither is there any water to drink." They were here in the early days of their wandering, when the freshness of the Nile Valley was vivid in their remembrance, and it was later in the year than when we travelled that way. To them the sun was more scorching than to us; and the baked soil of the water-courses had become dry dust; and, as Burckhardt found at a yet earlier season, the scanty foliage of the thorny acacia was all so dead and crisped with the heat as to ignite with a spark. The faith of the meditative and instructed Moses must have been strong to bear him up in such a scene, and what must have been the clamour and despair of the slavish multitude, whose hope and courage had been extinguished by that bondage which yet left their domestic affections in all their strength. At every step we found the scriptural imagery rising up before our minds—the imagery of overshadowing rocks, sheltering wings, water-brooks, and rain filling the pools. even we relieved our mental oppression with imagery like this!

Yet farther to the south, and east of the Red Sea, lies that immense, jagged, and irregular triangle, four times as large as France, comprising the three Arabias—the Stony, the Sandy, and the Happy. Happy Arabia (Arabia Felix), in which was the Sheba of the Scriptures, consists chiefly of the high lands of a thousand miles extent of coast washed by the Indian Ocean, and fruitful in herbage, fruits, and flowers; the land of frankincense, of coffee, and anciently of gold and precious stones, and cuirassed from attack by land by the stony and sandy deserts which extend along the Red Sea, stretch over to the Persian Gulf, and away towards Jerusalem, Syria, and the Euphrates. Till the capture of Aden by the British no European power has ever held actual possession of any part of Arabia—not even the Romans. One of the armies of the Emperor Hadrian perished miserably there; and it is quite certain that only a great maritime power could make any permanent impression upon it. This is the country of Hagar and Ishmael, and yet mainly possessed by their descendants—the still untamed children of the desert. This is the land, too, of Uz, in which it is thought the solemn and magnificent drama of Job and his counsellors was inspired and poured forth in prophet verse. Here also it was, we know, that in the seventh century of the Christian era, when all of spiritual meaning that attached to their primitive forms of worship had utterly departed, and the image of Abraham, with divining arrows in his hands, divided celestial honours with Hobal, Al Hat, Al Uzza, and other numerous blocks of wood and stone, a trumpet voice pealed forth from Mecca, proclaiming the great truth and the debasing fiction which constitute the formula of the faith of Islam. 'La illah il Allah; Mohammed Resoul Allah!'—'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet'—words which to this day echo from the lips of a hundred and fifty millions of human beings; and there, on the western shore of this Araby, along which it is hoped the merchant navies of Europe may soon freely sweep, stands the Caaba of Mecca, lighted nightly by hundreds of lamps, which illumine the swarthy features of a multitude of devotees, offering their prayers to Allah beside the holy Black Stone and the sacred Zem Zem—the well, they tell you, pointed out

by the angel to Hagar in the wilderness—the only relics or symbols of idolatry respected by the great Idol-breaker. A marvellous influence did that man's words possess: 'These are no gods, I tell you,' rang over the desert wastes: 'you rub them with oil and wax, and the flies stick on them; these are wood, I tell you;' kindling a fire in the hearts of the enthusiastic Arabs—the Italians of the East, as they have been rightly called—which swept like a tempest of flame over a large portion of the earth. Persia embraced the faith; Egypt, India, bowed their dusky foreheads beneath the flashing sword of Islam; Constantinople saw the sun go down upon the cross and rise upon the crescent; Spain sank beneath the Moslem yoke; and till the victory of Charles Martel restored calm and confidence to startled Christendom, it appeared probable that the religion of the sword would triumph over the whole of the partially-civilised globe.

The contrasts which Arabia present, striking and peculiar as they are, must greatly tend to excite and strengthen the imaginative and superstitious character of the Arab. Amidst pathless solitudes of sand and rock, a luxuriant garden, as at Tayfa, suddenly blossoms amidst the thirsty, arid wilderness; vineyards, rich green pastures, the pomegranate, the melon, the palm, the lotus—every variety of Eastern fruit and flower flourish there in rich luxuriance. We smile at their tradition that Tayfa was floated at the Deluge to its present site; but we cannot marvel that the Arab should be powerfully impressed with the divine work of creative mercy, brought out in such bold relief upon those parched and barren sands, visibly created amidst natural sterility and dearth! The dweller in the desert, oppressed as he must be by an ever-present sense of human helplessness; wandering as he does amidst a moving soil, which the breath of Allah may in an instant convert into pursuing armies, compared with whose swift speed the fleet dromedary is slow and laggard, depending for life itself upon the scattered springs of water, the sudden palm and herbage, which well-up and flourish in unexpected places—tables spread forth at intervals by an unseen merciful hand, it must seem to him, for the especial sustainment of the fainting wayfarer; and overarched by those intensely-flashing eyes of heaven, which look down from Eastern skies—must ever be an impressionable, enthusiastic being, prone to superstition, but always eagerly listening for some clearer, more distinct revelation of the mysterious Power by whose wonders he is for ever and so palpably surrounded. This consideration may weigh with many persons with much greater force than any commercial advantages that more direct and facile means of intercourse with such countries may offer. Superstitious, and in some sort devout, as the Arab may be, his morality is of the lowest kind; but frequent collision with the higher civilisation of the west could not but ultimately rub off the alloy incrustation of eastern semi-barbarism in which he has been for so many ages enveloped. We do not think it would require a long time to count the years of Black-Stone and Zem-Zem sanctity after a locomotive shall have begun to hiss and puff in their vicinity. The steam horse proclaims a lesson of intellectual superiority which the dullest mind comprehend; and there can be little doubt that, greatly by its agency, the venerative predisposition of the Arab might be trained in a better direction than it is at present—just as other Asian abominations and superstitions are gradually yielding to the resistless momentum of its influence. A

railway train and the car of Juggernaut cannot in the nature of things long run on together; and from what we know of Bedouin, Thuggee, and other Eastern moralities, the reformation cannot take place too early.

Let us now direct our attention to the south-western extremity of Araby the Blest, where stands the fortress of Aden—the last great stopping-stone on this high-sea route from England to Bombay, upon a little mountainous peninsula connected with the mainland by a spit of sand only. It was here, we are told, the ships of Solomon met those from India and the land of Ophir, and exchanged products. In the time of Constantine it was a great and populous city, and the seat of a Christian bishopric. Three centuries afterwards Mohammed preached there, planted on its towers the green banner of Islam, and it was, there can be no question, the chief mart of Arabia. Fatalism did its ruinous errand at Aden as elsewhere, and the Turkish conquest so thoroughly completed the work of desolation, that in 1836 it contained only ninety decaying houses, inhabited by about 600 meagre Arabs. There were, however, a very numerous race of long-tailed monkeys—the transformed remnant, according to Arab tradition, of the once mighty tribe of Ad, whose ancient seat is by the same authority declared still to exist somewhere in the unexplored wilderness. As a sufficient proof of the formerly-flourishing, or, at all events, populous condition of Aden, we need only mention its wells, about 300 in number, bored through the solid rock, many of them to the depth of nearly 200 feet; its numerous reservoirs and cisterns; and its immense burying-ground. Aden is surrounded by a black, briny desert of lava and volcanic sand, having neither water, tree, nor shrub—clusters of barren rocks, which might fitly be likened to heaps of fused coal out of a glass house, and the sea. The necessity of the rock-bored wells was consequently a vital one, and by their means Aden is plentifully supplied with that rare luxury of the East—pure, fresh water. Three years only after the English obtained possession of the place the population had increased to 20,000; and now, it is said *thirty* thousand Arabs, Hindoos, Nubians, Albanians, Copts, Jews, negroes, traffic and wrangle in its crowded bazaars. The fortifications have been repaired and strengthened, and it is garrisoned by a considerable British force. There are few incidents in Anglo-Indian history more curious and characteristic perhaps than

THE CAPTURE OF ADEN,

or more illustrative of the promptitude, sagacity, and resolution with which the active agents of British government in the East seize upon and turn fortunate accidents, unexpected chances, to swift account. This key of the Arabian Gulf and half-way stage between the Isthmus and India—it is as nearly as may be midway between Bombay and Suez—is situated at a few miles' distance only from Bab-el-Mandeb, and eager glances had long been turned in the direction of the coveted spot. Its precise condition, and the great uses to which in British hands it might be turned, had been clearly and elaborately set forth in numerous papers and pamphlets, duly labelled 'Aden,' among the archives of Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, but it was not till 1837 that an opportunity occurred of turning that knowledge to account.

That opportunity was eagerly and audaciously seized. Previous to that year rumours had reached the Indian government that the sultan of Lahidge, a place about twenty miles north-west of Aden, was conducting himself very little better than a common plunderer and pirate towards Arab and other vessels that chanced to be wrecked on the coast. As this individual, whose name was Sultan Mhoussin ben-Fondtel ben-Abdul Kevonem ben-Abdallee, was the ruler of Aden, the intelligence was listened to with great interest by the Bombay authorities, and orders were given to the British naval officers on the station to keep a sharp look-out upon his actions. The sultan, however, was prudent enough to abstain from interfering with vessels and persons under the protection of the English flag till 1837, when a stronger temptation than usual fell in his way, and he found himself at once and irredeemably in the iron grasp of the Philistines. In that year the *Deriah Dowlut*, a vessel of 225 tons burden, the property of the titular Nawaub of Madras, sailed from that port for Juddah, laden with rice, sugar, flour, cloth, and preserves, and having on board several pilgrims of both sexes bound for Mecca. The cargo of the *Deriah Dowlut* had been insured for £20,000, a sum greatly above its value, and the supercargo, or agent of the owners, contrived to strand the ship in a bay about seven miles distant from Aden, on the morning of the 17th of February 1837. In conformity with sharp Arab practice the vessel was plundered of everything portable it contained, and the passengers stripped of every article they possessed, except the clothes actually on their backs. The females especially were brutally ill treated, and but for the kindness of the Peer-Gadeh of the tomb of the Sheik Hydroos, the patron saint of Aden, they would have been utterly unable to continue their journey. All this was done by the treacherous connivance of the sultan of Lahidge, who of course obtained the lion's share of the plunder. Doubts however, of the perfect prudence of his bold venture appear to have early dawned upon the sultan's mind, for the naqudah, or captain of the *Deriah Dowlut*, was obliged to sign a paper before he could leave Aden, exonerating the authorities there of all blame in the matter of the plunder of the ship. News of the affair soon reached the British agent at Moeha, and Captain Harris of the Indian navy, happening to arrive at that port shortly afterwards, and instantly perceiving the high account to which the opportunity might be turned, set off at once for Aden, to make personal and exact inquiries upon the subject. The sultan at first vehemently denied all cognisance or participation in the plunder of the ship, or the ill treatment of the crew and passengers, although the stolen property was at the very time being publicly sold in the bazaar, and he exhibited the paper signed by the captain of the *Deriah Dowlut* as conclusive evidence that he, the sultan at least, was perfectly free from blame in the matter. At last, however, finding that Captain Harris was not to be deceived by lying assertions, however bold and vehement, he offered that gentleman one or two cables, and a few old stores, as all of the plunder he could discover. Captain Harris declined this very handsome offer, and immediately afterwards set out for Bombay. The intelligence he brought excited the liveliest interest in Sir Robert Grant and the other authorities there, and it was instantly, unanimously, and indignantly resolved that full compensation and redress for the outrage on the British flag ought to be at once peremptorily

enforced, and that the sultan could in no way afford that compensation and redress effectually except by the cession of Aden as a coal depôt for the steamers to and fro Suez and India, and its harbour as a port of refuge.

Before acting decisively, however, it was necessary to refer the matter to the supreme council at Calcutta. In the meantime Captain Harris could return to Aden, again formally demand redress, and at the same time impress upon the sultan that the cession of the fortress and port of Aden, merely in trust as a coal depôt and place of refuge, and at a reasonable rent, say about the amount levied at the time as duties on the date-boats which arrive there at one season of the year in great numbers, and other trading vessels from Mocha and the Egyptian ports on the Red Sea, would surprisingly smooth away the otherwise immense obstacles to an amicable arrangement. Captain Harris appears to have executed his mission with great skill and spirit. He left Bombay in the Suez steamer, but meeting with the sloop-of-war *Coote* on his way, he shifted to her, shrewdly concluding that she would intimate the serious aspect of the business more effectively than the pacific packet. The sultan of Lahidge was absent from Aden, and the negotiation was carried on with his son Hamed, and his son-in-law—an individual with a name as long as his father-in-law's, being Synd Mhoosin ben-Synd West ben-Haman ben-Ali Suffran—in whom he, the sultan, appears to have reposed great confidence. The first thing Captain Harris did was to seek out the Pêr Ghadeh who had shewn the pilgrims kindness, and present him with a gift of fifty crowns, and a handsome letter of thanks from the Bombay authorities. The next was to demand restoration of the stolen property. This was obtained to a considerable amount, and the sultan gave his bond for 4000 German crowns, payable a twelvemonth after date, for the balance. This effected, more important negotiations with respect to the coal depôt were commenced, and ultimately so successfully carried out, that the son and son-in-law agreed that for the yearly payment of 8700 German crowns the sultan should accede to the Honourable Company's wishes in that respect also. This convention was, however, merely a verbal one, and at last it was suddenly and rudely broken off, and a plan concerted for seizing the person of Captain Harris, and forcing him to deliver up all the papers connected with his mission—the bond of course included. This project was defeated by timely information conveyed to Captain Harris, who was on board the *Coote*, and he of course did not trust himself again in Aden. The sultan, on being remonstrated with on the folly of such conduct, denied that he had been in any way a party to the contemplated seizure of the British envoy's person, and Captain Harris again returned to Bombay for further instructions. The council at Calcutta had approved of what the Bombay government had hitherto done; but on being again referred to at this stage of the proceedings to sanction the immediate employment of force for the attainment of the desired object they determined on first consulting the authorities in England. In the meantime, however, in order to keep the question astir, Captain Harris was once more despatched to Aden in the *Coote*, and furnished this time with a personal guard of thirty men and one officer. His instructions were in substance as follows.---

1st. He was to ascertain from ~~Public Intelligence~~ ~~the~~ sultan could have no inten-

2nd. ~~He was to ascertain from the~~ ~~Public Intelligence~~ ~~the~~ sultan could have no inten-

tion of scandalously backing out of the cession, by his representatives, of the coal depôt and harbour of refuge; but if, contrary to all reasonable expectation, the sultan of Lahidge were to intimate a disposition to perpetrate so black an act of treachery, Captain Harris was to explain distinctly to him that the goods restored, and the bond given, even if duly honoured, would but satisfy the smallest, the most insignificant part of the demands of the Anglo-Indian government in the matter of the *Deriah Dowlut*. That compensation for the insult offered to the British flag had not been estimated in the indemnity, but had been waived in consideration only of the sultan's cession of Aden, as a coal depôt and harbour of refuge, for a consideration duly set forth and agreed upon.

2d. That the plot to seize the person of the English envoy was a second and grievous insult to the said flag, which the Anglo-Indian government were willing to believe, since he, the sultan, so solemnly asserted it, was entered into without his knowledge; but at the same time he must be made to comprehend perfectly that the great, the extreme respect which they felt disposed to attach to his word would be entirely destroyed by a refusal to yield Aden as a harbour of refuge and coal depôt; and the participation of the sultan in the proposed outrage would consequently be by such refusal held to be undeniably proved.

3d. That two such grievous insults to the flag of our Sovereign Lady, the Queen of Great Britain and India, could not be effaced by any money-payments or apologies whatever, nor in any other manner atoned for than by the cession of the aforesaid harbour and coal depôt.

4th. That should the sultan of Lahidge remain obstinately blind and deaf to the cogency of this argumentation, he was to be informed that it was extremely probable a British force, capable of enforcing the fair and equitable execution of the agreement entered into for a perpetual lease of Aden, would appear very shortly before that place.

Neither the Sultan Mhoussin ben-Fondtel ben-Abdul Kevouem ben-Abdallee, nor Hamed, nor Synd Mhoosin ben-Synd West ben Haman ben-Ali Suffran, aided by the learning of the gravest of Arabian counsellors, could contend with the irresistible logic of these triangular instructions, wound up and pointed as they were by so very sharp and conclusive a fourthly, and lastly, intimation. The perplexed Lord of Aden endeavoured to secure the services of a neighbouring chief, Hamed ben-Ali Abed, a warrior who could bring, it was said, 5000 men into the field. In addition to other gifts the sultan proffered his daughter in marriage to Hamed ben-Ali Abed, if he would range himself on his side. That sagacious soldier, however, after gravely and carefully surveying the situation, the lady, the *Coote*, and the expected reinforcements, declined the proposed alliance with the sultan, and most unpatriotically offered, on the contrary, to conclude a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the British. This liberal offer Captain Harris politely declined: he had no 'instructions' authorising him to do so, and Hamed ben-Ali Abed quitted Aden and its neighbourhood.

The first measure of coercion (1838) was to blockade the port. This, however, failed to subdue the sultan's obstinacy, and urgent representations were sent to Bombay of the necessity that existed for the adoption of more potent and decisive means to obtain possession of the town and

harbour. By this time a favourable answer had arrived from the Court of Directors in England, and a considerable military force was at once despatched in two transports, accompanied by the *Valage* frigate and *Orriker* war-brig; which, on the 16th of January 1829, cast anchor before the astonished eyes of the 1200 or 1300 armed Arabs by that time assembled in Aden, at a short distance from the town. Rule Britannia, it was manifest, was now about to be played in serious earnest. On the morning of the 19th a renewed attempt at negotiation having proved abortive, the vessels of war approached the batteries of the place, anchored as closely as possible to them with springs on their cables; their fire opened; an enormous breach was effected before the Arabs had time or power to discharge more than five shots; the troops landed; and the decisive logic of the bayonet finally concluded the dispute. About 300 Arabs, less nimble-legged than their comrades, were made prisoners, and after being deprived of their matchlocks, were left in charge of a few soldiers only. The instant the captives perceived this, a quick mutual intelligence glanced along their ranks; they drew their concealed creeses simultaneously forth, overpowered the guard, and for the most part escaped. The loss of the Anglo-Indian force was eleven men killed and wounded; that of the Arabs was about ten times as great. Thus was this important post secured. Amongst other consequences of the change of rule has been the conversion of a decaying heap of ruins, the resort and refuge of thieves and plunderers, of pretty nearly every degree and nation of the East, into a populous, well-ordered, busy city. The Arabs have once endeavoured to repossess themselves of the place, but their failure was ludicrous, as of course it must ever be where they are opposed to the military science and bravery of Europe.

The only other place on the proposed route requiring notice is that of SUZ, situated at the northern end of the Red Sea, at the head of the westernmost of the two arms or gulfs in which that sea terminates. It stands in 29° 57' 30" north latitude, and 32° 31' 33" of east longitude, on an angle of land between the broad head of the Gulf, the shore of which lies east and west, and the narrow arm which runs up northward from the eastern corner of the Gulf, and is distant about seventy miles east of Cairo. Although the transit of the merchandise of the East to the Nile and Egypt has been through Suz for nearly four centuries, and numerous pilgrims to and from the holy city of Mecca constantly pass through, it has remained till very lately a wretched, ill-conditioned place, containing only about a couple of thousand Moslems, a few hundred Christians of the Greek church, with a sprinkling of course of the ubiquitous Jew. It contains a bazaar or row of shops poorly supplied from Cairo, several caravanseras for the lodgment of pilgrims, and is walled in on three sides, but open to the sea on the north-east, in which quarter the harbour, an insufficient one, with a tolerable quay, is situated. The want of good water and the almost entire absence of herbage must necessarily long militate against the prosperity of this city; still, from the signs, quite visible though faint as yet, of improvement, since steam-navigation has popularised the passage to India by the Red Sea, it is sufficiently clear that Suz would speedily, like all other places along the route, put on a new aspect after the eventual breaking through of the desert between it and Europe had brought Manchester

practically almost as near as Cairo now is, and steam, gas, and soap and water had been fairly brought to bear upon her dingy, dirty streets and population. Good water has been found by boring at the base of the mountains which lie to the west of the Isthmus, and a short aqueduct would bring it in abundance to the town. Even the lack of herbage, of the refreshing green so delightful to man, will not, if we may trust the confident predictions of men who claim to speak with knowledge and authority on the subject, be ultimately wanting. The basin of the Bitter Lake, or Crocodile Sea, alone measuring 103,680 acres, with those of the other lagoons and pools, and a large portion of the long wadi, lying beneath the level of the Nile, may, say they, and would, as soon as a sufficient and paying demand for the produce had sprung up in the flourishing cities that will arise at each end of the sea-way through the now almost desert and uninhabitable Isthmus, be brought under cultivation, by leading over them the fertilising mud of that river. These, and many other health and life giving results which now sound like fanciful exaggerations upon the ear, would, there can be little question, swiftly follow the consummation of this new and intimate union of the young and vigorous West with the rich, glowing, but indolent Orient.

The author of 'Eastern Life,' before quoted, thus speaks (1848) of the quickening impulse already given to Suez and its neighbourhood. Captain Linguist's assertion, by the way, relative to the ancient canal, in opposition not alone to all history, but the positive report of the French engineers, is a very extraordinary one, and we cannot help thinking his auditor must have misunderstood him.—'After a comfortable breakfast at the hotel, which is kept by two Englishwomen, we went to an eminence near, where Captain Linguist pointed out to us the well whence only Suez obtains fresh water, and the first station in the Desert, and to the north the end of the Gulf, a stretch of two miles or so of shallow water. A few small vessels lay there, and along both shores to the southwards. Captain Linguist has followed out the traces of the ancient canal, and he can find no evidence that it was ever used or even finished; and he believes, therefore, that it can afford no precedent for the proposed new one, even supposing the state of the waters and shore to be unaltered, which nobody, I suppose, does believe. The next morning Captain Linguist took us in his boat over to the Arabian side. The view of Suez from the water was finer than I should have supposed possible for such a miserable place; but such an atmosphere adorns everything with the highest charms of colour. The light on the sides of the vessels, on the two minarets, and through the shallow waters, was a feast. The coral shoals below, red and dark, contrasted with the pale-green above the sandy bottom. . . . Captain Linguist was delighted to improvise a luncheon for us at his country-house at the Wells of Moses. He shewed us his garden, which is well irrigated, and as productive as garden can be in such a place. He shewed us the ancient wells, all shrouded in bushy palms, and pointed out indications of moisture, which encourage him to search for another well. . . . The luncheon he gave us was extraordinary enough in its place to deserve mention. Here, amongst these dreary sands of the Arabian shore, we had butter from Ireland, ale from England wine from

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

Spain, ham from Germany, bread and mutton from Cairo and Suez, cheese from Holland, and water from Madras. Truly, the dwellers on the Red Sea may well be advocates of free-trade.' This slight notice of the lady-traveller affords, it will be admitted, hopeful promise; but in the meantime we have to remark, that the harbour of Suez has no great depth of water. True, it is said that the fleets of Solyman the Magnificent once rode therein; but the word *fleet* bears a very different significance at Portsmouth in these days of Queen Victoria from what it did in those of Solyman at Suez or Constantinople. There is always great danger of misapprehension and confusion of ideas in the application of terms, the essential meaning of which has wholly or partially changed. Herodotus says the vessels which carried the produce of Armenia to Babylon on the Euphrates were of about 130 tons—a respectable figure even in these *Great-Britain* times. But when the explanation comes, we find the said boats or vessels were merely rafts surrounded by and floated upon inflated skins, and the mediæval galleys of the magnificent conqueror of Belgrade were, we may be quite satisfied, not more than about half way at the most between the Armenian rafts of Herodotus and a stout merchant-ship of the present day. Spite, then, of Solyman's precedent, the shallowness of the water both at Suez and along the Mediterranean shore of the Isthmus, presents one of the greatest difficulties attending the construction of the proposed ship-canal with which modern engineering science will have to contend. Having thus briefly touched upon the several interesting localities along and in the neighbourhood of this route to India and Arabia, we proceed to lay before the reader the chief features in the most feasible of the plans that have been suggested for the attainment of the desired object, prefacing the relation with a short account of the way in which the Isthmus is now scrambled over by passengers to and from Europe and Eastern Asia. But first let us devote a few lines to

A GLANCE FROM SUEZ ACROSS THE ISTHMUS

towards Egypt and the Mediterranean, which will perhaps render what we have to say more clear and intelligible than, in the absence of a map, it might otherwise be.

The reader will bear in mind that the Red Sea—the Kolzon of the Arabs—is nearly thirty three feet higher than the Mediterranean on the northern shore of the Isthmus, the nearest point of which is about seventy-five miles distant, in a direct line, from where we are now standing. The comparatively mountainous land to the east and west of us is broken, you may perceive, by a wide trough or hollow on this shore, so slightly above the level of the Arabian Gulf that a cutting of a few feet in depth only would admit its waters into that great hollow or basin, evidently a continuation of the cavity filled by the gulf, and the bottom of which cavity is twenty feet below the Red Sea at low water. You may distinctly trace it in a north westerly direction by a succession of lakes, lagoons, and pools—the southernmost and nearest to us of which is the Bitter Lake already spoken of—to the vast surface of the Lake Menzaleh, which has an opening to the Mediterranean on the north-west shore of the Isthmus.

The northward and westward flow of the waters thus admitted would meet with no greater obstacle in their passage to the Delta of Egypt and the Lake Menzaleh than would be offered by the dikes thrown across the wadi to exclude the waters of the Nile; which river itself is only for a few weeks at its highest flood higher at Cairo than the Red Sea, and except during those few weeks very much lower. It is obvious, therefore, that means must be devised of effectually confining the admitted waters of the Arabian Gulf to the required channel, or the whole of the Delta would be hopelessly submerged. The Pelusiatic or eastern arm of the Nile, and consequently the nearest to us, like the Canopic or more western arm with which Alexander connected his canal, terminates in the Lake Menzaleh, or at least ^{it} is so, for the Pelusiatic arm is now so completely blocked up by sand as to be almost entirely obliterated. The Nile has, moreover, two outlets to the Mediterranean at the eastward of Alexandria by the Boghas of Rosetta and Damietta—at the east and west extremities of the base of the triangle formed by the two great branches of the river enclosing the Delta of Egypt. These Boghas are wide but shallow passes through which, especially when the river has fallen, no vessel of any considerable draught could pass. Cairo, on the Nile—considerably to the south of the ancient Bubastis on the Pelusiatic branch, near which the ancient Canal of the Kings terminated—is on our left westward, and distant in a direct line about seventy miles. Between Alexandria and Cairo about 170 miles of river and canal intervene navigable throughout only for a few months in the year, except by vessels of very light draught. By the present route, consequently, the traveller from Alexandria to Suez has to perform a canal, river, and desert journey of about 250 miles. He embarks at Alexandria on the canal that Mohammed Ali dug out at such a reckless expense of human life. This takes him to Atfeh, where there is a narrow barrier of land to keep in the water of the canal when the Nile has fallen low: he there steps on board a Nile steamer, which conveys him to Boulac, a port about two miles to the north of Cairo. From Cairo to Suez across the desert the journey is performed on camels, dromedaries, or asses: in the same manner, in fact, by which Cheops must have passed it if he ever went that road.

It will be now quite clear to the reader that the products and merchandise exchanged between Great Britain and Eastern and Southern Asia will continue to be sent round by the Cape in preference to such a route as this, even during the eight months in the year when the Nile is of considerable or rather tolerable depth. The length of the ancient canal by Serapeum, at the northern extremity of the Bitter Lake to the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile, being ninety-two miles, its restoration merely, it is evident, would only lengthen the distance to be traversed, and continue the shallow and fluctuating navigation of Mohammed Ali's canal and the Nile river—a manifestly insufficient and unsatisfactory arrangement, more especially when it is remembered that the French engineers who reported in favour of such a plan, themselves admit that the long water-passage they proposed to effect from Suez to the Mediterranean could only, if their most favourable anticipations were realised, be kept open about eight months in the year. The British view of the subject contemplates another basis of operations; and the question anxiously

sought to be resolved is this: whether it is not possible to cut a navigable ship-canal directly across the Isthmus in its narrowest part from the Bay of Tyneh to Suez on the Red Sea, avoiding the Delta and the Nile altogether; or, if insurmountable obstacles should be found to oppose themselves to so direct a transit, to follow the basin of the lakes as far as Serapeum only, and thence diverge in a straight, direct course to the Bay of Tyneh. The first line named would be much the shortest, but the length of the artificial cutting would be considerably less by the last-named plan, and still less than by that if the natural cavity were followed farther on by the wadi, and thence struck from to the Mediterranean; inasmuch as those points of departure for the straight cutting would be very much nearer to Tyneh than is Suez. The reader has now a sufficiently clear, general conception of the work to be done, and the differing tracks by which the junction of the two seas must be, if at all, effected. It remains, therefore, only to trace them in fuller detail.

The first in priority of date is the once much-lauded scheme proposed by M. Lepère and other French engineers of the *Ponts et Chaussées* service of France, who surveyed the Isthmus carefully for the purpose, during the occupation of Egypt by the French army under Bonaparte at the close of the eighteenth century. In none of the projects for the aggrandisement of himself and France, and for writing his name in giant and indelible characters on the earth, did Napoleon display more eagerness than in the design he formed for uniting the Mediterranean, the Arabian, and Indian Seas. The extrusion of the French from Egypt of course forbade the execution of M. Lepère's plan; and even if accomplished, it would hardly, one would think, have realised Bonaparte's wishes and anticipations. It was mainly a renewal of the old canal, with changes and improvements, such as locks—contrivances unknown to the ancients—which modern ingenuity has placed at the disposal of engineers; and it may fairly be discussed under the head of

RESTORATION OF THE CANAL OF THE KINGS.

It was to be sure reported that there might be a subsidiary canal from about Serapeum to Tyneh, which would increase the length of the works to nearly 120 miles, but the mainly elaborated feature of the plan was the water-communication of Suez with the Nile on the Pelusiac branch, which was of course to be cleared out: its bed was also to be deepened, and connecting canals at Cairo and Alexandria were to be restored and enlarged. There were to be seven locks constructed, and an immense reservoir formed near the centre of the work where the canal to Tyneh would depart from. By these means an average depth, it was thought, of about eighteen feet might be obtained when the Nile was at its full; but the admitted fact that the communication could not be kept open at all for vessels of any the lightest draught during four months in the year must damage this project irretrievably in the estimation of a great commercial nation whose relations with India are so great and varied as those of Great Britain. The masonry of M. Lepère's canal was to be carried four feet above its highest level, as some protection against its being blocked up by the mobile sands of the desert. The cost of the work from Suez to the

Pelusiæ branch of the Nile, it was estimated, would not exceed £691,000—a very small amount, it seems to us, judging by the expense of similar works, for a locked and reservoirèd canal, upwards of ninety miles in length, without the subsidiary branch to the Bay of Tyneh, which it was calculated would raise the cost to upwards of £2,000,000 sterling. This latter part of the plan was, however, very imperfectly elaborated. One reason for this at the time probably was, that the embouchure on the open shore at Tyneh must have been at the mercy of the strongest maritime power; and the recent destructive fight at Aboukir, to the west of the Isthmus, had settled which that was to be, for some time to come at all events.

This is our opinion. It may, however, be more satisfactory to give the reasons as published by the French engineers for their preference of a long, tortuous, inland navigation to a direct sea-transit across the Isthmus. 'It has been seen,' they say, 'in the accounts of ancient authors, that the different princes who attempted the junction of the two seas only had recourse to the Nile to effect their object after having encountered obstacles almost insurmountable in the extreme mobility of the sands of the desert, in the direction of Pelusium from Suez, between the Bitter Lake and the Lake Menzaleh—which distance cut through would have effected the desired communication. But there existed a more facile means of accomplishing this object, which was the establishment of an interior navigation. On another hand the Egyptians would not have the canal debouch into the Mediterranean, which they called "a stormy sea," lest they should expose themselves to the attacks of the Greeks, whom they appear to have looked upon with dread for a great length of time. The present state of things would no doubt better permit a direct and exclusive opening of the Isthmus; but other considerations militate in favour of the ancient direction: the more so, for where, in the event of such a direct cutting of the Isthmus, could a convenient port be formed on the low shore of Pelusium—a work which, nevertheless, could not be dispensed with? It is only too certain that it could only be with the greatest difficulty that a permanent position could be formed on the maritime front of the Delta, because the soil is entirely alluvial, constantly raised and increased by new deposits of mud which the Nile brings down during its rise, and that access to the shore will be always dangerous. The frequent shipwrecks which take place further establish the danger of such a landing-place, which is not less formidable for navigators than the boghas of the Nile. It is also certain that the ports of Alexandria and the road of Aboukir would soon be blocked up if they were situated to the east of the mouth of the Nile, and exposed to the action of the prevalent north-west winds, for if the port of Alexandria, once so magnificent, still presents some of its pristine advantages, it is less because of works of art provided by the influence of a careless government, than of the bearings and rocky nature of the coast. . . . And as the communication of the two seas by means of the Nile ought to be in the direction best fitted to establish an active correspondence between the different commercial places of Egypt, we think it would be best to adopt the primitive direction of the Canal of the Kings—leaving the Nile from about Bubastia.'

The first north-western section of this restored Canal of the Kings, as modified by M. Lepère, would have commenced from about the ancient

Bubastis, and been carried to the basin of the Lake Abaceh, a distance of twelve miles. The bottom was to be made level with the Nile at low water, which at Cairo is about ten feet above the mean level of the Mediterranean. It was to be walled up with solid masonry, which, as before intimated, was to be carried at least four French feet above the highest level to keep out the sand. This portion of the work was to be cleaned or scoured by a current from Cairo. The second section, by the line of the wadi to Serapeum, was to be on the same level as the first, and was destined to receive eighteen feet of inundation. This part of the line, it was calculated, would be opened when the Nile had risen six feet, and continue open from about August to March. The third section, through the basin of the Bitter Lake, would be filled alternately by the Nile and the Red Sea. Its waters were to be kept to the level of the low tides at Suez, which would be two or three feet below the level of the second section, by the wadi to Serapeum, during the extreme height of the Nile, and from one to nine feet above the second section at other times. The fourth and concluding section was from the south extremity of the basin of the Bitter Lake to Suez—a cutting of about thirteen miles in length. Six or seven powerful locks, and an immense reservoir, would, it was estimated, secure the partial efficiency of this very insufficient and halting water-way between the two seas. There could have been no lack of a constant supply of water for the fourth or last portion of the canal, as it would have been at all times fed by the Arabian Gulf. The chief difficulty appears to have been at the junction of the third and second sections, from the necessity of barring back the waters of the Red Sea, which would else contaminate and overflow the bed of the Nile. The paramount objection to a more direct communication with the Mediterranean than through the Delta and by Alexandria, which might have been strongly fortified, was no doubt that we have already glanced at; and as war appears to have been looked upon by Napoleon as the normal condition of the world—of the world of England and France, at all events—it is not surprising that the report of the French engineers as to the feasibility of a more direct communication between Suez and Tyneh should have been expressed with so little confidence, and their undoubted skill and ingenuity have been so slightly taxed to devise modes of overcoming the many hinderances which there can be no question interpose between the anxious wish for an efficient ship-canal through the Isthmus of Suez and its fruition. Napoleon who, it will be remembered, in his anxiety to stimulate the exertions of the French engineers, but for the admirable presence of mind he displayed, would have lost his life by the tides of the Red Sea, something after the manner of death which overtook the pursuing host of Pharaoh—Thothmes III., as historical antiquaries assert—was vehemently desirous of giving his name to the contemplated work. This was one of the many visions dissipated by the Nile—the battle thereof, that is, not its waters; and, consequently, among other broken hopes and schemes whispered by, in some respects, eagle, sure-eyed ambition to the ex-emperor, must be assuredly reckoned that of the Egyptian Bonaparte Canal. ‘To execute works of such importance,’ said his adulating engineers in concluding their report, ‘a wise and enlightened, a reconstructive and stable government, such as France, has at last endeavoured to give it, and which is the object

of this memorable expedition, is necessary for Egypt. This memorial, recorded in the work of the commission, a durable monument of the glory of the chief of the Egyptian expedition, will be for our age and posterity an authentic gage of the grand and beneficent views which, in the midst of his most rapid conquests, have always characterised the creative genius of Bonaparte.

This vaunted, but in many respects discouraging report or memorial, ought not to dismay or influence us. We have loftier, more exigent motives than these of a vulgar, however skilful, aggressive ambition, to spur us on to the great work. We have also—for it is well to look in these very material times to the rough, working, seamy side of human nature—more *paying* considerations to prick us forward. True, we cannot just now, whilst the reaction still pursues us consequent upon the railway mania of 1844-5-6, when it was madly thought to accomplish at a bound—in a year or so—what would task any other country in Europe besides Great Britain a couple of hundred years to effect, and which even she will not accomplish in less than a quarter of a century—we cannot, we say, just now hope to see the breaking through of the Isthmus of Suez either exciting the energies of the British people in a high or sufficient degree, or pressed with enough of earnestness upon the government. The wretched falling off of railway dividends has caused a large portion of the speculative and stirring world to turn away with disgust from projects for improved modes of intercommunication; but this depression cannot very long endure, and amongst the first objects to which the renewed and rebraced energies of the country will, we are very sanguine, be directed, is that of a direct and rapid intercourse with India. Does not *cotton* promise to be speedily one of the staples of that country? And what barrier, removable at any cost, let us ask, can be long permitted to delay its transmission hither, and so enhance its price to the manufacturer and consumer?

One difficulty adverted to by French engineers in their report is no doubt a formidable one, and will require a great and wisely directed outlay to overcome—namely, the shallowness of the water on the Mediterranean and Red Sea shores. It would be necessary, it is apparent, to throw out long piers, excavate artificial harbours, build large locked docks at either end of the proposed canal, if not merely light-draughted steamers, but heavy merchant-ships, are to be tugged through the channel. The cost of such works, in addition to the cutting through of the Isthmus, must necessarily be enormous, and we therefore always thought that the order of progression in the improvement of the transit between the Mediterranean and Arabian Seas will be—first, by railway, next, as the passenger and other traffic increases—of which increase there can be no question—the construction of a canal for light craft; and finally, the completion of a sea passage, which, with the aid of an artificial harbour on the Mediterranean shore, and the deepening and improving of that at Suez, will admit of the passage of the merchant navies of Europe and the world. This course of progression has already commenced on the western or Panama route, and will no doubt be followed on this, the Suez and eastern one.

A more recent writer upon the subject than either M. Lepère or M. Maclaren, is Captain James Vetch, R.E., F.R.S., of unmistakable country and parentage, he being 'decidedly of opinion that British capital and

British labour can alone execute the work in a useful and permanent style.' This is certainly a very bold proposition, patriotic as it may be. One does not quite see why the capital and labour of any other great nation might not accomplish the task in 'a useful and permanent style,' had that other nation the same powerful incentives to undertake such a work as the British government and people have. Therein truly lies the main difference; and it is precisely because a swift ship-transit across the Isthmus of Suez to the Indian Ocean will ere long become a matter of prime necessity for Great Britain, that we have, spite of the pressure of many discouraging circumstances, a firm faith in its accomplishment. All nations, all communities, would immensely benefit by that success; and one reason that has been gravely put forth why England should not encourage, or at all events make sacrifices, to forward such a project is, that other European nations, lying nearer to the Isthmus than ourselves, would be greater gainers by the opening of the route than we should. This is merely one of the rags of that old, worn-out, wretched tissue of delusion which taught, and yet stammeringly teaches, that one nation is only rich and prosperous proportionally as its neighbours and customers are poor and miserable; that you must measure your own height, not by its positive altitude, but by the dwarfish stature of your companions in the world! The countries about the Levant would, we have not the slightest doubt, gain considerably by the opening of the Isthmus, and it is a matter of even selfish rejoicing on our parts that they should do so; for we have yet to learn that the richest and most active commercial capitalist of the world will not be, in the necessary course of things, the largest gainer by increased development of commerce, by whatever means brought about or attained. For these reasons we think the proposition of Captain James Vetch, slightly modified, is perfectly correct. It should be read thus: 'that British capital and British labour *will* alone execute the work in a useful and permanent style.' This unquestionably useful, and we doubt not, when concluded, permanent work, Captain James Vetch opines can only be properly effected by

A CANAL DIRECT FROM SUEZ TO TYNEH,

the space to be traversed not being at the utmost more than seventy-five miles. Besides the grand objection to the plan of the French engineers, that their canal would only be open during two-thirds of the year, Captain Vetch urges that the still-water of the canal, as well as the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, would speedily, as heretofore, get blocked up with sand, and that the construction and repair of locks is exceedingly and constantly onerous and expensive. He is also strongly of opinion 'that the basin of lakes or lagoons lying between Suez and Lake Menzaleh, by offering apparent facilities, has drawn attention from the only mode of constructing a truly permanent and effective ship-canal,' which, according to him, can only be accomplished by 'a straight, controllable channel.' This straight, controllable channel he asserts to be much preferable to a tortuous winding one amongst shifting sands, and exposed to unequal influences of various kinds. One of these disturbing influences he considers to be this: that the extremely large surface of the lakes or lagoons, were the waters led through them, would dissipate, or at all events greatly

weaken. the force of the current from the Red Sea—an objection, it must be admitted, of considerable weight. Captain Vetch also positively lays it down that ‘a ship-canal between the two seas, which contemplates an extended commerce between the countries of Europe and the Indian Ocean, should be free from disturbing causes arising from inundations, floods, and so on.’ This will be freely admitted, and quite as readily, that ‘it should be considered irrespective of the commerce of Egypt,’ which would, however, be immensely benefited indirectly by the success of the enterprise. His own proposition to cut a canal in a direct line from sea to sea may be very briefly stated. According to the report of M. Lepère, assisted by other engineers, the surface of the Red Sea at Suez, at high water, was found to be 30 feet 6 inches French, or 32 feet 6 inches English, above that of the Mediterranean, on the northern shore of the Isthmus, at low water. The mean rise of the tide in the Arabian Gulf was found to be 5 feet 6 inches French, or rather more than 5 feet 10 inches English, and that of the Mediterranean 1 foot only, French. Captain Vetch, taking the accuracy of these levellings for granted, assumes the mean height of the sea at Suez to be about 30 feet above that of the Mediterranean in the Bay of Tynch. This would give to his seventy-five mile of canal from Suez to Tynch a fall of nearly five inches per mile. This fall, he says, if properly economised, and not dissipated or weakened by intervening wide lakes or basins of lakes, will give a *scourage* not only sufficient to keep a channel of the dimensions he proposes—namely, 21 feet deep, 96 feet wide at bottom, and 180 feet wide at top—perfectly clean, but to sweep away the sand and mud which accumulate on the Mediterranean shore, and would else render the northern entrance to the canal difficult, if not impossible of accomplishment. for ships of considerable burden. The soil to be cut through is, he says, though light, sufficiently tenacious to stand without walling; and he is of opinion that strong ribs of masonry, about a mile apart, would quite sufficiently provide for and assure the course and durability of the channel. And this, Captain Vetch maintains, would be a strictly *controllable* sea way, which that suggested by certain gentlemen would certainly not be, who have off-handedly said: ‘Cut through the slight sandy barrier on the south of the Isthmus, a few feet only above the level of the Arabian Gulf, and let the waters work their own course to the Lake Meuzalch, as geologists affirm they once did.’ Unlike the passage of the Dardanelles, said to have been accomplished by such agency, there are no rocks on each side of the basin of the lakes to confine, deepen, and direct the channel, and the Isthmus must consequently become a dangerous, shifting sand, abounding in shallows, which would render its navigation impossible except by mere boats, to say nothing of the submersion of the Delta of Egypt. The waters once out, it would be impossible to stay or regulate their course under such circumstances; and even to his own controllable canal Captain Vetch proposes only to admit the Red Sea by means of several openings in solid masonry at Suez, so that the gradual onflow should be duly restrained and regulated. As to the shallowness of the water in the present harbour of Suez, he would get rid of that difficulty by removing the harbour, so to speak, farther down the Gulf, and by the construction of piers and a spacious wet-dock. Piers also on the northern shore are comprised in his

plan, the entire cost of which he estimates at £2,121,600. Let us say two millions and a quarter sterling; for a handful of extra thousands, tens of thousands indeed, must always be allowed for in such estimates, however honestly and carefully calculated. Even that enormous outlay, there could be no fear, were the canal of sufficient capacity to admit ships of considerable tonnage, would be amply repaid by a very moderate duty per ton. Should there be found any unforeseen and insurmountable obstacle to the direct route Captain Vetch proposes—which, however, he does not at all anticipate or apprehend—he would, as the next best course, run the canal straight from Serapeum to the Bay of Tyneh—a distance of forty-seven miles, which, with a cutting of thirteen miles and a half between Suz and the Bitter Lake, would give but sixty miles and a half of artificial construction. This apparent diminution of length of work Captain Vetch, however, fears would have no effect in diminishing the amount of the estimate; as, from the great evaporation and absorption of the Bitter Lake when filled, the channel from Suez would have to be nearly doubled in capacity in order to maintain the lake at the required level, and to pour the waters flowing out of it at a constant and equable velocity.

Such, in rough outline, is the plan of Captain Vetch for promoting the swift, easy, and constant intercommunication of Great Britain and Eastern and Southern Asia. Other schemes have been imagined and set forth, slightly differing in line of route from those of Captain Vetch and M. Lepère, but so slightly that it is scarcely worth while to notice them. The mere reconstruction of the Canal of the Kings, facilitating as it would only the intercourse of the Valley of the Nile with Suez and Arabia, is evidently a matter, so far as Great Britain is concerned, of very minor interest and importance. Captain Vetch's ship canal, if it can be effected, would accomplish all, or nearly all, that can be desired, and, as at present advised, we are inclined to think it quite possible of achievement. The digging out of the channel would be comparatively nothing. Mohammed Ali's feeble and wretched Fellahs excavated a canal nearly fifty miles in length in less than a year, unassisted by any of the appliances and helps of modern engineering tools and machinery. Still the doubt will again and again recur till actual experience has proved it to be unfounded, whether the old agencies which baffled the efforts of the Assyrian and Persian monarchs—of the Pharaohs, the Alexanders, the Romans, the Caliphs—to keep open a water-way through the Suez desert, will not also prove victorious over all other similar undertakings. The light, shifting sands, moving with the speed of the wind, and put in motion by its slightest breath, can they be hindered from blocking up the painfully-achieved channel?—and will the scour of the water, the fall of five inches to the mile—barely five inches—effectually, as Captain Vetch appears to anticipate, render such a catastrophe impossible? Otherwise it might be found necessary to wall in the canal to a considerable height—a precaution that would tell fearfully on the estimate of cost, even if certain to be successful. An ingenious French gentleman, one M. Le Cours, has suggested that trees or shrubs that live and flourish in the desert might be thickly planted on each side of the canal, which would, he imagines, greatly at all events diminish the quantity of sand that must else be driven into the channel. We know not if this expedient is entitled to attention, or may be of any worth, and certainly

a long time must elapse before such plantations, did they take root, which we doubt exceedingly, would offer any effectual defence of a canal against the sandy tempests which sweep over the Isthmus. Still, any contrivance which promises only to aid the scour of the Red Sea in keeping a ship passage clear, would be of immense value. Captain Vetch has also some confidence in another agency for lessening the apprehended difficulty. 'For scouring a channel, I am disposed to place,' he says, 'great stress on the superior efficacy of a salt-water stream over a fresh-water one, as each of these, in coming into collision with their recipient waters, will be materially biassed in the direction of their currents by their respective specific gravities. Thus if the water of the Nile, having a specific gravity of 100°, falls into the Mediterranean Sea, having a specific gravity of 103, it will naturally be deflected upwards, and lose its useful scour on the bottom; whereas if the Red Sea water has a trifle more of specific gravity than that of the Mediterranean, its bias on meeting will be downwards, and tend to preserve its scouring force. And although I am not aware of the fact, we have every ground to infer that the water of the Red Sea is more saline, and consequently heavier, than that of the Mediterranean.' Captain Vetch, as we have before observed, speaks confidently of success; other gentlemen of scientific eminence do the same. A writer in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' for 1836 says: 'There is little doubt that if the French had remained in Egypt, and especially with Napoleon at the head of the government, they would have carried their canal project into effect. The expense compared with the magnificent result would have been so trifling that the wonder is it has not been carried into effect before now, either by a company having the support of Mohammed Pacha (Mohammed Ali) or by the pacha himself.' Other less sanguine theorists, as we have seen, argue for the impossibility of an effective permanent work of the nature contemplated. But the world is getting accustomed to the performance of 'impossibilities' in the physical world. 'Accomplished facts' are daily increasing the tendency to ignore the existence of obstacles which engineering science cannot break down or overleap, if an adequate object may thereby be obtained. And in this instance who can for a moment doubt that the prize to be ventured for will be a greatly rewarding one—that it is strongly felt by the thinking people of this country, and will soon become a fixed maxim and tradition of the British government, that it is essential to the healthy life and wellbeing of Great Britain to assist forward, by all possible means, the development of the gigantic commercial power and activity which, aided by steam power, has already done so much towards bringing the huge limbs of this great empire into closer and more intimate communion with its mighty, throbbing heart? Captain Vetch very pertinently remarks, 'that a great impulse would necessarily be given to trade in the new direction; and that entire new sources of commerce would be opened up between the places adjacent to each extremity of the sea, but which could not, under present circumstances, be attempted with any hope of success from the length of voyage involved; and with these considerations it will not be deemed unreasonable to expect that the commerce passing through the canal annually would in a short time amount to 1,000,000, and might eventually reach 2,000,000 tons.' The energy already manifested in this direction—that of inter-

THE ISTHMUS OF SUZ,.

national communication—has even now rendered this country the centre and mainspring of the traffic of the world—the prime source to which it turns for intelligence of its own present and prospective condition—has, in fact, made Great Britain the mart, the exchange, the storehouse, and fountain of commercial intelligence for all the world. And a great security, every one understands, will be gained for this foremost position amongst the nations, by a successful effort to accomplish a task felt to be one of much necessity and importance in all past time, but which the comparatively feeble energies of the old world failed to permanently or thoroughly achieve.

It is very probable, however, nay, indeed, certain, that the improved mode of transit from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea will commence with

A RAILWAY ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

It is scarcely conceivable that so flat a country can oppose any very serious obstacles to the construction of a railroad over the desert. Mr Galloway, who surveyed the route from Cairo to Suaz in 1834 by order of Mohammed Ali, reported that there would not be the slightest difficulty in effecting it. 'His Highness,' observes Mr Galloway, 'foreseeing the probable increase in the intercourse that would take place with India, *via* the Red Sea, by the introduction of steam navigation, decided upon forming a railroad across the desert of Suez to Cairo (a distance of eighty-four miles Mr Galloway makes it), and for that purpose instructed my late brother, Galloway Bey, to make the necessary surveys and estimates, and our establishment was directed to carry out the work, in furtherance of which all the preliminary arrangements were made, and a large portion of the rails and machinery supplied. Unfortunately the agents of foreign powers, who were opposed to this work in a political point of view, used every possible exertion and means to dissuade His Highness from proceeding with it, alleging, among other reasons, that the traffic, the extent of which was then doubtful, would not repay so large an outlay, and the necessary expenditure for working the line.' His Highness was soon afterwards involved and embarrassed by his military aggression on Syria, and nothing further was done in the matter.

Mr Galloway is of opinion that a railway is the only practicable mode of improving the transit between the Red and Mediterranean Seas, and is altogether opposed to a ship-canal, as *not* 'practicable;' adding, however, the greatly qualifying note, 'that by this I mean that the engineering difficulties may not be insuperable, but will involve so much expense as to render the project *financially impracticable*.' These italics are Mr Galloway's. With respect to a railway as a profitable speculation, Mr Galloway has the following 'Our estimates shew that with the present passenger traffic, reduced to one-half in cost to each person, the conveyance of goods in bulk as at present, the travellers to Mecca and various other parts, the conveyance of mails, with a train travelling each way every day, or in that proportion—that with the above items it will produce an adequate revenue upon the investment, and pay the expenses of working.' The reader will remember the allusion we made at the commencement of these remarks relative to the wretched intrigues going on at the pacha's court, and the

foolish jealousy of England, relative to this route, manifested by certain European states previous to 1840. Upon this point Mr Galloway thus confirms what we said: 'Unfortunately for the interests of Egypt, of England, and of Europe, whenever anything is suggested calculated to serve England in common with other nations, the whole "corps diplomatique" are up in arms.'

But it is not by a railway through the Delta, and by Cairo to Suez, that the interests of this country and of Europe generally would be best served. The line which Mr Robert Stephenson is, said he, about to commence forthwith for the Pacha of Egypt, is to be, it seems, from Alexandria to Cairo. This line may be profitable as a source of revenue to the pacha, and if continued to Suez, of great value to overland passengers but will very insufficiently meet the exigencies of British commerce: and can only be regarded as a make-shift till matters are sufficiently advanced to justify a line direct from the Bay of Tyneh across the Desert to Suez. One objection to a railway compared with a ship-canal, in addition to the expense and delay of transshipments, urged by Captain Vetch is, that for want of the *scour* which the fall of the waters through a straight channel from the Arabian Gulf would afford, the shore on the Mediterranean side would only be approachable in boats. This is certainly a grave objection; but still, with all drawbacks, a direct railway, if no more were done, would be of immense benefit. It might be rendered practically independent of the ruler of Egypt, and the rapidly-increasing passenger and goods traffic would, we have no doubt, soon convince the most timid of doubters that the greater venture of a sea-passage might be hazarded without the slightest commercial hazard, even supposing, what is barely supposable, that the British government were to remain indifferent and supine in the matter. Benefits other than merely pecuniary ones would be also received and conferred. Flourishing towns would spring up at each terminus of the rail-line; the lakes, lagoons, and pools would be, through the easily-obtained agency of the Nile, covered after a few years by a rich vegetation, the lamps of Mecca would pale their ineffectual fires before the dotted line of gas-lights stretching across the deserts; and an irresistible impetus be given to Oriental fatalism and indolence by the life, energy, and spirit of Great Britain working marvels on sterile sands which had for thousands of years baffled the utmost efforts of Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Turkish conquerors and monarchs to bind or to subdue.

A dream! A fantastic, unrealisable dream! exclaims the sceptic—never bankrupt in doubt and unbelief however bare in knowledge or poor in hope. But is it more a dream than only a quarter of a century ago the possibility of being wheeled from Edinburgh to London in nine or ten hours would have been considered? Nay does it more, or so much resemble a dream, an illusive prodigy, as the magnificent empire itself, with respect to which it in those days has become so vital matter that we should break down or overleap all barriers which separate it from us? Look at the giant steps that have hitherto marked the progress of that marvellous *Jomini* n, and then tell us that we regard its future progress with too sanguine a spirit! It was not till 1774 that English ships from Madras and Bombay entered the Red Sea, and sailed up to Suez; an enterprise which called forth the indignant fury of the Grand Signior,

expressed in a firman formally issued, declaring that vessels belonging to the children of darkness—the English especially—should not presume to do such a thing. 'I declare,' wrote the indignant sultan to the pacha of Cairo, 'that the sea of Suez was designed for the noble pilgrimage of Mecca; and that the port thereof is a port of two illustrious cities, which are those that make the light of the truth to shine and the law of the prophet, and are established to promote religion and justice—Mecca the enlightened, and Medina the honoured; wherefore I ordain that all such Christians as come there be imprisoned, and their effects confiscated; and let no one endeavour to set them free.' This remarkable firman, little more than seventy years old be it noticed—but a brief space in the life of nations—proceeds to give reasons for the vigorous enforcement of the conservative policy the angry sultan had resolved upon: 'We have informed ourselves from the wise men,' he writes, 'and those who study history, and have heard what has passed in former times from the dark policy of the Christians, who will undergo all fatigues, travelling by sea and land, and they take drawings of the countries through which they pass, and keep them, that by the help thereof they may make themselves masters of the kingdoms, as they have done in India and other places. Memorials have also come to us on the part of the Xorif of Mecca, the much honoured, representing that these Christians above named, not contented with their traffic to India, have taken coffee and other merchandise from Yemen, and carried it to Suez, to the great detriment of our port of Juddah. Seeing, therefore, what has happened, and our royal indignation being excited, particularly when we consider how things are in India by means of the Christians, who for many years have undergone long voyages, and at first declaring themselves to be merchants, meaning no harm or treachery, deceived the Indians, who were fools, and did not understand their subtlety and craft, and thus have taken their cities and reduced them to slavery.' Next follows a Turkish historical version of the Crusades:—'And in the time of Talmen, with like craft, they entered the city of Damascus, under the mask of merchants, who do no harm, and paying the full duties, or even more. At that time it happened that there were differences between Talmen and Labasson, and the Christians turned them to their advantage, and made themselves masters of Damascus and Jerusalem, and kept possession of them for an hundred years, when Saladin appeared—to whom God give glory—and freed Damascus and Jerusalem, killing the Christians without number. Besides, it is well known how great a hatred they bear to Mussulmen on account of their religion, and seeing with an evil eye Jerusalem in our hands. Those, therefore, who connive at the Christians coming to Suez, will be punished by God both in this and the other world. Permit by no means Christian or other ships to pass and repass by Suez. Our royal sovereignty is powerful, and this is our royal mandate: when any Christian ships, and particularly the English, shall come to the port of Suez, imprison the captains and all the people, as rebels and offenders who deserve imprisonment and confiscation of their effects, which let them find,' &c. These angry orders of the orthodox grand seignior were not at first obeyed; inasmuch as the pacha of Cairo and chief boy, having an interest in the illicit trade, suffered the firman to sleep. At length a new pacha was sent from Constantinople, with strict orders to

enforce it, and a number of Englishmen were in consequence plundered of the cargoes of several ships, which they were conveying across the Desert from Suez to Cairo, and themselves left wounded and naked on the sands. All perished except one, who was succoured at some Arab huts about a league from Cairo. The *Swallow* sloop of war was despatched to the Gulf in consequence of this outrage, and a similar *coup-de-main* was not again ventured upon. We are certainly now a long way from such a state of affairs—farther, much farther than we are from a ship-canal on which to glide through the Isthmus to that same forbidden Suez. We remember, too, the merry shouts of Quarterly Reviewers at the thoroughly-absurd notion of men and women being shot through the air by steam at the rate of twenty miles an hour, which a presumptuous ignoramus of the name of Stephenson had ventured to say was within the verge of possibility, and many similar mockings, and can afford to smile at barren, unreasoning scepticism. Paralyzing doubt and genial hope, pale distrust and sun-bright faith, pursue their course and play their parts in the physical as in the moral world; and the drag-chain, we will not deny, has its uses. Nor do we wish to disparage the great things which have been performed in the twilight of science and knowledge. England has gone to and fro on the earth, and her sounding steps have been those of a giant. ‘Her morning drum-beat,’ it has been truly and happily said, ‘following the sun, and keeping pace with the circling hours, compasses the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of its martial airs.’ But we believe she has great works to perform, and other nations have great works to perform, that will cast into shade the brightest passages in hers and their histories, and amongst them we reckon as not the least important the twin tasks of breaking through the Isthmus of Darien and Suez, and thus multiplying and drawing closer the golden links which unite her with countless peoples of every clime, and creed, and colour, beneath the sun, and bind up their prosperity with her welfare, their safety with her power, their freedom with her liberty!

ANIMAL INSTINCTS AND INTELLIGENCE.

THE instincts and mental peculiarities of the brute creation, notwithstanding their immeasurable inferiority to the mind of man, have hitherto presented very high difficulties in the way of their rational explanation. These difficulties are partly real, having their origin in the nature of the subject, and partly artificial, or contracted through a mistaken manner of viewing it—that is to say, from the disposition, always more or less prevailing, to underrate the amount of intelligence, acquired knowledge, and wisdom from experience, actually belonging to the inferior animals.

This last-mentioned circumstance has contributed to keep up an ambiguity in the term ‘instinct,’ or rather to give to it a false meaning, in opposition to the more correct usage. Instinct properly means the native inborn capacities of a creature, as distinguished from the capacities that are acquired, whether from experience, tuition, or otherwise. The name is improperly applied when it is made to include the entire assemblage of powers and faculties possessed by any member of the lower creation—in other words, when it stands for the same designation to animals that Mind is to man. The brute, in common with the human, nature, is a mixture of instincts and acquisitions, of native gifts with capacities the offspring of culture.

A mistaken fear of submerging the dignity of man should not prevent us from identifying the superior and inferior types of animal existence to the full extent of their agreement. It is by identification and comparison of like things that we derive a large portion of our insight into the obscurities of natural phenomena. The researches of eminent naturalists, brought to a consummation in our own day by Professor Owen, have shewn the exact identity in type of the vertebrate skeleton, and have thereby established a common plan of mechanism in the moving members of the human and animal frame through the whole kingdom of vertebrate animals. It follows as a consequence that the means possessed by this whole class of creatures for working out their ends and plying their various activities must be to a great extent the same, and there must also be a great deal in common in their wants and necessities, and in the mental framework having reference to these. Locomotion, mastication, deglutition, vocal utterance, pursuit, are all determined on an identical plan, with variations in the detail, and to the extent of this identity there is necessarily a mutual sympathy and understanding among the members of the class. We are perfectly justified

in conceiving of the feelings engendered in a flying bird, a cantering horse, or by the loiterings of a flock of sheep; our own bodily states can approach sufficiently near to any of these to enable us to form some estimate of the resulting sensations. If we cannot appreciate the exact shades of effect in each animal, nor enter into all the other feelings mingling with these, the case is not essentially different from our position in regard to our fellow-beings. If a sedentary novelist is at liberty to imagine the experience of a fox-hunter or the happiness of a ploughman, so may an ordinary human being venture to sympathise with the dog or the nightingale in their ordinary avocations and pursuits.

But a community of backbone, limb, cranium, and jaw—the unity of the skeleton—is not the only field of identity in the vertebrate series. The *organs of sense*—the eye, ear, touch, smell, taste, digestion—have a common character throughout, and differ merely in degree and in the mode of setting in the different individuals. Consequently the outer world must impress the sentient organs in very nearly the same way. The picture of the landscape on the retina of a donkey is not radically different from the picture formed on the retina of its master. So the vibrations in the ear arising from the sonorous waves of the air are the same in kind in every vertebrate ear. There must be, moreover, much that is common in the sensations of smell, taste, and digestion; although there is evidently a much greater range of variety and difference in these than in the sensations resulting from sight, hearing, and the movements of the frame. We have, therefore, not only a community of active organs and working mechanism, but an extensive agreement among the sensations produced by the same outward objects on the sentient organs. This agreement enlarges to a still wider limit the basis of sympathy between us and the inferior orders of the vertebrate sub-kingdom.

Anatomists have gone a step farther, and have traced a unity of structure in the mechanism of the *brain* throughout the same series of animals, and to a certain extent through the whole animal kingdom. The brain can be divided into a number of distinct portions, and it can be seen whether these portions continue the same, or what changes they undergo, in the different species of creatures. The distinction between the brain of man and the brain of one of the higher mammalia lies chiefly in the size and proportions of the parts. There are certain portions of the human cerebrum that are wanting in other animals, but the deficiency is connected chiefly with the great inferiority of development of the organ. In man the cerebrum is distinguished by the number and the depth of the convolutions, indicating a much larger amount of the gray or ganglionic matter in which the force of the brain essentially resides.

No doubt can exist as to the identity of type or plan in the nervous system as well as in the skeleton and in the organs of sense. But the nervous system is the medium of all the instinctive, emotional, intelligent, and active processes of the animal; in so far as it is similar in two different creatures, these processes are usually found to be similar. The very great superiority of the human brain, and the inexhaustible train of differences between the human and brute minds, ought not to prevent us from comparing the two to the extent of their ascertained agreement. We shall afterwards see that the endowments we possess as members of the

civilised human family obstruct our view of some of the intelligent operations of the animals beneath us; but there ought not in any case to exist an insuperable bar to the comprehension of the less by the greater.

A fourth point of agreement may be seen in the organs and functions of reproduction so intimately allied with the nervous system, and so largely connected with the whole existence of the animal. In the emotions of sexual attachment and parental care, and in the general feeling of tenderness towards fellow-beings, no essential difference can be traced among the different orders of similarly organised creatures. *

The agreements so rigorously traced by anatomists between the skeleton with its muscles, the organs of sense, and the nervous system of the vertebrate animals in general, are in exact accordance with the ordinary actions and sympathies of men towards the brute creation. We always presume in the animals about us feelings and necessities, likings and dislikings, akin to our own. We interpret their demeanour and expression exactly as in the case of our fellow-men. We take for granted that an animal is pleased when it imitates any of the human methods of indicating delight. Possibly we may sometimes be wrong in our interpretations of the signs of feeling and emotion in creatures so much removed from us in point of endowment, but nevertheless we cannot avoid applying our own experience to judge of theirs. The tendency to enter into the feelings of other beings on witnessing any expression of feeling on their part is born with us, and manifests itself with the earliest dawn of our perceptions; and we apply one rule to all cases and to all creatures. After being long in the world, we acquire more refined and indirect methods of judging of other people's states of mind, and depart in some degree from the instinctive method of proceeding; but this last method continues to prevail to the end of life. The discoveries in reference to the vertebrate skeleton, and the unity of type in the nervous system throughout the entire animal kingdom, are a justification of our habitual practice in this particular, such as we might not before have been entitled to expect.

That the inferior creatures should have feelings similar to ours (allowing for differences not impossible to be estimated), and that they should have similar modes of acting and of expressing themselves under those feelings, is an inevitable consequence of the anatomical uniformity of plan observed in our organisation and theirs. If a total absence of a common mechanism had existed among the various creatures that usually club together, the current mode of interpreting one another's feelings would have been unsafe. Some creatures might have betaken themselves to groaning when they were happy, and lain down with an air of fatigue when in the height of good spirits, and all understanding of one another would have been completely unplussed.

It is not to be denied, however, that there are appearances among the inferior races that, instead of being explained by a comparison with the human type, seem to be rendered more puzzling by such a comparison. We allude to the more mysterious of the animal instincts, and to the performance of acts implying a wide reach of intelligence by creatures evidently not possessed of a high order of mind in general. When we speak of the bee as a geometer, of the swallow as a meteorologist, and of the beaver as an architect, we seem to assume that these creatures have

found a royal road to the sciences, and must be possessed of a mode of intelligence that has no parallel in humanity. It is this imitation of our higher mental processes by creatures apparently not capable of such processes according to our method that has constituted the chief difficulty and the standing wonder of animal instinct. There is required a very strict analysis both of human and of brute capacity to obtain if possible some deeper foundations of agreement such as will reconcile these anomalies. We are not at liberty to take for granted the existence of a wholly distinct mechanism of thought and activity in those remarkable individuals of the inferior creation till we have seen the uttermost that can be accomplished by the mechanism common to them and us. Taking our stand upon the universal susceptibilities and modes of action of the animal nature, we are bound to inquire what effects may be produced by the exaltation or depression of one or more of these, or by those changes in degree that nature makes in so great abundance without departing from the sameness or unity of the general type.

We have made special allusion in the foregoing remarks to the researches that have established the rigorous similarity (or 'homology,' as it is called) of the vertebrate skeleton. Between the vertebrate animals and the sub-kingdoms of mollusca, articulata, and radiata, no such scientific law of unity has been traced. Nevertheless, there is apparently a very great amount of similarity, and in all probability the greatest that could exist between forms and modes of life so diverse as theirs. The functions of digestion, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion maintain a common form so far as it is admissible in the altered structure of the individual. The instruments of locomotion, the organs of sense, the nervous system, still keep up an analogy in the midst of diversity; indeed, creatures that have to live on the same planet must be analogous in some degree; the permissible variety must depend solely on the variety of that planet's surface and constituents—it being one thing to walk on the solid earth, another to float in the waters, and something quite different to burrow under ground. Now, so far as the general outline of each creature and the manner of its subsistence will allow, we find that a common plan of mechanism is observed; and we therefore can do nothing better than to extend our sympathies and our modes of reasoning to the remoter types of animal life, in so far as we see them actuated with impulses analogous to our own. There is no other point of view that we, as human beings, can take towards the shell-fish, the worm, or the insect, than what we adopt for quadrupeds, birds, or reptiles. Our humanity and our science alike demand this universal recognition of relationship.

In the subsequent detail of the present Paper our arrangement will be as follows:—

I. The **ANIMAL INSTINCTS**, or the inborn capacities belonging to the universal type of the animal nature.

II. **ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE**, or the indications of intellect, and the means of acquired capacity among the animal tribes.

III. A view of some of the more prominent types of **ANIMAL CHARACTER**.

IV. The remarkable instances of **COMBINING** or **CONSTRUCTIVE POWER** exhibited among the lower orders of creatures.

THE ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

In treating of the various susceptibilities and active capacities of the animal frame that are to be considered as native, or growing out of the original constitution of the individual, we must advert first to the class of feelings termed Sensations. These are to be looked upon as the foundation and starting-point, as well as the motives of activity. If by sensations we understand only the impressions and feelings made on the five senses, it will be requisite for us to notice an additional class of animal susceptibilities, as preliminary to the consideration of the instinctive actions—namely, the class of appetites or impulses to action originating in different parts of the system. Our exposition will, therefore, have to embrace the Sensations, Appetites, and inborn Activities of the Animal nature.*

Animal Senses.

The five senses commonly spoken of as belonging to man and to the higher orders of the brutes, are admitted to be a defective classification of the primary sensibilities of the animal frame. Not only do they omit the extensive class of feelings reflected from the muscular apparatus of the body, but they pass over the important sense of digestion, and of the various other operations of the alimentary canal. The feeling of taste located in the tongue and palate is a mere preliminary to the far more impressive volume of sensation resulting from the processes subsequently taking place upon the food. There are, not including the muscular feelings, at least seven distinct kinds of sensations, having all the commonly recognised characters of such. The superior animals rejoice, along with man, in the possession of seven senses.

It is very important for our present object to recognise distinctly at the outset the full compass of the mechanism entering into each of the senses—a mechanism that could never have been ascertained but for the recent discoveries in nervous anatomy. The supposition formerly entertained respecting sensation, was to the effect that an impression made on the eye or ear was carried into the brain and deposited in a sensorium or store-house of sensations, whence it emerged afterwards as a recollection or some other species of thought. Such a doctrine is wholly at variance with the structure of the brain, as well as a fatal stumbling-block in the way of all clear knowledge of mental workings. There is no such thing as a cerebral closet or receptacle of imagery; the machinery of the nervous system is founded on a totally different plan—a plan, too, that when once revealed by anatomical investigation, agrees far better with the common experience and observation of mankind than the other hypothesis. Looking at the structure of the nervous system, we find it to consist of an apparatus arranged in a circular form—that is, returning to itself, somewhat after the analogy of a voltaic battery. At one part of the circle we find a ganglion or knot of nervous matter, highly vascular—in other words, abounding with minute

* See 'Information for the People,' vol. ii. No. 71, where the human mind is treated of in a manner nearly parallel to the exposition of the animal mind in general, given in the present Paper.

bloodvessels—and from each ganglion proceed two sets of nerves, one terminating in an organ of sense, the other in some organs of motion. A circle is formed of these parts in the following order, beginning at the origin of the sensation: a sensitive surface; a nerve arising in it and proceeding inwards to a certain ganglion; the ganglion itself; and lastly, a nerve issuing from the ganglion towards a moving organ, and terminating in its muscles. If, for example, we take the sense of touch: the parts of the circle are—the integument of the fingers; the nerves proceeding from this integument to the ganglionic centre appropriated to touch; the ganglion itself; the efferent or outgoing nerves of the ganglion, of which a certain number at least proceed to the fingers themselves, or to the muscles that move them. Such is the fundamental structure of the nervous anatomy, and next, as to its mode of working.

When a stimulus is applied to any sensitive surface—to the tips of the fingers, for example—this stimulus immediately tells upon the fibres of the nerve embedded in that surface. The nerve-fibres have for their special function the communication or transmission of any influence brought to bear upon their extremities—they are what is termed conductors. The pressure exerted upon the nerves of touch when the fingers are squeezed is rapidly conveyed in some shape or other to the ganglion of the sense of touch; it is not swallowed up or stifled there, but as a part of its nature it acts upon the vascular globules or vesicles of the ganglion, influencing the circulation of the blood of those vesicles, and developing a motive-force which issues along the outgoing nerves, and is transmitted to the muscles of the fingers, or the parts affected by the sensation. This, and nothing less than this, constitutes a complete act or operation of sense. The original stimulus in the sentient surface always tends to produce a reflex stimulus, of the organ that carries that surface. This movement will be either a movement of closer contact with the thing or object of sensation, or a movement of repulsion and retraction of the member, in case of the stimulus being painful or disagreeable. Put a ball in a child's open hand, and the effect of the touch will be, through the steps above described, to clench the hand and grasp the ball. If it is hot, or cold, or prickly, or in any way uncongenial to the organs, a different set of muscles will be communicated with and complete the round, and the hand will be rapidly withdrawn from the unwelcome touch. Until one or other of these two effects have been produced, the sensation cannot be said to have accomplished its natural course. If a stimulus or impression from without stops short at the ganglionic centre, the fact shews either that the impression is feeble, that the ganglion or outgoing nerve is paralysed, or that some other stimulus of a more powerful kind and of a contrary nature has found its way to the same ganglion—a thing that often takes place in the complex organisation and multiplied communications of the nervous system.

In our search into the causes of the motive-power of the animal body, this view of the nature of sensation is all-important. It reveals to us at once a direct and unfailing connection between sense and activity—the two being only different portions of the same mechanism. A sensation is never complete till it brings forth an action. The permanency of the sensation as a recollected or revivable impression depends on its having had full scope and effect upon the moving organ concerned in the case.

The circulation of a nervous current, or propagation of a nervous vibration, whose nature is unknown to us, constitutes the entire fact of the sensation taken by itself: when this current or vibration has ceased there would appear to be no feeling present—no manifestation of sense any more than of movement. When we retrace a past sensation, we apparently do nothing beyond reviving the current of excitement between the sensitive surface and the moving part of the sensational circle.

Keeping in view, therefore, this relation between sensation and action, as between parts of the same whole, we will now pass in review the different classes of animal sensibilities, adverting in each instance to the special movements generated by the inherent activity of the circles of sense. We shall thus ascertain what amount of active power nature has associated with the very fact of sensibility, and shall thereby provide an adequate explanation of a certain fraction of the phenomena now under consideration.

1 *Sensations of Organic Life*.—It is necessary for us to recognise a class of feelings arising from the general well or ill being of the system at large as something distinct from the feelings of the special senses. Accordingly, physiologists have singled out those feelings under the name of *general sensibility*. The various processes at work in the waste and renovation of the tissues of the system give forth an influence upon the consciousness, and make part and parcel of the happiness or misery of the individual existence.

The circulation of the blood, the respiratory action in the lungs, the secretions and excretions, the formation of new cells, and the absorption of decayed matter, seem all to give a certain amount of indication of their working without in general drawing any special attention towards themselves. It is reckoned a criterion of good health to be utterly unconscious of any one of these processes, and the maxim is so far true, for it is only in case of some disorder that the consciousness is strongly acted on by the organic processes of the system. But yet the vigorous action of the nutritive functions of the frame, and the purgation from every kind of waste matter, tell powerfully upon the whole state of feeling of the individual, by enhancing the pleasure of existence, and rendering more vivid all the special senses and susceptibilities of the being. On the other hand, disease, laceration, insufficient nutriment, loss of repose, exhaustion, or any cause tending to interrupt the work of renewal and waste—the stream of vitality—make themselves felt by the same class of nerves, and produce a painful and irritated consciousness, whose influence overshadows all the other regions of conscious existence.

The obscurity that hangs over the nervous mechanism of organic sensibility must necessarily extend itself to the returning and motive portion of the nerve circles. The clearness and certainty of our knowledge of the complete round of the nervous current in the special senses do not belong to this more vague and diffused portion of our sensibility. This much we know, that when any part of the body becomes keenly conscious—in consequence of a painful disease, for example—there is a constant tendency kept up to move the part hither and thither, in the vain endeavour to withdraw it from the gnawing influence. In this tendency we can recognise the general fact of the reflex influence of the senses, for as a primary

law, it is seen that the returning nerves enter the muscles of the part affected, and the rebound of the sensation is shewn in either keeping up the sensitive part to the exciting object, or in retracting it, as the case may be. If the foot happen to be disordered and in pain, the muscles of the limb are kept in a constant state of solicitation to move the member about, and the utter uselessness of the attempt only adds to the irritation.

In the case of the breathing, which is one vital part of the organic system, every stimulus on the surface of the lungs reacts immediately on the muscles of respiration: the connection of action and sensation is here quite apparent. Pure air increases the rapidity of the breathing, impure air relaxes the energy of the breathing muscles; and there is the same opposition between the effects of cold and warm air. As in the other senses, the reflex current of the respiratory sensations goes to the muscles controlling the sensitive organ—that is, the muscles of the chest.

There is one remarkable fact that goes to confirm the assumption now made as to the existence of sentient circles in all their completeness over every part of the body, for the purpose of making conscious the organic vitality of the system. This fact is no other than our sense of the direction or precise locality of any local irritation. In the human system the only means of indicating direction is by the movement of some member towards the place that may be in question. The movement of the eye tells direction in sight, and the movement of the hand tells the place of an object of touch. A point within the body which sends an impression towards the brain has its locality discovered by the stimulus given to the muscles adjoining the part, and by the movement thus set agoing. An uneasiness in the forearm is identified as to its place by the reflex action that it causes in the muscles of the forearm, and the movements consequent on this stimulus. In the interior of the abdomen, at a distance from any muscular actions, there is a great ambiguity and indistinctness as to the seat of a disordered feeling; and but for this tendency to reflect a stimulus upon the muscles nearest to the part, or the muscles carrying the part, we could not guess where the evil lay. There are artificial means of identifying the place of an acute organic sensation, by probing about till the sore gives evidence of being touched in the aggravated feeling of a new irritation; but nature's own method of indicating locality within the body is through the completion of each circle of sense by a muscular movement.

Inasmuch as the organic states of the body are affected by the atmospheric and other circumstances and conditions that surround it, the organic sensibility is acted on by all these causes, and a certain cognisance of external nature is the consequence. Changes of temperature alter the entire adjustment of the animal system: the rate of the breathing and of the circulation of the blood is changed, and many other alterations follow in train. So changes in the degree of moisture of the air affect the circulation, the action of the skin, and we know not how much besides; and some indication is given of this in the feelings of organic life. On the eve of a rain-storm, when the barometer falls, shewing a diminished pressure of the atmosphere, and when the air is getting charged with vapour to the point of saturation, the disturbance of the animal system is great and palpable. The human subject is generally conscious of an altered state of

things; and very many of the animal species are powerfully affected, and exhibit some marked peculiarity of manner which enables them to be cited as a prognostication of the coming storm. A general and pervading uneasiness of the system would, under the reflex influence that we are now considering, cause a general agitation and flutter of the system, ending in no specific movement; but the other endowments of the animal are usually brought into play in the circumstances, and it acts according to the best of its judgment in endeavouring to get away from the evil influence. In this it may or may not succeed; but the efforts that are made are a proof of the presence of a stimulus to action whenever the feelings of organic life assume an uncourteous cast. Quadrupeds, birds, reptiles; all seem to feel the influence of atmospheric changes, and in all of them some action or other follows up the sensation—those actions being usually something more than the mere reflex influence upon the corresponding muscular parts, which is a necessary part of every sensation.

We can thus see an innumerable variety of causes under this one sense tending to stimulate the movements of animals through the mechanism that joins sense and motion into one whole.

2. *Sensations of the Alimentary Canal.*—The peculiar process of the digestion of the food, and its absorption along the surface of the intestine, appears to yield a state of sensation or feeling over and above the feelings of organic life. There is an approach to specialty in this department of the organism: a set of nerves would seem to be expressly designed for conveying to the general consciousness certain impressions derived from the changes going on over the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, through the presence or absence of nutritive material.

The contact of the food with the coat of the stomach causes a secretion of gastric juice, and the dissolved food begins to be absorbed into the blood at the very commencement of the process of digestion; and all along the intestines a double transudation appears to take place, certain matters being constantly given out of the mucous membrane, and others taken in. There is a sensitiveness developed by this action, and two distinct results are produced by it. By a reflex action from the ganglionic system (nerves which do not enter the conscious brain), the vermicular motion of the bowels is sustained; this being an exact parallel to the case of an ordinary sensation, in the cardinal peculiarity of the union of force with stimulus. In the second place, impressions are conveyed to the conscious system of a cast corresponding with the nature of the processes at the time, sometimes pleasant and luxurious, sometimes indifferent, and at other times painful or oppressive.

If we inquire to what muscles the stimulus of the alimentary state is reflected in the first instance, in order to complete the circle of sensation, the probable answer is—the diaphragm and the muscles of the abdomen. These form the set immediately enclosing and controlling the digestive viscera, and all analogy would point to them as the recipients of the reflected influence. There is a considerable likelihood that the healthy and vigorous action of the digestive processes communicates a vigour of tone to the abdominal and respiratory muscles, and that a perverted action of the secretions paralyses the corresponding muscular parts.

The mass or amount of sensation derived from the alimentary canal is

very great, and it forms a considerable fraction of the total happiness or misery of all animal tribes. Nature has evidently associated the circles and ganglia of digestion in intimate and powerful bonds of union with the general centre of the nervous system; so that the impressions of the digestive states, besides their proper reflex actions on the digestive muscles, rouse up extensive operations over the active organs at large. This secondary and wide-ranging influence (whose explanation belongs to the higher functions of instinct) may be seen in many forms and ways. The tendency to repose after a full meal, the fretfulness of a hungry man, the setting of the wits to work upon the pursuit of food as a primary object of life, are instances of the powerful alliance between the digestive circles and the other regions of activity. Of the pains and agonies of existence, none are more horrible or more unbinding to the general system than some of the perverted states of the stomach.

3. *Sensations of Taste*.—The organ of Taste is situated at the entrance of the alimentary canal, and serves as a means of discriminating the substances proper to be taken as food. In so doing it contributes a certain quota to the pleasures of existence.

The structure of the organ is a mucous membrane spread over the tongue and palate, and secreting a liquid to combine with a portion of the food. The act of combination between the liquid and the food affects the nerves of taste embedded in the membrane.

The circle of sensation is completed by the action of the muscles of the mouth, tongue, and lower jaw; an agreeable sensation stimulates the processes of mastication and swallowing, a repulsive sensation causes an opposite action, such as to expel the obnoxious mouthful.

There is evidently some harmony between agreeableness to the taste and agreeableness to the stomach and to the organic system; hence what passes the ordeal of the palate is usually suitable to the real wants of the individual. This arrangement gives to animals the power of instinctive discrimination of food. In the inferior orders of creatures the sense of taste seems very powerful and predominant, and the instinctive capacity arising from it is proportionally great. The human subject, less frequently repelled by the tastes of substances found in nature, can indulge in a greater variety of articles of food, and in consequence may sin more largely against the wellbeing of the system than creatures of more narrow and exclusive likings can do.

We thus find in the mechanism of the sense of taste the origin of a class of practical judgments of the greatest importance in the guidance of animal life. This is a true case of instinct, and in it we can see a very large and comprehensive one effected by great simplicity in the means.

4. *Sensations of Smell*.—The sense of Smell is placed at the portal of the lungs, to test the quality of the inspired air, and give timely warning of a noxious atmosphere. The organ consists of a membranous expansion covering the convoluted cavities of the nose, and connected by nervous fibres with a central ganglion of a conspicuous character. The circle is completed by nerves returning to the muscles of the nostrils in the first instance, and, in the second place, to the muscles moving the chest. An agreeable flavour stimulates one set of movements, tending to increase the inhalation; a flavour of an unsuitable kind has the contrary effect of checking the

inhalation and promoting expiratory movements. It thus happens that the sensitiveness to smell may be the means of sensibly exalting or depressing the function that more than any other connects itself with the vital energy of the system—namely, the purification of the blood by the lungs.

The circle of the sense of smell, acting by itself, has no other effect beyond this of modifying the breathing. But this circle is brought into connection with other circles, and originates through these a wider range of activity. It is impossible to get rid of unpleasant smells by merely retarding the process of inhalation, and employing strong expiratory efforts; the effect still continues to irritate the system, and must at last rouse up the movement of flight or some other activity at the command of the creature of a kind to rid it of the evil.

The sensations of smell appear in various ways to be instrumental in acting on general activity. Animals that pursue their prey have in many cases the power of detecting it through their scent; and the far-darting odour of the creatures preyed on seems to have the power both of stimulating the lungs, and through them the vital energy or animal spirits, and also of inflaming the entire nervous system with an uncontrollable energy of pursuit. The carnivorous creature has all its bloodthirstiness fired by the smell of its accustomed victims, and with this are awakened up the whole destructive energies of its nature. Hunger and the flavour of meat are sufficient to spread an irritation over the active system of this class of animals.

Nature has thus based extensive endowments on the sense of smell. The detection of prey and of the means of subsistence is given by this sense acting within its own circle, and when once a victim comes within the scent there is produced by it a stimulus proceeding to other circles, and causing the other movements that bring the prey within reach, and end in its being finally devoured. Smell, therefore, like taste, is of itself a knowledge-conferring faculty, and is a commencing link in some of the more complicated instinctive operations.

5. *Sensations of Touch*—The sense of Touch is situated all over the surface of the animal body, and is conceived as residing in the skin. The true sense of touch, as distinguished from the sensibility to shocks or pressure, consists in discerning a substance in contact with the body, as made of separate parts, and having extension in space. None of the foregoing senses can give any feeling of the solidity or dimensions of bodies; indeed they can hardly be said to recognise of themselves the external existence of matter.

The ganglion of the sense of touch requires to be much more complicated than the ganglion of taste or smell. The power of discriminating different points in a surface implies a series of independent nerve-fibres distributed in the skin, and having each a distinct connection with the muscles of the part, the general ganglion must, in fact, be a mass of smaller ganglia, with outgoing threads connecting all of them with the corresponding muscular apparatus. This constitutes a higher order of nervous organisation than would appear to belong to the four first senses, and it may be expected to yield a more complex kind of instinctive action.

It is actually found that the movements responsive to the sense of touch are more various and remarkable than the responses of the above-named senses. In the human hand, for example, an object laid on the palm, and

touching the five fingers, stimulates all the muscles necessary for clenching the fist; and even the paw of an inferior animal is led into a variety of movements by the touch of any solid body.

Touch is highly developed in the tongue, and enters into the sense of taste, acting as a guide to mastication and deglutition.

The muscular feelings of force and resistance are inevitably mixed up with the sense of touch, but are nevertheless perfectly distinct. Touch is also the medium of many indescribable electric or magnetic stimuli, especially in the contact of living beings; every individual creature being a huge machine for generating this species of influence.

The whole of the action of animals upon the outer world is through the sense of touch and the moving organs. The material things coming in contact with the body stimulate a constant activity and an enterprising turn; whence arises a great development of the mechanical capacities, and a variety of durable impressions of outward things, a sort of germ of natural knowledge in its lowest form. An animal comes to feel in the first grapple with solid masses that the sensation changes with every movement and turn that it takes, and a renewed stimulus is thus given to groping and manipulation.

6. *Sensations of Hearing*.—The sense of Hearing is lodged in a very refined and delicate organ of touch. Sounds being a series of mechanical blows or pressures, they require for their reception a surface affected by pressure. The nerves of hearing are spread out on a membranous surface in the inner ear, which surface floats in the liquid contents of the chamber. The vibrations of sound strike first a tight membrane, next a series of little bones, and lastly the liquid of the inner ear. This liquid, when compressed itself, compresses the nerve, and gives the sensation of sound.

The responsive action that completes the auditory nervous circle is directed to the small muscles of the ear, whose connection leads them to tighten or relax the membrane of the tympanum, according as the sound is agreeable or the contrary. Such is the delicacy of the hearing organ in the higher animals that sounds differing in the smallest peculiarity may be perfectly discriminated. This discrimination is at the basis of much knowledge of the world, and of great variety of action, particularly in the vocal organs, these being more especially connected with the organ of hearing. The communication established between the ear and the voice is one of the higher arrangements of the nervous system, and from it proceeds the whole development of the vocal power of the animal.

Hearing, like touch, is a sense giving a feeling of expansion and volume, and also of direction but not in a very accurate way. This sense is also remarkable for the pleasures that may be imparted through its instrumentality.

7. *Sensations of Sight*.—Sight is in many respects the highest and most commanding of the senses. It reveals the outspread creation with a degree of fidelity that closer examination can but rarely impugn. The impressions that it leaves behind it are largely involved in the operations of intellect as well as in the highest class of emotions.

The organ of sense is an optical lense formed so as to project a picture of outward things upon the back of the eyeball, where lie outspread the filaments of the nerve of vision. The pictorial impression thus pro-

duced is conveyed inwards in fragments, each along a distinct fibre of the optic nerve, which are thus kept asunder on their way to the optic ganglion. Each fibre must be conceived, as in the case of touch, to have an independent connection with the muscles of the eyeball in the responsive action, and to stimulate a position appropriate to its own place in the retina. The attempt of the muscles to adjust the eyeball, to the picture is the returning action of the circle. It is impossible to fix the eye upon all the points thus conveying a stimulus to the optic ganglion; what is done in actual vision is to fix the eye upon one point at a time, and to run it backwards and forwards across the field of view.

The muscles of the eyeballs are themselves very sensitive, and their feelings mix with the sensation of light in the various processes of vision. The feeling of *distance* from the eye is muscular; likewise the feelings of *lateral dimensions* and *superficial area*; and the feeling of *solidity* from all combined.

The recognition of the forms and appearances of the outer world, and the guidance of the movements of the individual, are the great practical endowments conferred immediately by the organ of sight. As the higher senses never exist without possessing the power of fixing and retaining their impressions to some degree—a power which, surprising as it is, seems to be a constant attribute of the nervous system—every animal gifted with eyes has the power of recognising and identifying the place of its own habitation and all its familiar haunts. Hence vision is in all cases the means of making the creature at home somewhere in the wide world.

The nervous circle of vision is, even by itself apart, a complicated and versatile mechanism: moreover its connections with the nervous system at large, and with all the other energies of the framework, are wide and deep. In those connections we have to search for a great number of the instinctive and other capacities of animal life. The intimate alliance above noticed between the ear and the voice is paralleled in a grand scale in the present case, the eye and its sensations are deeply associated with the action of the body as a whole, and with all those exertions and manipulations that engross the entire system. Locomotion and pursuit are closely controlled by sight, the same is true of every kind of mechanical process operated by the moving organs at large. In our subsequent expositions we shall have to revert to the visual mechanism, and its alliances with the active circles generally.

Muscular System.

In this preparatory survey of the elementary mechanism of sense and activity, a few words require to be said on the muscular system in addition to the notice taken of it as a part of every circle of sensation. We do not assert too much when we denominate it the essential instrument of action, emotion, and thought, throughout the entire animal system.

The muscles are subject to a great variety of states, and yield as many varieties of feelings to the general consciousness. They may be tense or relaxed, they may move rapidly or slowly, continuously or interruptedly, irregularly or rhythmically. Some of their movements are luxurious in the extreme, others are painful or disagreeable; and this distinction determines a preference in the turn of activity.

Besides being the completing portion of sensational circles, and the tool, as it were, of the senses, the muscular system sets agoing actions solely on its own account, or for its own gratification. These movements will be guided and chosen by the agreeableness of the feelings that result from them: There is a pleasure in more exercise; but the pleasure is still further enhanced by the manner of it; and animals deeply sensible of the satisfaction of regulated, harmonious, or rythmical motions will be ready to fall into such motions of themselves, or to catch them up by imitation. Every creature has its own favourite mode of disporting itself.

The muscular system appears to have the special function of connecting one nervous circle with another; that is, the muscular response of a circle of sense, for example, yields the sensation that acts upon a second active circle, and this tells upon a third in the same way; and so on. This will have to be more particularly dwelt on in our next section

Compound Instincts.

The mechanism of the senses has been treated of above as a system of individual and isolated nervous circles, having each their sensitive surface, ingoing-nerve, ganglion, outgoing-nerve, and muscular apparatus respectively. We have had occasion to allude to cases where the responsive muscular tension that terminates a sensation is not final, but leads to the wakening up of a train of other activities. This carries us to the higher organisation of the nervous system, or to the means adopted in nature for connecting the separate sensibilities and activities into harmonious wholes.

In this obscure and interesting subject, our insight is derived partly from the anatomy of the nervous system, and partly from what we can observe of the way that stimuli and movements succeed one another in the living body. The following laws of intercommunication of nervous circles seem to be borne out by both these sources of evidence:—

1. When any moving organ reaches its extreme position, it sets agoing a stimulus to the opposing muscles to retrace the motion. Every moving member must have two classes of muscles to counteract each other, and a distinct ganglionic centre must exist for each. Thus the arm has its flexors and extensors, and a similar adaptation exists everywhere over the system. Now it would seem to be a rule of organisation, that when one set of muscles have been contracted to the extreme, the sensibility of the contraction should be transmitted by a particular nerve to stimulate the ganglion of the counter set, and to cause an opposite or returning movement; while the muscles of this last movement yield in like manner a stimulus to the first. In short, a connection is established such as to keep up a movement of *see-saw* among the active members of the system. This kind of movement is not uniformly sustained, unless among what are called the involuntary muscles; as, for example the muscles of respiration and the heart: among the voluntary muscles it is apt to be overborne by other tendencies, and it is proved to exist only by the natural facility there is to fall into and sustain a swinging motion. It is indispensable in locomotion, and is a great help in every kind of mechanical operation, there being always a necessity, after every exertion of the muscles, to bring back the part moved from their extreme situation. The principle stated in the last

saction with reference to the intermediate position of the muscular system is evidently borne out in this instance; for we cannot conceive of any other stimulus to the counter movement, except the muscular tension of the first movement. The muscular sensation of the contracted flexors of the arm passes by a distinct nerve to the ganglion of the extensors, and unless some other power interfere, it stimulates a movement of extension by means of that ganglion.

2. The principle of *alternation* thus announced is still farther extended, so as to include the two halves of the body, or the corresponding members of the right and left sides. There is evidently a communication established between the circles that move the two sides, such that a motion in one, having reached its extreme, sets agoing the same motion in the other. Hence arises the alternate swing of the two arms or legs, a movement inherent in the primitive constitution of the animal system, and seen in the earliest movements of infancy. This alternation coincides with rather than contradicts the other. The alternate swing of the arms or legs of a human being combines both.

3. The communication of the successive circles of the body through the spinal cord and brain serves to operate the fact of *vermicular movement*, or of the movements propagated from one end of the trunk to the other. In this case the muscular contraction in one circle yields a sensation or stimulus which is carried by a nerve to the next circle, and it is contracted in consequence, and yields a stimulus to a third, and so on through the whole line of the body. The movements of crawling reptiles exhibit this in its most marked form, but it also applies to the locomotive quadrupeds and to the human subject. There is along with the alternate swing of the legs a movement of the entire trunk, propagated from one vertebral circle to another, on this principle. It is also exemplified in the action of the intestines, which convey the food along by successive contractions, propagated from one muscular ring to another.

The act of walking on all fours, which is true instinct or inborn capacity, involves all the three kinds of nervous connection above enumerated. The swing backwards and forwards of each separate limb exemplifies the first kind, the alternation of the individuals of each pair proceeds on the second, and the alternate movements of the fore and hind legs is a case of the third, or of the vermicular tendency. The order of alternation of the four legs varies in different animals as well as in the same animal under different impulses, whence arises the varieties of trot, canter, gallop, &c. These do not affect the general principles above described, they merely indicate differences in the adjustment of the details.

4. Many of the instinctive actions are referable to the tendency there is in the system at large to accord or fall in with the state of any one part. Whatever excitement has seized any one of the active circles seems to spread itself over all the rest. The cerebro-spinal axis which maintains the communications above described between the various isolated ganglia, and which contains the ganglia themselves, allows of a transmission of excitement from one circle to another, as if by contagion, and the whole system becomes fired with one common impulse. Thus it is that rapid movements in the limbs produce a like rapidity in the exclamations, looks, features, gestures, and even in the thinking processes, and in the same way

the quick motions of the eye caused by an exciting and bustling spectacle, or the excitement of the ear by quick music, induce activity and quickness of execution over every part of the frame. The entire muscular system of the body being linked together by nervous connections joining all the separate circles, there arises this tendency to unity and harmony of action and state, and it becomes possible to influence any portion by acting on almost any other portion. The consequences of this comprehensive linking of the activities of the frame are far-reaching and numerous.

Proceeding upon these four general laws of the nervous organisation, we can, in addition to the instincts already traced as flowing from them, undertake the discussion of a still more complicated class of instinctive operations.

There is no fact of animal existence more deeply rooted or more constant in its recurrence than what we denominate by the term *pursuit*, taken, in its widest acceptation, as meaning every instance of the exertion of the active faculties towards some object or end. The senses or the intelligence descry something in the distance desirable to be attained, and, by the activity of the frame, this something is gradually approached and finally possessed. Now, we wish to shew that this tendency belongs to the inherent and inborn peculiarities of the animal organisation, and that it is in a great measure derived from the sensibilities and the laws of nervous communication above described. Take the case of a creature that seeks its prey by scent. The odour of the victim, by the responsive stimulus, excites the respiratory muscles into increased activity. their intensified alternation induces, by the laws of nervous communication, the similar state of alternation on the locomotive organs, just as the activity of the locomotive apparatus always increases the energy of the respiration. There is thus furnished a direct stimulus to pursuit through the diffusion of like states from one part of the system to another. In the same way it could be shewn that the tension of the muscles of the eye, when fixed on a distant object, imparts, through this same tendency to a common attitude or state, a stimulus to the erecting muscles of the body, and these being stretched to the full, readily bring on the counter movement of energetic flexion, and no more is needed to set going a motion towards the object in question. Were there no other organisation than the arrangements above assumed, we believe that pursuit, the taking of an aim, the following of a lead, would happen in all cases as a matter of course, it being understood that every animal takes a certain length of time and exercise to acquire the use of its most familiar organs. It is also to be kept in view that any impulse of the system may at any time be suppressed by the presence of a stronger.

The instinct of preserving a basis of firm support, and maintaining a steady balance, with the dread of falling, is a remarkable example of the class of inborn propensities. Its explanation does not appear to be difficult on the principles above laid down. In the first place, it is to be remarked that there is not a more horrible feeling of the muscular system than the sudden giving way of one of the fixed supports of the body. It happens not merely in the support of the feet but in the case of any muscle whatever that happens to be in a state of energetic tension. It is the state well known as sea-sickness, and also the state of giddiness from looking down precipices. Now an animal being made painfully conscious of the loss of its footing by

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this sensation coming over it, is urged by an instantaneous reflex process to exert its muscles somehow to gain a new posture. But this is not all. The eye has a strong sympathy with the body in general on the point of firm support. It becomes accustomed to rest on the ground as it were, or it acquires a fixed habitual glance towards the earth; and this reporting glance becomes associated with the feeling of support, and a sudden sinking of the ground away from the eye has the very same sickening effect that the actual loss of the solid rest of the body has to the general frame.

The instinct of *vocal utterance* springs partly out of the mere possession of active organs of voice, and partly out of the law of the propagation of similar states over the system. The respiratory organs, as has been already remarked, are in full connection with the locomotive and other active members; and the voice requires that their action should accompany the action of the muscles of the larynx, or those that tighten up and control the vocal chords. That these laryngeal muscles are associated by nervous connections with the general system is evident from observation, if it cannot be positively shown by anatomy. An animal in the heat of pursuit has all its activities fired by contagion, and the vocal organs among the rest. Hence the sounds partake, in their expression, of the character of the animal's entire movement. Hence, vehement, rapid movements of the body kindle up similar movements in the respiration and larynx, and sharp, hard, vehement sounds are the result. We may therefore state, in regard to vocal utterance, that it is inspired, first, by the mere tendency of every active organ to put forth its activity, and secondly, by communication or contagion from the other parts of the frame. To these we may add a third stimulus, derived from what may be called emotional states—grief, joy, terror, affection and the like, and fourthly, a still more refined stimulus from the pleasures of the effect on the ear.

What we have thus briefly noted respecting vocal utterance applies to *expression* in general, to the ply of feature and member that accompanies and indicates the excitement that possesses the system at any one time. The law of homogeneous movement points out the necessary sympathy of the eye, the countenance, and the gesture, with whatever movements have been impressed on the other active organs. The inferior animals being unsophisticated in their expression, and incapable of putting forth the power of concealment and hypocrisy, are the best examples of this tendency to unity and identity of state, and consequent truthfulness in all their demonstrations.

The instinct of *Imitation*, which it would be a self contradiction to call an acquired faculty, must also be pronounced an example of the same law of homogeneous movement. In imitating sounds the muscles of the ear are first sympathetically affected with the character of the original, and these aural muscles inspire a corresponding class of movements in the muscles of the larynx. The nervous connection between the ear and larynx may be very special and powerful, or it may be but slender, in the one case the imitation is easy and prompt, in the other it is difficult. In imitating actions and movements, the eye catches the original, and is itself similarly affected in following the course of the movement. The hand, foot, or body, fall in with the course thus impressed upon the eye, that is, they go through a corresponding course of motions up and down, to and fro, slow

or quirk; and here the same remark holds true, that imitation will be easy in proportion to the goodness of the nervous communications between the circles of sight and the circles of movement of the other members. It may be observed in the human subject, that it is easier to imitate actions by the upper extremities than by the lower; the nervous connections between the eyes and the lower members apparently being much feebler than between the eyes and the upper members. But the goodness of these bonds of intercommunication among the nervous circles is subject to an infinity of variation among the various animal species.

These examples will serve to illustrate the application of the laws of nervous organisation which we have ventured to lay down as a basis of explanation of the commoner animal instincts. Before proceeding to a still higher class of instinctive and mental activities, some notice should be taken of the appetites and emotions that seem to pervade the animal kingdom, serving as the stimulants of those higher powers, and being in fact, along with the sensations, the end of existence to the brute nature in general.

Animal Appetites.

The term Appetite, or craving, points to certain states of irritated consciousness, requiring something to be done to supply a want or remedy a disorder. It is a kind of bodily feeling or sensation that may arise in any part of the system, in consequence of something being deficient or deranged in that part. There are certain special cravings that make up the ordinary class of appetites; such as thirst, hunger, exercise, repose, sleep, &c. These allude to the periodical wants, necessities, or cravings of the healthy system; and means have to be adopted for their regular and stated gratification. Their occurrence is at once a spur to the activity and an element in the happiness of life. They are of that imperious nature, that they leave the creature no alternative between the gnawings of their unsatisfied condition and the luxuriousness of their being fully gratified.

The appetites, therefore, are a species of our sensations arising not from outward objects, but from states of the bodily organs themselves, and directing attention upon those organs through the sense of locality or direction that we have in reference to all local feelings. The cravings for exercise, rest, or sleep, bring on their own gratification, but in the cases of hunger and thirst, and in the still more perplexing instances of pain and disease, there is not in the nervous circle of the appetite itself any provision for supplying the want or remedy. The only effect of the craving is to produce an irritation of feeling that spreads over the whole mental system, and leads to efforts being made by some of the many active capacities to allay the distress. Before all experience of the proper course of proceeding, there is nothing to be done but grope about, trying this thing or that thing till a hit is made that proves successful. The plan of acquiring knowledge and practical ability by groping, or trial and error, has to be practised to an unspeakable extent by all orders of created beings, and must be reckoned as a main source of the acquired capacities of man and beast. In the attempt to hush the inexplicable cravings of the animal system everything is tried that is within reach; sometimes a con-

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plete success is achieved, sometimes a total failure; and, oftentimes of all, the irritation disappears of itself.

With reference to the recurrent healthy appetites, every animal soon finds the means of gratification, or perishes. The preservation of the individual, and the continuance of the species, hang upon the satisfaction of the cravings of hunger and sexual desire; and if these objects are attained, it is a proof that means have been found of gratifying both appetites. In obtaining food, and in the cares of offspring, the animal tribes put forth all their powers and faculties, native and acquired: not the inborn instincts alone, but the whole range of cultivated intelligence, personal experience, direct imitation and traditions of race pertaining to each species, come into play in the battle of life, and in securing the family succession.

Animal Emotions.

Under this head we propose to call attention to certain impulses and states of excitement that do not fall under either sensations or appetites, as these are ordinarily conceived, but nevertheless belong to the mental system of the animal tribes. The term 'emotion' is used in common speech with great latitude and vagueness. There is, however, no apparent impropriety in employing it as the class-name for such manifestations as the following -

1. *Resentment*.—This is the name for the active impulses of an animal to repel, subdue, and utterly destroy everything that causes it pain, injury, or harm. In its higher forms of deliberate destructiveness, it is a complex effect, resulting from an extensive combination of feelings and energies. In its less complicated manifestations, it is closely connected with the peculiarities of nervous action already described: we will endeavour to indicate its different stages and degrees of complication.

The simplest form of an act of resentment is seen in the response of a circle of sense to any disagreeable or unacceptable sensation. When the contact of an outward object is painful, the returning influence goes to stimulate the muscles of extension and retraction of the part affected. A live-coal put on the paw of a quadruped, or on the hand of a human being, produces the instant movement of the member from the injurious contact. This vehement and rapid action, the result of the operation of the circles of sense by themselves, is the most elementary form, the first germ, so to speak, of the complex emotions, both of resentment and of terror.

But an act of resentment implies something more than the convulsive retraction of the bodily organs from harmful agencies. It includes the act of turning teeth, with all the energy of pursuit and all the destructive power of the animal, on whatever pains or menaces it; and the attack is usually directed against other sentient beings. The instinct of war and destructiveness is superadded to the act of withdrawing the system from injury, in the ordinary form of resentment; and this destructive tendency, where it exists, does not necessarily require the stimulus of hurt to bring it into play. It is a terrible inspiration belonging to many animal tribes, leading them to make war upon living beings in general although usually accompanied with some other peculiarities of the mental system that determine a preference in the creatures attacked.

If we were asked to resolve this destructive inspiration into its simplest constituents, and to point out the portions of the animal framework that it most probably connects itself with, we should say that there appears to be two distinct elements in its composition—an appetite, and a system of active organs cut out as tools or instruments for destructive effects. The appetite that kindles the energies of all carnivorous creatures is an extraordinary and indescribable one: we can only speak of it as a thirst for blood, an excitement, a *furor*, that nothing will allay but the spectacle of a living creature prostrate, torn, and mangled at the feet of the destroyer. In alliance with the appetite of hunger, it displays itself in its most energetic moods; but, nevertheless, it is not to be confounded with mere hunger, for this feeling taken alone could not produce the exultation and ecstasy of the true *carnivora* at the death of a helpless victim. There is something in the organisation and tastes of creatures living upon flesh that tends to develop this inextinguishable fury of bloodthirstiness, so that the view or the scent of one of their ordinary animals of prey is enough to fire the impulse that lets loose all the active energies of wrath and destruction. But it is among the *herbivora*, with whom the appetite for animal food does not come into play, that we have examples of resentful energy in its purest form—as, for example, in the enraged bull or the angry deer.

The *tools* of destructive animals are very various: they may be teeth, claws, horns, poisoned fangs, crushing embraces, electric batteries, &c. These instruments are always supplied with muscles and nerves to maintain their action, and are associated with the general system, so as to fall under the law of accordance of state, and to come into play in harmony with the organs of sensation and appetite. The instinct of pursuit already alluded to supplies one portion of the destructive activity, and the forthputting of the organs serving as the tools, after a little groping and experience, completes the operation, and satiates the lust for blood, victory, and destruction. There is not the same degree of instinctive preparation for playing the part of an executioner that there is for the acts of walking, running, or pursuit, but the possession of the tools, the impulse to employ all the active agencies of frame whatsoever, and a little practice and experience suffice in the majority of cases to qualify for this melancholy occupation. There are higher cases of destructiveness, where nothing less than a concentration of all the endowments of instinct and cultivated intelligence will serve the end—as in the operations of the spider and the craftiness of the fox; but these are not necessary for the illustration of the mere emotion of resentment.

2. *Terror*—This expresses a state of feeling and manifestation common to the whole series of animal tribes, and only varying in degree according to the delicacy and susceptibility of the nervous organisation. It is a physical and mental condition of the frame, marked by tremor, trepidation, and a disposition to shrink or fly from the object causing it. There is a manifest loss of composure, ease, and of the power of being quiet or still; the convulsive movements and excited expression get beyond the control of the individual, or it may be of any foreign agency also. The causes of this disturbed condition of the system are, first, mere painful sensations, and, next, the apprehension of pain or danger as imminent. There are many

tions and injuries that afflict and annoy the senses and consciousness to such a degree as to be utterly unbearable—the distress of the sensation spreads itself as an irritant over the whole nervous system, and cannot be suppressed. The relief or issue provided by nature in such circumstances is the awakening of activity in other parts distant from the source of the evil. The tremor of the frame, the howling of the vocal organs, the rapidity of the motions, set on by the diffused stimulus of pain, constitute a flood of varied excitement such as to drown the local irritation and render existence bearable. The nervous stimulus of terror causes a violent and exhausting discharge of nervous energy in every region. More than ordinary exertions are made, an excess of excitement is gone through, but a waste of strength has been thereby incurred.

We have remarked that a retraction of a hurt member is the simplest form of both terror and resentment. When the responsive action of the sensational circle is not sufficient to rid the animal of the mischievous agency, when it still presses hard and becomes agonising, the commotion is extended over the system, and produces the various manifestations above described. The animal is wakened up from a state of tranquil repose to a lavish expenditure of nervous excitement; the muscles are vehemently stimulated to action; the secretions are deranged; and the excretions violently excited. In this tumult of consciousness, the conflagration of the energies, the pain is submerged, and a kind of carnival of luxurious feeling is gone through.

The state thus resulting from an agony that cannot be shaken off by the means at command, is induced also by influences that only suggest evil as impending, and even by agencies that have no other character than being strange, unwonted, or inexplicable. The modes of its attack are thus various according to the perceptions and intelligence of the individual creature, but it is a universal emotion of the animal nature, and the prompter of activity in a way and to an extent peculiar to itself.

3. *Tenderness and Sociable Emotion.*—It would be a great mistake to confine the emotion of tenderness to the human species—a mistake, however, not likely to be committed by persons at all accustomed to the society of the inferior animals. The anatomical peculiarity of this emotion seems to be the effusion of a certain fluid over the mucous surfaces of the body generally, accompanied with a rich, luxurious sensation that cannot be confounded with anything else. The effusion seems most copious, and the feeling most intense, in the eyes and throat, but there is no reason to restrict the surface affected to these parts. In connection with the eye there is a secreting gland, and a receptacle for accumulating the lachrymal fluid ready for any sudden discharge. The effect upon the throat may be so great as to produce in the human subject the hysterical convulsions of the vocal apparatus experienced in the act of crying. The tender effusion, in all degrees of strength, gives a certain tone to the muscular movements, observable more particularly in the cast of the eye and in the character of the utterance.

There are various things calculated to bring on the tender emotion; extreme pain and terror are apt to let it loose in the general outburst that is stimulated by the pressure of agony. But, so far as we can judge, its natural and proper stimulus is the presence of another being in circum-

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stances that do not provoke the resentful inspiration, and especially a being with some positive attractions, or some power of exciting a pleasurable interest. The contact or embrace of two individual beings invariably prompts an effusion of tenderness, and is also the consummation of its furor. It is the extreme contrast of the bloodthirsty emotion—the attractive impulse that produces friendliness and sociability instead of war and extermination. It is the basis of the warm affections, and the great stimulus to herd together in society. It is probably excited in every relation of mutual dependence.

The feeling of maternal love is the strongest example that life presents of the tender emotion. The circumstances of the mother with her offspring are such as to constitute an extreme case of protector and protected in the closest relationship that can possibly arise. It is in this instance that we can observe the power of an intensely-exalted tenderness over the character, in the devotion and the efforts of body and mind which a mother is capable of putting forth. The maternal instincts are one of the kinds most frequently singled out to excite astonishment at the gifts and faculties of the brute creation. We have no reason to suppose that a peculiar class of devices is imparted to an animal through the mere fact of its bearing progeny, but undoubtedly in this case the wits and energies are set to work with a force and fervour that seem often to surpass the animal's regard for its own individual wellbeing.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

In entering on the structure of the intellect among the inferior creatures, and especially in using the human intellect as a comparison to assist us in the inquiry, the chief difficulty consists in divesting ourselves of all that artificial apparatus employed by human beings to enlarge the compass of thought and knowledge. Spoken and written language, and all the significant machinery of human life, come to be regarded as an essential part of our intelligence, and it would not be easy for us to represent to ourselves the movements of the human intellect deprived of their assistance.

It is, however, necessary for us to make an attempt to set forth the fundamental peculiarities of intelligence in general, that we may by this means gain another step towards the rational explanation of the animal mind.

1. The first great feature of intelligence common to the whole animal race, with differences of degree, we may express by the term *Docility*; meaning by it the power of making acquisitions of every kind independent of, and supplementary to, the native or inborn capacities. These acquisitions consist in aggregates, groupings, or consecutive trains made up of sensations, instincts, appetites, or emotions, different from any aggregates or trains belonging to the original constitution. There is a power of adhesiveness inherent in the animal brain, which makes actions that have repeatedly been made to follow one another in a fixed order so connect themselves together that the animal at last passes from one to the other as if they were all one consecutive train of instinctive movements. On

this is founded the art of training living beings to mechanical arts and movements of a complicated description.

We have already seen that a sensation is completed by a muscular response, and that one muscular act may lead to another, according to general laws of organisation. In addition to this original and natural connection between sensations and activities, a vast number of artificial connections come to be made through the force of docile adhesiveness. An animal learns, for example, to obey commands; that is, certain sensations of hearing come to be coupled with specific acts, and to have the power of stimulating those acts at any time. In like manner sensations are coupled with appetites by artificial association, as when an animal expects its food by seeing the circumstances that usually precede its being fed. Moreover, trains of sensation leave a certain track behind them, or produce a tendency in the various circles to revive and repeat those trains. Whence it is that all the tribes of creatures possessing a fixed home learn the features of their own neighbourhood, and know whereabouts they are from the appearances about them. Likewise animals accustomed to journey over a particular route acquire a cohesive hold of the successive features, and always know what to expect next when on their way. This principle of the cohesion of successive states and movements of mind, through a certain amount of repetition and exercise, connecting actions with actions, actions with sensations, sensations with appetites, and sensations with sensations, might be exemplified at any length from the brute creation, and might be shewn not to differ in kind from the principle of contiguous association in the human mind, upon which human cultivation is so largely dependent. Not only is the animal nature in general rendered susceptible of unlimited training and education, in consequence of this adhesive energy inherent in the nervous framework, but every creature comes to possess a fund of experience and acquired associations, and becomes wiser as it grows in days and years. Along with its instinctive likings and dislikings—the guides of its early movements—there grow up a number of acquired likings and dislikings towards things that were at first matters of indifference perhaps, but come to be treated as the preludes to other things that are not indifferent. Good and evil are described at a distance. The creature that has been roughly handled in an encounter connects ever afterwards the sight of its enemy with a disagreeable experience, and keeps out of its way; if it have associates or offspring, it will put together its sympathy and its bitter experience, and endeavour to keep them out of the danger too. The bird that has been terrified by the report of a gun, and witnessed the fall of one of its companions, acquires a joint impression of a human figure and dead, if its observation is good and its opportunities numerous, it may even mark a difference between a sportsman and a quiet rustic, and form separate associations with each.

There is evidently a great inferiority in the extent and in the character of the brute acquisitions as compared with humanity. It is doubtful how far an ordinary quadruped can revive the pictorial impressions of sight in the entire absence of the originals, so as to go through an operation truly mental, and live in the past, the absent, and the future. The best of animals can go but a little way towards recognising the properties of natural objects, chiefly on account of their utter want of all the artifices of

indirect vision, which have their perfect exemplification in the human sciences.

2. The associating principle termed the law of *similarity* in the human subject is not entirely wanting among the inferior orders of intelligence.

If we suppose that a chicken had barely escaped from being devoured by a fox, and that it on a future occasion descried this fox at a distance, the association of concurring impressions would have the effect of inspiring dread and concealment. If, however, it descried another fox, of different age and size, and if the degree of likeness, in the midst of points of discordance, were such as to recall the first fox, with the accompanying painful sensations, we should say that this was a case of association by resemblance, carrying with it at the same time a contiguous or adhesive association. To detect points of similarity in objects, notwithstanding the presence of circumstances of dissimilarity, is essential to our living in the actual world, and it is an endowment belonging to all sentient beings in proportion to their rank in the scale of intelligence. By dint of identifying like objects, all the experience of one is transferred to the others, and saves a fresh set of trials and observations. The crow that has feasted in one corn-field identifies other corn-fields with the first, and expects without hesitation to derive fresh repasts. Thus it is that the animal tribes, no less than humanity itself, come to know a whole class of things from a single specimen, and to avail themselves of the similarities reigning in nature to shorten the labour of acquiring practical wisdom. Both man and brute are liable to be misled by apparent similarities, and to miss such as are real; but this is no disparagement to the important faculty of identification in general, which serves many a good turn to both.

3. Out of the conjoined action, as it would appear, of the two associating energies now briefly touched upon, with the various instinctive capacities, arises a peculiar complex energy of constructiveness, or combining force, that we have to refer to as governing the higher efforts of the animal nature. The great desideratum in every creature is to be able to bring all its powers to bear upon the execution of its desires, objects, or ends. It is for this purpose that nature has connected all the susceptibilities of the body with all its activities through the medium of the central brain: there all the stimuli run together, and tell upon all the active centres, and whatever movements bear upon or contribute to the effects aimed at by the animal are duly set to work. The proper and perfect union of the organs to work out an end is, in the simpler instances, the result of the instinctive mechanism already described, as in the case of a herbivorous animal browsing about over the grass, or of one of the carnivori chasing and devouring its prey. But in difficult cases, such, for example, as the manœuvrings of the fox and the caution of the stag, there is an effect of time and experience in controlling and timing the activities, and in bringing trains of association into the stream of mind.

It usually happens that every active weapon or instrument belonging to the structure of an animal is fully provided with nervous communications with all the other parts of the system, through the common centre of nervous action, and is in this way put to employment on all convenient occasions. Nothing more is required than such a method of connection to

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insure the application of every species of active impulse whenever it can be of any avail. The electric organs of the torpedo and gymnotus electricus are related by massive cords of nerve to the brain of the animal, and act in sympathy with its wishes and movements. It is in the very nature of the possession of tools to find a use for them, and, in the course of exercising them, to hit upon new and effective combinations not suggested by the original mechanism. An animal feeling itself in a difficulty, and possessing sufficient experience to know that the more obvious impulses will not answer, and able to control those impulses through its anxiety for some one issue, sits still, allowing various trains of unexecuted actions to pass through its brain, till at last an act or combination occurs that experience connects with success in the like circumstances, and the execution is immediately commenced.

We are to conceive of each class of animals, therefore, as possessed of a certain number of susceptibilities and active capacities in more or less measure of energy; and also of the power of harmonising, combining, and arranging the one to meet the other through the medium of a central brain, and as having this power in unequal degrees.*

ANIMAL CHARACTER.

The general laws and mechanism employed in the animal nature are one thing, and the specific combinations found among the actual tribes of living creatures are something different. We have seen in detail a number of senses, appetites, instincts, emotions, forces of growth and identification, and, to crown all, a combining brain for the execution of the complex actions resulting from the clash of innumerable circles of nervous energy; and the next stage in the inquiry would be to survey the animal species of the globe, and ascertain what number and intensity of these various elements of mind belong to each. The distinction drawn between the constituents of mind and the characters actually formed out of these constituents, is precisely similar to the distinction between general physiology, which explains the nature of the digestive, respiratory, and other organs, and the natural history of each particular class of animals, or the degree of development of these various organs in individual cases. The animal creation may be classified according to mental endowment no less properly than according to skeleton or viscera; it being of course understood that the best classification includes a reference to all kinds of peculiarities.

In our limited space we can merely indicate by one or two instances the existence of various types of character, or combinations of the universal alphabet of mind, and shew how these combinations may be expressed and described in the general language that our analysis has provided.

There are certain of the elements of mind common to all animal species, excepting perhaps the very lowest, and there are true nervous elements present even in these. The sense of nutrition embodying the two first

* The relations of instinct and intelligence to the actual structure of the animal brain have been very much simplified by the able and original expositions of Dr Carpenter in his works on Human and Comparative Physiology.

classes of sensations must be always found; and in rising a little way in the scale we come upon the other senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste; and the classification of the different species must involve the degree of perfection of the various sensibilities. There are also certain appetites—hunger, exercise, rest, &c.—always associated with the senses, and certain other appetites, as sex, that appear over the large majority of all animal tribes. The instincts rise with the muscular development; a connecting nervous apparatus between the various active organs of the body is never wanting. The emotions of terror, resentment, and sociability are pretty generally distributed, although with great inequality of degree, especially the two last. The development of the all-combining cerebrum, the possession of a good head, is a capital mark of distinction among the different orders.

It thus appears that large differences of degree in the senses, appetites, instincts, emotions, associating forces, and combining head, must make the basis of a classification by minds of the living population of the globe, and that the entire absence of one or more features is not to be counted on as a means of distinction. On this supposition we will select a few examples of the variety of type presented to us in the actual world.

The unusual exaltation of the sense of smell in certain cases is a capital point of difference among the inferior creatures. There is a certain pitch of development of this sense that gives a bent to the whole activity of the animal, by setting up the property of odour as the means of discrimination and the stimulus of pursuit in the daily search for subsistence. The dogs used by the sportsmen on account of their far-reaching scent shew a manifest development of the organ of smell corresponding to the observed delicacy of their sensations of odour.

But the sense of sight is far more frequently employed as the guide of pursuit than any other. The use of this sense gives a more intellectual character to the animal. By its means the permanent features of the landscape are impressed on the mental system, and other animals are distinguished by their aspect and appearance, and a greater development of sympathy or antipathy is the result. The extreme cases of exalted vision as regards distance are found among birds; their commanding position gives them more scope for distant views, and their motions take a corresponding range. It is this long sightedness and high position that enable the migratory species to perform their distant journeys, and to these journeys they are moved chiefly by the feeling of temperature. The birds, as a class, would seem very susceptible to atmospheric states.

The varieties of the sense of hearing furnish a basis of discrimination of animal species. This sense is perhaps, on the whole, less complex and less dignified than the sense of sight, but this last sense is more extensively possessed than the power of hearing. The development of the ear goes along with the development of vocal organs and there is an especial connection between the two in the nervous system. Where the ear and the voice are in tolerable perfection they are put to a variety of uses. Besides the employment of the voice in the expression of the animal emotions, and in kindling up sympathies and inspiring terrors into fellow-beings, it very soon shews itself as an organ of language, or as a means of communication between the different members of a society. Many of the notes of

birds have express conventional meanings, understood by the other birds of the same tribe in cases where a habitual intercourse is maintained.

The musical faculty of singing-birds proceeds partly from their power of voice, and partly from a more than ordinarily exalted sense of hearing, extending to a slight feeling of melody. The power of song, thus remarkably evolved, suggests a remark pertinent to the whole of our present subject—namely, that in the animal nature, no less than the human, we ought to make a distinction between utility and amenity, or between the exercise of the organs for the supply of wants and the gratification of the urgent appetites, and their exercise for the production of pleasing effects of movement or art. The playfulness of some animals, the extensive excursions of others ostensibly and really in the search for food, the sociable tendencies of others, the vocal utterances of many, all come under the head of sensuous enjoyment, sport, or amenity: they are the poetry of the existence, the entertainments that pass away and amuse the intervals of the more intense gratifications. The songs of birds are mainly subservient to the amenities, although entering into the utilities, by providing the language of social intercourse. The strut and airs of the peacock, inspired by the amatory feelings, must be set down as his peculiar style of poetry, amusement, or amenity.

If from the senses we pass to the emotions, as a ground of distinction of animal character, we shall find an extensive scale of difference among actual tribes. The emotion of resentment and bloodthirstiness is a well known characteristic of particular species, being usually associated with the carnivorous nature. The susceptibility to terror also occurs in many degrees of strength. It is apt to be accompanied with more bodily weakness: but not necessarily, for some creatures possess a 'pluckiness' far above their strength. The horse is particularly subject to terror: the domestic cattle, if we except the bull, have the same feature. Beasts of prey in general require a tolerable stock of courage.

With regard to the emotion of tenderness or dependence, it is the true emotional basis of sociality, or of the gregarious nature. The sexual appetite leads to the pairing of animals, but it is this more general feeling of the tender that causes them to find satisfaction in keeping together in flocks. It is a pretty general, although perhaps not a universal rule, that the resentful and bloodthirsty emotion tends to isolation and the exclusion of the sociable, even between creatures of the same tribe. Many of the herbivora shew this sociable and tender nature. Cattle, sheep, deer, elephants, buffaloes, and many other species gain for themselves both the pleasures and protection of the social state—nature having given them a predominance of the tender over the resentful emotion. So among the birds we have a scale of variety—from the laughty isolation of the eagle to the intense sociability of the crow. The social bond once in operation, necessarily comes into play for many of the purposes of the animal; like every other tool or instrumentality of the animal frame, it is sure to be turned to account. The tender emotion is the original force of attraction, and its gratification is the direct and immediate result: it is the amenity and the enduring enjoyment of life to the class endowed with it. But when a multitude are thus herded together, they acquire very soon the means of being mutually helpful in the business operations of the tribe. This mutual

assistance most easily and readily comes out in the form of guidance or warning communicated from one to another. An object of terror described by a member of the flock inspires him not merely to fly for his own safety, but, in obedience to his sociability, to raise a cry to warn the others also. So the discovery of a fruitful territory is propagated through the tribe by the individual discoverer. The inequality of powers and capacity which seems to reign in every order of being has a special mode of shewing itself under the influence of sociability: it determines the existence of leadership, and of variety of function, or something like a regular organisation of labour. It is hardly possible for creatures living in society, and having all the senses and ordinary instincts, together with a certain small portion of such forces of intelligence as were described above, to avoid falling into some of the obvious arrangements of society. They must also experience the advantage of adhering to those arrangements, and resent the infraction of them by the unfaithful members of the body.

Under the head of intelligence we might trace great varieties of endowment among the animal tribes. One great fact of intelligence, as manifested in the lower creation, is the resistance to a present impulse by an enduring impression resulting from experience. A creature has its wrathful feelings stirred by the sight of a rival or an enemy, but it retains from its past actions the sense of its inability to grapple with the other in fair fight, and it stifles its resentment. So in the case just alluded to of the observance of social rules and restraints; this sense of the advantage derived from adherence to a certain plan of action overbears the impulses that would break away from it, and maintains the framework of social order. In the human organisation intellect takes a lofty sweep, and detaches itself from motive power in order to work out high combinations of science and art; but in the inferior orders it is more thoroughly allied with action and practice. The overruling of temporary stimulants, and the impulses of the moment, by permanent habits of being arising from experience, is a very general expression of the way that the intellectual forces operate in the animal creation. All animals whose intelligence is proved by their docility shew also this power of self-restraint. It is an essential preliminary to the employment of cunning, stratagem, or indirect means for the attainment of ends.

The constructive or combining cerebrum, the good head, is the consummation of the animal capacity, and measures the degree to which the various active organs can be turned to account. Combination, plot, dexterity, are all symptoms of a brain well organised at the central concourse of the faculties. A creature may be admirable at the chase or in pursuit; unsurpassed in aiming its weapons; far-seeing, and good at the recognition of its ground; it may burn with resentful energy, or melt with tender emotion; and yet it may never rise above common place: these various powers may act well their separate parts without ever coming together in a grand overwhelming combination. The hands may be good and the head poor. In goodness of head, in this sense of employing skilful combinations, the fox seems to bear the palm among quadrupeds; the elephant, if not so habitually dexterous, shews remarkable instances of deep-laid plot and sagacity. The intellectual perceptions of the elephant are manifestly good, whence it happens that his combinations take a highly intellectual form.

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The badger and the seal would appear to deserve a high rank in the power of cerebral constructiveness. The architectural animals also must receive honourable mention, for in their operations a very great range of special activities is put forth under a comprehensive purpose. In the more elaborate societies of the bee and the ant, the social tendencies are evidently under the guidance of considerable force of intelligent self-restraint and skilful combining power.

In studying the influences at work among the sociable tribes, it is impossible not to recognise the probability, if not the certainty, of something approaching to *civilisation*, or the striking out of valuable devices by the good heads that occasionally start up; which devices are spread by imitation, and handed down to posterity. We find that necessity, the mother of invention, sometimes operates in enlarging the sphere of action of a species. It is stated that in Scotland, previous to the severe winter of 1822, the crows were never known to prey upon the turnip-fields, but being driven by starvation, they did on this occasion resort to them; and having once got introduced to the practice, they never afterwards gave it up: in fact, it was to them like the discovery of the potato to the human race. Many of those exquisite devices that excite the astonishment of the beholders in individual creatures whose genius surpasses what is common to their tribe, are capable of being imparted through imitation and instruction to the less-gifted multitude.

THE HIGHER CONSTRUCTIVENESS.

It seems desirable that we should lay hold of some of the remarkable instances of combining or constructive capacity that the lower creatures present, in order to shew, if possible, that they result from such general laws of being as alone have been here laid down. In the vertebrate kingdom, containing the human subject, and exhibiting throughout a palpable uniformity or unity of type, it probably would not be difficult to reduce all the mental manifestations to the foregoing analysis, or to some slight extension of it. In the other kingdoms, we may recognise so great a degree of similarity as to leave no doubt of the existence of a common plan, but with great range of variety in the detail. The mollusca abound in examples of recondite mechanism, and remarkable means of obtaining their ends. The pearly nautilus, first described by Professor Owen, contrives to raise and lower itself in the water by rarefying or condensing the air in the chambers of its shell by means of a sucker; and the formation of these empty air-chambers is a curious exception to the ordinary mode of acquiring a protecting apparatus. That the animal foresees the use that it will be able to make of the empty chambers, and guides their formation accordingly, is incredible; but once in possession of the abandoned cells, it falls into this peculiar application of them. But it is in the insect tribes that singularity of constructive genius reaches the highest pitch; and in them there would be most difficulty in tracing in detail the operation of senses, instinctive laws, appetites, emotions, intelligence, &c., all under the constructive cerebrum. The difficulty is enhanced by the imperfect knowledge there is of the ways of insects; it is also increased

by the apparent inadequacy of their nervous development to account for so much power of intelligence as seems to be implied in some of their operations. This inadequacy, however, may be only apparent; for the brain of an ant, a spider, or a bee, may be really as complicated as the brain of a swallow: it may be an equal endowment in a smaller mass, having so much less of mechanical power to put forth.

In the spinning-spider we recognise the presence of a remarkable instrumentality, which the animal turns to account just as every other creature sets to work with the organs peculiar to its organisation. Being gifted with this viscid secretion, which, when expelled from the body, coheres in threads or lines, it cannot fail to adapt its movements to this spontaneous cordage, to work with it in all its aims, pursuits, and desires. The spider finds that the thread is adhesive to solid surfaces; that it suspends a weight, or that it may float in the air as a buoyant addition to the body; and the animal accordingly follows up these properties with all its energy, and brings them into action in the search for food, in the desire of shelter, and in the provision for depositing its eggs.

There is some degree of illusion in the complicity of the works or structures of architectural creatures: we are apt to suppose, where we see an intricate web or an elaborate nest, that there is necessarily implied a great force of intelligence and conceptive capacity. But in truth it will be found that a very simple impulse, repeating itself without end under a changing bias, would lead to a very complicated figure. The great impulse in the web-spider seems to be to run threads incessantly to and fro, between all the points that catch her eye. Along with this, she evidently conceives a central point, and an enveloping structure to be formed there; and under these two aims she works on—throwing across ever fresh lines, till she is exhausted with the labour or satisfied with the work. We must concede to the spider, as to the nest-building bird, and to many other animals, the power of conceiving an enclosure, a shelter, or a rampart, and of discerning the fitness of her material for this end.

We should, in fact, penetrate the mystery of a large class of animal capacities, if we could distinctly understand from what fountains of the animal nature there proceeds this conception of a material enclosure as a means of shelter, and of certain substances as capable of forming such an enclosure if brought together and arranged under the guidance of the idea. Let us take the bird's nest as an example. An animal feels the sensation of cold. It can also discern from the experience of its own wings that an outer covering modifies this sensation; it is farther confirmed in the same impression by getting into sheltered places, in bushes, herbage, &c. These materials afford to it a distinct experience, connecting a certain array of leaves, twigs, blades of grass, stones, earth, or whatever else it may be, with warmth, and also with concealment and protection; which last notions it gathers from its intercourse with other birds, and its terrors at menacing expression. It sees loose twigs or earth lying about, and it needs to have sufficient force of the faculty of identification to discover that they are sheltering material, although not in the actual position to give shelter. We must now suppose that the bird has decided on a position, a place eligible for her abode; that she has learned the value of certain substances properly arrayed in giving warmth and shelter; that

ANIMAL INSTINCTS AND INTELLIGENCE.

she is aware of her power to transport these substances piecemeal; and that she has an intense appetite or eagerness to have a sufficient dwelling. The constructive head in these circumstances joins all these into a plan or course of action, reconciling the whole: in obedience to what we might term a stroke of genius, she sallies out to seize the fragments, to carry them to her chosen spot, and to give them the sheltering form discovered by her earliest feelings of her own movements, and by her constant experience of the effect of material objects. She builds up a wall around herself; she fastens twig upon twig, or one particle of mud upon another, by whatever means she can fall upon for holding the fragments together; and goes on till her feelings of a perfect enclosure have been satisfied. In this sequence there are manifested some undeniable marks of high intelligence. The identification of particles of scattered herbage or twigs as of the same protecting character as the grassy tuft or the feathered boughs, is a far-reaching stroke of the identifying faculty, and possibly might require a more than ordinary genius to detect it at first hand. It is not to be supposed, unless it could be clearly proved, that each individual would, by its own unaided faculties, scheme and execute the nest in use among its tribe; the mass must work by the help of imitation or instruction of some kind or other.

The construction of an abode for an animal's own individual accommodation, or for the reception of the offspring actually born to it, may be reasonably explained by the possession of faculties like those now described. But we seem launched into a far deeper abyss of obscurity when we contemplate the prospective operations of some of the animal tribes, or the provision they make for progeny unborn. The human parent knows, from the experience of foregone generations, the symptoms of expected birth, and the wants and necessities of the newly-arrived being. To many of the inferior creatures this source of instruction must be somewhat deficient; they live too little in the society of their elders to learn from observation the course of procreation. When, therefore, the salmon travels hundreds of miles to deposit its spawn, and the fly looks out for a carcass for the reception of its eggs, we must presume the existence of a much keener sensibility to the parturient condition in some creatures than in others. The nervous connections between the uterus and the brain would require to be strong and intimate in order to stimulate the prospective activity of the animal. The fact of pregnancy is, without doubt, of such a nature as to affect the whole being most profoundly. A second self grows up within the mother; receiving support; reacting on the maternal system; having its organic condition intimated to the maternal brain; yielding a strong and ever-present sensation of growth and expansion; and at last thrown out by a strong effort to become an object of external regard, after a period of internal consciousness. It is conceivable that the cognisance of the expanding germ may be made as intense and as expressive in guiding the aims and actions of the animal, as if the result were actually foreseen by the help of a past experience. We do not require to assume any new structure or any foreign inspiration to provide for such a case. An exalted uterine sensibility operated by a more than ordinarily abundant nervous communication between the womb and the brain might serve to excite the activity of the animal to provide a reception for a load about to become detached from its body. The instinctive presentiment of some object about

to be given forth would require only an extension of perceptive powers belonging to other parts of the system. The distended uterine muscles, by the law of accordance of muscular states, would operate a sympathetic distension of the muscles of the upper and lower extremities, and produce in them a sensation as if these members held an object in their clasp. The internal embrace would very readily cause an imaginary external embrace, or at all events indicate that a something was growing and fostering within, and yielding a feeling of the same kind as if another being were held to the breast. The evolution of a swelling mass between muscular walls is a very different thing from the rise of a tumour in a gland or viscus. Such is the community of feeling throughout the muscular system, that any unwonted action of one set of muscles is transmitted to all the rest, and the character of the exciting cause is thus revealed by the movements that it stimulates in the more susceptible classes of muscles. The sympathies of the limbs, the voice, the eyes, and of the entire muscular apparatus with the pressure on the muscles of the womb, go far to reveal the existence of a solid detachable mass, and might do so with the utmost clearness if the nervous connections were sufficiently good. An increase in the number or in the sensitiveness of the nerve-fibres associating the parturient muscles with the other circles of the body, would account for an increased perception of what was going on within; and no other assumption is necessary in order to account for the unusual force of the presentiment of offspring belonging to particular species.

REALISED WISHES.

THERE is no fairer valley in England than that in which nestles the small but cheerful town of St Edwins. Surrounded on all sides by finely sloping hills, covered to their summits with rich beechwood, the far-famed musical chimes of the antique church penetrate to many sheltered homesteads, slumbering in 'greenerie,' far enough away from the din of a moderately-populous and busy town for the sounds issuing thence to float refined and softened over verdant meads and sunny garden-slopes, even as the rushing of waters in the distance falls dimly and mysteriously on the listener's ear. St Edwins still flourishes; but Maud Chapel Farm and adjacent ruins have disappeared from the face of the earth, to make way for rows of tidy cottages, rented by labouring-men and their families. Thither still is borne the echo of St Edwins' beautiful bells; and in the twilight, when birds and little children seek their nests, perchance the melancholy yet soothing influence of the swelling and dying cadence may be felt unconsciously by some anxious nursing mother, whose tender woman's heart beats, nevertheless, beneath the folds of a peasant's garb. The site of the ancient monastic pile is still pointed out to the casual observer, but the pleasant homestead, modern in comparison, is laid low in dust, together with its inhabitants.

Maud Chapel Farm was once the abode of a certain Mr Walsingham, a humble and unpretending individual, who, after a few years' practice as a country surgeon, retired from active life on his well and hard earned gains, which were eked out by a small addition to his income, bequeathed unexpectedly by a distant relative. Mr Walsingham, in the society of a worthy wife, gladly gave up his arduous profession for the more congenial routine of a rural existence: it might be that the loss of an only child, who had married young, and died soon after her marriage, conspired to render Mr and Mrs Walsingham averse to worldly pursuits, and desirous of seclusion, where the best panacea was found for such grief as theirs. This lamented daughter, however, had left a namesake behind her, and it may readily be surmised how dear the little Agnes was to her bereaved grandparents, and how grateful they were to Captain Dormer, their son-in-law, for permitting her to reside with them during his long intervals of absence. Captain Dormer was a shipowner, commanding one of his own vessels, and trading to foreign lands—his favourite headquarters when on shore being at a distant port, whither Mr and Mrs Walsingham, with their beloved

charge, were wont sometimes to repair, to greet the bluff mariner on his return home. He was a rough man, enthusiastically devoted to his calling, and seeming to think the only way he could shew his love for the fair creature whom he called daughter was in lavishing a profusion of rare gifts wherewith to adorn her person—choicest products of the sunny climes to which he trafficked. As to her mode of education, or introduction into society, that Captain Dormer never dreamed about: it was left entirely at the disposal of the good Walsinghams, who were simple and unpretending folks themselves, and much inclined to the primitive mode of bringing up young people. Maud Chapel being situated about a mile from the town of St Edwins, the means of proper instruction (according to Mr Walsingham's ideas of solid and fanciful lore) were easily procurable from thence.

Agnes, though a delicate child, was an apt scholar; for nature had been bountiful, both as regarded her mental and personal charms. If there were deficiencies, whose eye was to discern them, when the exquisitely-finished rasket contained undoubted jewels of price, even though not arranged in conventional setting? Not Mr and Mrs Walsingham—not Captain Dormer, certainly: to the former Agnes embodied every idea of brightest earthly perfection; to the latter, whose perceptions were not particularly lucid, of oceanic! She was to *him* a siren, or a pearl, or a mermaid: his fancy had no wider scope. To *them*—a sunbeam, a fairy-queen, a rosebud. No terms of endearment or praise were too extravagant, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Had it been possible for indulgence and caresses to have spoiled Agnes, she doubtless must have been thoroughly so; but she was one of those creatures whom it is not in the power of weak or blind indulgence to injure. There were depths in her blue eyes, and depths in her heart, unfathomable and mysterious; but she was more a thinker of poetry than of prose—a sensitive plant, existing in an atmosphere redolent of sweets. Yet like all real thinkers, she was lowly in her estimate of self—not with the mock humility, indeed, of a sentimental, insipid drawing-room young lady; for Agnes was one of the rarely-gifted, spiritual creations met with now and then on the crowded, jostling highway of the world's journeyings—unmarked by anything unfeminine or obtrusive, yet with passionate emotions slumbering beneath a calm exterior—a slumber from which some are only awakened by the master-hand once in a lifetime, when repose returns never more save with the last dreamless sleep. Fastidiously elegant, and chastely simple in her tastes with an innate appreciation of high breeding, it is to be supposed that this child of nature's finest moulding was fully sensible of the homeliness (it is a mild but expressive term) of those who claimed her pious allegiance. But herein Agnes proved her true nobility of soul, by redoubling, if possible, her dutiful attentions and unaffected solicitude towards the dear beings who esteemed her so highly; yet she could not but feel the want of a congenial companion, though unwilling to admit this whispered want even to her own pure loving heart. So that when Sir Felix and Lady Irby arrived at Irby Lodge—a seat long deserted in the neighbourhood of St Edwins—and cordially renewed their friendly intercourse with Mr Walsingham, who had formerly been professionally known to them, it was with sensations of new and intense delight that Agnes found in Ellen Irby a friend and companion,

while the high-born damsel, was surprised to discover in the surgeon's grand-daughter a gem of the first water. Had the slightest trace, however, of patronage or pride been exhibited towards her by Lady Irby or Helen, Agnes, like a startled fawn, would have been instantaneously scared away: but they were gentlewomen in the real, best acceptation of the term; and though the freemasonry of caste was not undervalued, it was not abused by the patrician dames. Miss Irby was an only daughter, with an elder brother, and one younger than herself. This younger brother was destined for a diplomatic career—he was Lady Irby's idol and Helen's hope; in short, Reginald, the penniless cadet, claimed from them a consideration rarely accorded to the least important member of a family.

It was not only that he was good and gifted, and graceful and accomplished, but that he afforded a painful contrast to his father and elder brother. Sir Felix was a morose and disappointed man; too often drowning retrospection in excess, and seeking in field-sports and late carousing a panacea for the anxiety resulting from profligate involvements and painful pecuniary embarrassments—intricacies which had descended as a sort of heirloom, but which a steady, prudent, and persevering hand might have unravelled. Percy, the elder son, followed in his father's steps: idle, dissipated, and reckless, he lacked both the energy and talent necessary to advance himself in any honourable path which might have been opened to him through the interest of connections. The Irbys were descended from the best blood in the realm. Lady Irby was cousin to Sir Felix, and proud of their noble lineage in proportion as little else seemed likely to be left them; nor was Helen one whit behind her mother in veneration of their ancestral glories. It would have been difficult for the unsophisticated Agnes to recognise in the Helen Irby of the greenwood shades the stately belle who demeaned herself so haughtily in the world, where her mother and herself had experienced so many mortifications. Bitter mortifications indeed; for theirs was not the shame of honest poverty, but the endeavour to keep up false glitter and appearance—when the mask so often will slip aside, and reveal the true features of the case. Hence the last refuge was at Irby Lodge, the despised, neglected home of past generations, now the only one left to Sir Felix as a shelter for his family, wherein to end his own life of waste and weariness and sin. Lady Irby retained the traces of that haughty beauty of face and form for which she had been celebrated in her youthful days, together with the most perfect elegance of manner and deportment. Her health was now extremely precarious, for sorrow had done its work slowly but surely. Helen, who resembled her mother in all respects, was that unhappy mother's stay and prop: they were all in all to each other—clinging with even more than the yearning love of mother and daughter.

On Reginald their hopes were fixed: he was to regenerate and save them all. *How*—his fond mother and sister did not stop to inquire. He was to do great things—to retrieve the family name, and garland it with laurels! Fond women—foolish woman—ever arguing that what they wish *must* come to pass. Noble-hearted, brave, resolute, and self-denying, the one black spot in Helen Irby's character was pride. Vainly she endeavoured to inoculate Reginald with the same impressions: he was chivalrous and daring enough for a true knight, but he laughed at Helen's foible, though

willing enough to bestow a proper and moderate degree of respect on the genealogical tree.

Poverty had galled him, poor fellow, as it had her; and with her he looked forward ardently for the realisation of those bright promises held out to him by a relative—expectant ambassador to a foreign court of distinction. He had only just completed his university career. Crowned with honours, and triumphant with success, he had returned to Irby Lodge, where his mother and sister shed tears of grateful joy over their idol.

It was strange that neither Lady Irby nor Helen thought of danger when they introduced the gay, gallant, susceptible Reginald to so beautiful and captivating a girl as Agnes Dormer: it probably seemed impossible to them that an Irby could seriously incline towards a plebeian apothecary's grand-daughter: it would be much the same as if he fell in love with the pretty dairymaid—a passing fancy—a mere joke. Helen, however, miscalculated her own influence over her brother and his disposition also. She had hitherto regarded him as a mere trifler—admiring the fair flowers which fell in his way, but without desiring to place any of them in his bosom. 'Reginald *must* marry for rank, wealth, and power,' said Helen Irby, 'and he knows it.' She was prepared for his enthusiastic admiration of Agnes; nay, she experienced some secret misgivings lest those charms of mind which she herself so warmly appreciated in the lovely girl should even prove more attractive to Reginald than the fleeting charms of beauty, peerless as that confessedly was. 'But it is absolutely ridiculous, after all,' she exclaimed to herself with a half-haughty toss of her fine head—'it is absolutely ridiculous of one to suppose that Reginald could be such a'—— She was going to add an unbecoming and strong word; but checking her wayward tongue, with a slight laugh she muttered, 'such a goose.'

Agnes was the frequent guest of Lady Irby and Helen, there was to her a nameless charm in their society which she was unable to analyse, but which drew her instinctively towards them; while, on the other hand, their solitude was enlivened by her presence, which beamed upon these worldly women as a reflected ray of sunshine from some purer and holier sphere. Her freshness and innocence delighted them, while with sweet Agnes an indefinable want was filled up—she had found those who in a great measure could understand her; for Lady Irby and Helen had fine tastes, cultivated minds, and had mixed much with the lovers of literature and the arts. Agnes venerated and loved her friends with her whole heart; she, guiltless creature, knew nothing of their worldliness and pride—they were merely beings of a superior order as regarded intellectual gifts and refinement in the estimation of Agnes. She was in utter ignorance that they regarded her as an inferior—she had no suspicion of their overweening pride of birth and station. They caressed and fondled her, drew her out, and won the hearts of Mr and Mrs Walsingham by their praises of Agnes; and all this without any falsity of intention, for they really felt for the winning young creature all they professed. 'Ah!' sighed Helen Irby, 'if she had but rank and wealth, what a wife for Reginald!' It was enough with her ladyship that Agnes was a favourite with Helen—she took her to her favour instantly, for the partial mother deferred in all points to Helen's judgment. But Helen, alas! could not manage her high-spirited brother; and Reginald had not been long at home ere she became alarmed.

For though he had been greatly struck with the grace and delicate loveliness of Agnes Dormer, commencing with those gallant attentions which every pretty girl exacts (or which he believed they did), yet it speedily became evident to his watchful sister that as time moved on, and he became better acquainted with the surgeon's grand-daughter, far deeper feelings were taking root. Yet she continued blindly to console herself with the knowledge that Reginald was soon to depart from the dangerous approximation; that 'of course it was only a flirtation, though young men should take care what they were about!' In her callous, worldly wisdom, Helen never bestowed an anxious thought on poor Agnes—her peace of mind, her future—it was for Reginald only she feared. He did not seek the society of Agnes so much as had been his wont in the presence of his mother and sister, but became suddenly and wonderfully interested in Mr Walsingham's farming pursuits, and in the cultivation of Mr Walsingham's herbs and flowers. His consultations with the worthy man on agricultural questions gave rise to a suspicion in the surgeon's mind that Mr Reginald contemplated emigration. 'He's really a fine, sensible, manly youth,' quoth Mr Walsingham to his wife and Agnes one day, when Reginald had departed after an unusually prolonged visit; 'I rather suspect that he opines freedom in a new country is better than diplomacy in the old. I don't know but what emigration would be best for him with his straightforward, honest ways, particularly if he has any notion of a wife.'

'My dear,' deprecatingly urged Mrs Walsingham, looking at her husband quite severely over her spectacles—'my dear! a wife indeed!—why Master Reginald Irby is a mere lad: who ever heard such nonsense?'

'He is a year older than I was, my dear, when we married,' replied Mr Walsingham laughing; 'and I'll be bound Sir Felix wouldn't think him too young for matrimony if the lady of his choice brought plenty of gold. Agnes—Agnes! where are you off to, child?' exclaimed the old gentleman, arranging the backgammon-board as his grand-daughter retreated.

'Coming, dear grandfather—coming directly,' she replied in a hurried manner; 'I will only just tie up this rose-tree,' bending over a flower-basket with singular industry.

'Why, my darling, your wits are a wool-gathering this eve,' said Mr Walsingham as he testily corrected innumerable mistakes committed by his abstracted antagonist: 'you don't care about playing backgammon with your stupid old grandfather since these fine ladies at Irby Lodge have bewitched you.'

'Ah! say not so—say not so, dear, dear grandfather!' cried Agnes, blushing deeply; 'no one in this world could ever make me forgetful of you.'

'Ay, ay, when Mr Right comes I'll forgive ye, my sunbeam,' said Mr Walsingham, chuckling at his stale joke: 'the bonny bells of St Edwins will ring a merry peal on thy wedding-day, my rosebud. But time enough for that—time enough for that say I,' added the old man with a half-stifled sigh; for memories were thronging round his heart; she looked so like her mother just then.

Still was Agnes a frequent visitor at Irby Lodge; still did Lady Irby

and Helen receive her with warmth and affection, and hope sometimes inclined her to believe that a welcome as a 'nearer and dearer' would not be withheld. Oftentimes was Helen on the verge of touching on the delicate topic of Reginald's attentions; but the shrinking sensibility and modesty of the innocent Agnes, who, on the most distant allusion to the matter, appeared wounded and distressed, withheld her. Helen, too, argued thus: that Agnes, being aware of the vast disparity of rank between them, must regard her brother's devotion as the mere ebullition of youthful gallantry, and therefore in nowise, as a prudent maiden, would give undue encouragement. Helen Irby as yet knew love but by name, or she would have read the pages of human life containing that passage a little clearer as they were rapidly unfolded to her view. She was restless and uneasy, however; but it was the undefined, vague anxiety so often experienced by the light-hearted when the preludes of a storm are softly, though with certainty, closing and gathering around.

Yes—it was in the sweet spring-tide that all these forebodings or pre-sentiments of evil were too surely realised; for it was in the sweet spring-tide that Agnes Dormer listened, with downcast eyes and throbbing heart, to music far more melodious and soul-subduing than the chimes of St Edwins' famed and familiar bells. This music stole on her enraptured ear at twilight-hour, and caused her to shed luxurious tears amid the ivy-grown ruins of Maud Chapel, but the tears were kissed away, as young Reginald Irby knelt at her feet and breathed that oft told tale, which never will end while the world lasts—the tale of first, earnest, passionate love! Then there rushed on her soul that vague question which every one who truly loves has asked—inwardly and silently asked: 'Am I worthy of him; am I good enough—beautiful enough for him? But who is deserving of Reginald?' Inferiority of birth or station did not perplex Agnes, because she was not cognisant of the important fact; while her lover—O how he gloried in the rich treasure of affection he had won; how he deceived himself into believing that his fond mother, his beloved sister Helen, would gladly receive *her*, his own fairest young Agnes, as his affianced bride!—her whom they already regarded with so much approbation and friendship.

But the storm-clouds were gathering, ready to burst and overwhelm the unfortunates! Reginald paused ere he communicated to his family the rash step he had taken. It was a solemn pause, for his heart misgave him. Yet when Helen, when his mother found that he was in earnest, that his life's happiness was at stake, surely their absurd prejudices would vanish away; the troth he had plighted with Agnes would be respected by them; and during his unavoidable absence, when he was striving to win a way to independence and fame, they would comfort, and cheer, and sustain his betrothed! Vain dreams!—vain as a frail, weak woman's when clinging to a last remnant of false hope! Love's blissful hour was transient indeed. The mist cleared away, and revealed life's stern realities. There were bitter words spoken on both sides, for Mr and Mrs Walsingham did not consider their grand daughter at all flattered or honoured by Reginald Irby's selection—he! the youngest son of a spendthrift sire!—while Lady Irby and Helen, in the first moment of consternation, conveyed in no measured terms to the worthy couple at Maud Chapel their sentiments

on the extreme presumption of Agnes Dormer in contemplating an alliance with 'an Irby!' Poor, sensitive, shrinking Agnes! did they think she needed this? A less stern rebuke would have struck her low. It was not trial—it was not endurance in any shape that Agnes feared; but it was so dreadful to have this delicate topic roughly handled and discussed; to hear them speak of it as a worldly matter; to hear Lady Irby and Helen reviled, even though they had failed to her in womanly consideration. Mr Walsingham, too—as old people are wont to do—spoke of their love as a boy and girl's fancy. *Fancy!* Agnes knew it was the passion of their lives!

Sir Felix was a violent man, little heeding what became of his youngest son, save as he might aggrandise his family by success in life through means of a wealthy alliance or otherwise. He accused the Walsinghams of wishing to ensnare Reginald; while they, as much enraged as it was possible for kindly, peaceable folks like them to be, at the insult offered to their heart's idol, recriminated accordingly. Agnes, in silent agony, meekly folded her hands on her bosom, entreating them to forbear. 'The memory of these painful things would pass away,' she said—'Reginald was going abroad, and all would be forgotten.' Did she really hope that all would be forgotten? Reginald was now a forbidden guest at Maud Chapel Farm, but Agnes never doubted for an instant his unswerving fidelity and truth: to doubt would have been profanation.

Could she have heard all that passed, however, between Helen Irby and her brother—so deeply as she was imbued with trusting faith in those she loved—the circumstances of Agnes Dormer's future life might perchance have worn a different aspect.

The time approached for Reginald's departure; but Agnes had avoided meeting him, though he had repeatedly written, earnestly petitioning for an interview. He had written those pleading, eloquent letters which are burnt in on the heart for ever, and require the possession of no memorial to authenticate. Agnes had wept over them, placed them in her bosom, but left them unanswered. She was quite alone; she had no one to confide in; for aged grandparents, however kind and indulgent they may be, are not the friends whom a young, shrinking girl can speak to of the heart's trials. They had prohibited all intercourse with Reginald; and Agnes bowed her head in submission, nor would she tempt him to disobey his father. But, alas! these pleading, tender letters, which always so mysteriously found their way to her hand!—they shook her resolution sorely; for she loved him with a love passing words. He urged her by every argument lovers use to elope with him—to become his wife at all hazards ere he left the country: he prayed and entreated with wild and burning eloquence, and poor Agnes often trembled for her determination. At length he spoke of their immediate separation—his despair—his misery—and finally besought a farewell interview. Would not Agnes have been less than woman had she refused this last request, so touchingly and mournfully made? She did not. It was well that she had not sought Maud Chapel ruins for the purpose of saying 'farewell' to Reginald Irby, trusting in her own strength. Had she done so, our narrative might probably have ended here: no further self-denial to recount. But she had gone forth to conquer, clothed in that armour which is proof against all attacks.

It was indeed a hard and a fearful struggle; for if his written words had shaken her to the soul, what must his spoken ones have done, poured forth with all the energy of passion and despair? It was indeed a bitter struggle, and long and sorely she wept on his beloved breast,—till that one kiss, and tore herself away.

Agnes was a young, loving, gentle creature, and Reginald respected her firmness and noble resolves. There was, besides, a halo of purity and innocence surrounding her which prevented him, while in her immediate presence, from giving way to those extreme transports—that abandonment of passion—which had been witnessed by Helen with astonishment and dismay. He dared not speak thus to the fair girl whom he loved so passionately, for, as has been said, there was a halo of purity surrounding her which formed an effectual safeguard. She told him that he was dearer to her heart than words could tell; she bade him be true to her, and trust in God for the future, when opposition to their union might be withdrawn, if God saw it best for them to come together. This appeared tame speaking to the ardent Reginald, and he turned fiercely away, muttering: 'You do not know what it is to love, Agnes!' She placed her gentle hand on his arm and her beautiful head on his bosom, whispered 'farewell,' and he stood in Maud Chapel ruins alone, the echo of St Edwins' bells swelling on the breeze—a sweet and mournful dirge over blighted hopes.

After Reginald's departure from Irby Lodge to join the diplomatic mission abroad, the feelings of Lady Irby and Helen underwent a revolution towards Agnes, who they instinctively felt had met with injustice at their hands. It was not the violent opposition of Sir Felix, or the natural indignation of her grandparents, which had so sorely bruised the tender but heroic spirit of Agnes Dormer, but it was the unkindness of Helen, the friend to whom she had clung with a respect almost amounting to veneration. But when Helen Irby made overtures of reconciliation, candidly avowing her fault, and earnestly suing forgiveness, then Agnes only remembered she was Reginald's sister. Though the scar could by no means be entirely effaced (for Agnes never forgot, though, as a Christian, she freely forgave), yet it was not in her humble and enduring nature to cast aside the extended hand of affection. Once more she trod the old halls of Irby. It was at the call of *his* the absent beloved's—mother and sister; and it seemed to be tacitly agreed by them all that their intercourse should be on the same footing as formerly. Reginald's name was casually mentioned with that of the rest of the family, and Helen remarked that they had heard of his safe arrival at the embassy. Alas! how very frail, how very slight, are the gossamer threads which support hope, and to which it clings with such undying tenacity! Sometimes poor Agnes fancied she read sympathy and confidence in Helen's dark eyes when Reginald's future progress was canvassed by the anxious mother; then again there was a sudden proud turn of the haughty head, or a disdainful flashing glance of the eye, which seemed to infer, 'What is our Reginald to *you*?' which shook her belief in Helen's friendship. Helen herself firmly believed that absence was the very best thing for her brother; that variety (with men at least) always healed such sorrow, for that the male sex were fickle, capricious creatures. So fair Helen loved to talk.

She often threw out such hints in the presence of Agnes; but 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy;' and so Agnes Dormer garnered up her joys and sorrows, and kept silence. Helen Irby was a woman of the world, and she acted, thought, and spoke accordingly: she did not comprehend the inward life of such a being as her friend. Her quietness, cheerful submission, and apparent indifference completely deceived Helen as to the real state of her affections. So long as Reginald continued true, so long could Agnes endure that frightful blank of existence which follows crushed hopes and forbidden love; she existed on memory and faith (women can do this); she was more blessed in treasuring his dear memory, though for ever separated, than in any joys this world could bestow. Helen came to the sage conclusion that, 'after all, it had been a mere boy-and-girl affair—something to be ashamed of hereafter, and forgotten now.' Helen told her mother so, insisted so to herself; but there was a little, a very little corner in her woman's heart, which whispered another tale in a low, melodious voice, soft and sweet as the dying notes of the lonely swan floating down to die.

There was so much of pain and uncertainty in her intercourse with Lady Irby and Helen, that Agnes felt as if change of scene would be a welcome relief; and when the tidings arrived at Mand Chapel Farm of Captain Dormer's return from a long voyage, summoning Mr and Mrs Walsingham and his daughter to the distant port where he had come to anchor, they were all three glad of the anticipated journey. Even the old couple commenced preparations with alacrity, averse as they usually were to quit their pleasant home; but they could not altogether become reconciled to Agnes passing over so forgivingly 'the impertinences of those Irby's.' When Agnes had last parted with her father she was little more than a child, but she remembered his boisterous demonstrations of affection and blunt, honest ways with a slight sensation of inward shrinking, for which she cordially upbraided herself. On the arrival of the travellers at the port of F——, they found Captain Dormer busily employed in establishing himself in a commodious house, situated in the very heart of the bustling town, which he preferred to all others in the universe. It had been his prayer by day and dream by night to obtain possession of this identical mansion, furnishing it according to his own taste, and with Agnes for his housekeeper and companion, to sit down in peace for the remainder of his days! And to the utter dismay and surprise of Mr and Mrs Walsingham, no less than of Agnes, he acquainted them with his intention of abandoning the sea, and enjoying a pipe on shore, pointing out to their observation several capacious leathern arm-chairs, intended for the luxurious ease of himself and those brother mariners who like him frequented the port, and would drop in for sociable chat in all weathers. And what could Mr or Mrs Walsingham advance against the claims of a father? What could they urge to prevent Captain Dormer indulging his own tastes in his own way? A crowded and dirty seaport town was not indeed a home for the delicate and elegant Agnes; but then it was congenial and pleasing to her father, and he had spent a life of toil and danger, always looking forward to reap this reward. He had crowded within the spacious limits of this home every invention of modern luxury that money could procure: there were ludicrous and incongruous assort-

ments to be sure; and everything was as fine as an unlimited order and tasteless upholsterer's hands could make it. But there was evidence of profuse expenditure, and Captain Dormer was thoroughly satisfied.

He had thought in his rough way so much of his daughter's comfort and amusements, books and musical instruments abounding, that Agnes felt deeply grateful and affected by these tokens of parental love, though not a hint was breathed by Captain Dormer of the good Walsinghams permanently remaining with their beloved child. It was clear that the time had come when the dictatorial and fiery though kind-hearted sailor considered he had full right to his sweet daughter's exclusive society without any encumbrances whatever. Perhaps there was a little tinge of jealousy mingled with Captain Dormer's gratitude towards these venerable guardians of Agnes's helpless infancy; for as he contemplated her matured and delicate loveliness, all a father's fond pride swelled his heart, and he beheld with evident uneasiness the affectionate attentions which she was wont to bestow on Mr and Mrs Walsingham.

With a good deal of pompous display he ushered them into the various apartments of the commodious habitation, which, without consulting any one's inclinations save his own, Captain Dormer had fixed on for his final resting-place on earth. Truly it was but a dismal prospect for his daughter—her sole society to consist of rough seafaring men; for could she hope to find in their wives and daughters another Helen Irby?

Agnes thought of Reginald—what he would say to this arrangement—how his tastes would amalgamate with her father's? Yet there was a sunshine of hope and exultation mingled with her anxiety to which she had hitherto been a stranger; it stole over her spirit with soothing influence as she reviewed her new circumstances. Captain Dormer vaunted of his immense wealth; his last voyage had been profitable beyond his most sanguine expectations; and still he kept his affairs so completely in his own hands, and beneath his own sway and control, that the passion of his life was amply gratified—the dangerous passion of adding store to store, thousands to thousands. Agnes knew she was to inherit all this—she was her father's heiress; for he repeatedly told her so, with many incomprehensible but significant nods and becks, meant to be infinitely sagacious. Yet there was a mystery, a something inexplicable, which was kept back whenever Captain Dormer touched on his affairs or her brilliant fortunes; and this mystery concerning the future puzzled Agnes, and, despite her reason, chafed and annoyed her. She, too, now began to value money, not indeed for its own worthless sake, but because Reginald was poor.

Sir Felix and Lady Irby had considered her a portionless girl, or comparatively so, but perhaps they might yet be induced to balance her prospect of wealth against their own pride of birth. Such things had often been—she had read and heard of them; besides, Helen always openly had expressed a wish that Reginald should marry for aggrandisement; and what aggrandisement would not wealth purchase? As to Captain Dormer not approving of Reginald Irby—Reginald the noble, the gifted, the chivalrous, and beloved—such a contingency as that did not enter into her calculations; for her father fondly doted on her, and would he not also extend his affection towards her chosen one—him on whom her hopes of earthly happiness were fixed? Agnes had entreated Mr and Mrs

Walsingham to preserve silence to Captain Dormer respecting the past unhappy events; to let things take their own course; for she was a coward on the subject of her love for Reginald, and she could not endure the thought of her father handling it in his matter-of-fact way. No; Captain Dormer must see Reginald Irby, and judge for himself; and from the young man's gifted tongue must first proceed the declaration of their mutual attachment. Helen Irby had requested Agnes to keep up a correspondence, and it was only through Helen that Agnes could hear of her lover, for she had forbidden him to address her clandestinely, and otherwise fate was unpropitious. There was a sadness and apprehension in the demeanour of Mr and Mrs Walsingham, which to a casual observer would have given rise to the conclusion that their approaching separation from the beloved girl whom they had so tenderly reared weighed heavily on their spirits; and though this was undoubtedly the case, yet there was even more than met the eye in their subdued and anxious manner. They well knew that their son-in-law, Captain Dormer, was a stern disciplinarian (a tyrant, some affirmed, but that might be a strong way of speaking); they had forebodings and fears for their gentle nursing, whose cheek paled at a rough-spoken word, and whose eyes were so like her dead mother's, upturned and pleading as she clung to the hardy mariner—a dove in the arms of a bear! The captain was evidently restless and idgety to get quit of them; he could not disguise his impatience, and dismissed with many valuable gifts, and bedewed with the tears of their grand-daughter, the worthy old couple turned their faces homeward, only comforted and sustained by Captain Dormer's parting promise, that he would bring Agnes to Maud Clipel Farm very soon.

Helen's letters to Agnes were short, and contained unimportant and uninteresting matter, save once or twice latterly, when such expressions occurred as 'Reginald writes to us in extremely high spirits,' 'Reginald is very happy,' 'Reginald is delighted with Lord L—— and his family,' and the following sentence, which poor Agnes, like a true woman, brooded over again and again: 'Lady Isabel L—— is the reigning toast, and Reginald extols her charms enthusiastically!' This said Lady Isabel was the ambassador's eldest daughter, Reginald's cousin, and Reginald was in proximity with her daily. They were stars in a gay and brilliant court; and Agnes drew a picture contrasted with her own past and present position, until the airy castles she had built on the foundation of her father's wealth crumbled into dust. 'And yet—and yet,' she murmured, 'he did not lightly win my love; it *was* my all—it *is* my life!'

After the departure of Mr and Mrs Walsingham, the restlessness of the captain continued to increase: he was always noting the way of the wind, and muttering to himself with impatient gestures, looking at Agnes with sly smiles, chucking her under the chin, and going in and out a dozen times a day of one particular chamber, whose arrangement he had superintended with the utmost care; and which, from certain indubitable signs, was intended for the occupation of a male guest. At length the captain found it impossible any longer wholly to keep his own counsel; and sundry hints which he dropped made his daughter more uncomfortable than she liked to confess: 'He's a fine fellow, my girl; I hope you'll like him, Agg. You'd be a bit more impatient, I guess, if you knew all'—and then

with boisterous glee, rubbing his brawny hands, and shouting with stentorian voice, he sang after his fashion of vocalism—

'He's a-coming across the sea
To marry me—to marry me.'

'Who is coming, my dearest father?' timidly asked Agnes with inward misgiving.

'Who is coming!' roared the captain; 'why, who *should* be coming but your—— But no, no! I'll keep the surprise to the last—the tidbit. You're a lucky girl, Aggy—that you are!'

Wild conjecturings floated through her brain—impossible things—as Agnes day after day remarked her father's ever-increasing impatience. Was it possible—could it be possible that he had learned the tale of her unhappy love, and through the all-magical influence of money brought matters to this fairy-like conclusion? Was Reginald to be spirited here, and the days of romance and chivalry again to be revived? Was the golden wand of the enchanter to accomplish this? 'No, no,' sighed Agnes; 'it is impossible.' And yet, alas! how we dream of impossibilities, when the miserable realities of life leave us nothing else.

And so weeks glided on—the monotonous murmuring of ocean seeming to Agnes in strange unison with the daily routine of her life: the music of the 'sad sea waves' to exercise a mysterious influence on her spirit—a soothing, tranquillising, melancholy influence, which was never henceforth to be withdrawn. And so time glided on, and the dreams became more dim and undefined, and the music of the waves more unearthly and all-pervading.

Rudely the dream was dispelled, for Captain Dormer burst into the small apartment which Agnes called her own, shouting in a state of excitement bordering on delirium 'He's come—he's come—he's here—safe in port—hurra!' embracing his daughter with wild vehemence, and dancing about with joy not to be restrained. She had heard the noise of an arrival, the trampling of many feet, her father's voice above all; and now he resistlessly bore away the startled, trembling girl; and ere she recovered her surprise, hurried her to the dining-room, giving her a push forward as he exclaimed: 'There he is, Aggy—that's he—my own brave boy—your Cousin Wilfred! Bless thee both—bless thee!' and the sturdy man wept outright, sobbing like a child as he shook the stranger's hand as if he would have shaken it off, placing his daughter's delicate palm in the young man's sunburnt one.

Cousin Wilfred?—Agnes had quite forgotten that she had a cousin, it was so many years since she had heard him named. He was the son of a deceased sister whom Captain Dormer had discarded—she having married a man whom he detested, and with some just cause. But when his nephew was left an orphan, all the captain's animosity vanished; and the destitute youth expressing a strong desire to enter the maritime service, speedily won his way to his uncle's affections by bravery, diligence, honesty, and gay good-humour. Idolised both by inferiors under his command, and by his patron himself, young Wilfred had a pleasant life of it, and he fully repaid all the attachment evinced by the usually imperturbable and inate commander.

'Dear Cousin Wilfred!' involuntarily exclaimed Agnes, forgetting all her previous apprehensions and forebodings as she gazed on the fine open countenance before her, expressive of benevolence, and that 'begone dull carishness' which is, or ought to be, the national characteristic of the British sailor. Long curling brown hair—love-locks, the fair sex say—clustered round his bronzed face, while large, laughing blue eyes, clear and honest, beamed with delight as he warmly greeted Agnes. He was indeed a handsome, finely-formed young fellow, as he stood with a low-crowned glazed-hat in hand, and a roughly-fashioned pilot-coat buttoned up to his chin; the captain literally devoured him with his eyes, and utterly unable any longer to contain his long-cherished secret, burst forth: 'She's yours, Willy! I always meant you for each other; and by St George you're a splendid pair, though I say it! Nay, nay, Aggy; don't turn away; the secret's out. We'll soon have you spliced, and then—Hurra! old Tom Dormer 'll be the happiest lad in this fine old land. God bless it! Britannia for ever!'

It was a case of love at first sight with Wilfred; his passion was not acute or refined, though a kinder-hearted being did not exist; consequently he attributed his cousin's reserve to maiden shyness. As to the captain, he did not beat about the bush now, as he expressed it—'the cat was out of the bag;' but he speedily and peremptorily issued his commands to Agnes, that she was henceforth to consider and receive her Cousin Wilfred as an affianced lover. How could she divulge the truth of her position to her father—how dare she tell him, and brave his wrath—that Reginald Irby had wooed her—won her heart—and that she had been rejected by his family? It would be to widen the distance between them, for such an insult Captain Dormer, under any circumstances, would never forgive. He deemed his lovely Agnes a fitting bride for an emperor, besides having a supreme contempt for pride of ancestry—to say nothing of that pride being allied to poverty. Agnes intuitively learned that this was a mere subject of ridicule with her father, and she shrunk from exposing the Irbys to such decision. It was not possible to dislike Wilfred: he was so simple-hearted, confiding, gay, and affectionate, that to repulse his assiduities seemed like repulsing the love of a dear brother. Captain Dormer, who narrowly watched how the wooing sped, became furious when Agnes refused to obey him, and even to promise to become Wilfred's wife at any distance of time. He had patience with her for a reasonable space, considering that young damsels were 'queer, skittish creatures,' and that no doubt it was 'their way,' in short, that Agnes was merely coquetting. But when he found that she was serious in her rejection, then indeed the full fury of the storm fell on her devoted head. She appealed to Wilfred, entreating him to give up the pursuit, to save her from her father's anger. 'I cannot give you up, Agnes,' replied the young sailor; 'you are dearer to me than life. You confess that you do not dislike me, and so I must hope on.' Wilfred had not the faintest suspicion that Agnes loved another; she was so young, so innocent-looking and tranquil, that a wiser than he might have been misled into believing that the storms of passion had never ruffled that fair surface, which seemed formed to reflect nothing but cloudless skies. He treated her much as he would a

spoiled, wayward child when she avoided him; humouring her with a merry laugh, and thinking, doubtless, these whims and caprices became her wonderfully.

It was not in any woman's nature, much less in Agnes's, who was so timid and clinging, to evince decided and lasting displeasure; he was so humble, devoted, imploring, yet manly and gallant withal. 'O that he was my brother!' murmured Agnes, 'how blessed I should be! With what love I should love him *then*!' Openly taunted and persecuted by her unrelenting father, who was unaccustomed to, and intolerant of, contradiction, and scarcely less persecuted by her admiring suitor, there seemed no alternative left but for Agnes to confess that she had no heart to bestow—that her faith was plighted to another. It was a painful and humiliating confession; yet wherefore? Agnes could not analyse her own feelings, but she shrank from the avowal, without Reginald to support her. Perplexed, drooping beneath the daily unhappiness she endured, sorrowing to vex the father who, despite his harshness, so fondly doted on her, and always lamenting that Heaven had not given her Wilfred as a brother, there appeared but one course left for Agnes to pursue, if she continued to preserve silence as to the state of her affections. This was to plead illness—illness which, in fact, oppressed her heavily—and to entreat permission to visit her grandparents at Maud Chapel. By this means she would gain time, the pure air would also strengthen and renovate her shattered nerves, and enable her to bear up against future trials. It was a long time ere Captain Dormer could be induced to sanction this plan; and it was only his fears for her health, as he gazed on her pale cheek and wasted form, which won his consent at last. She promised not to be long absent—to return to him well and happy! It was the first semblance of an untruth which Agnes had ever uttered, but she had mysterious forebodings, and in very despair she dissembled. 'Well and happy!' words so easily uttered by the lips of thoughtless youth, yet embodying all of bliss this world can bestow. Agnes listened to her father's solemn denunciations with apathetic calmness, when, during a private interview, he gave her distinctly to understand that if she continued obstinately bent on disobeying him, and persisted in her refusal to become her cousin's wife, he would disinherit her, and bequeath every farthing he possessed to Wilfred. And this he confirmed and ratified by an oath, which dismayed Agnes as the terrible words fell on her ear—an ear attuned to the song of birds, and the low, pleasant voices of her good grandparents. Agnes was not a common-minded, love-sick maiden, to rejoice in being able to sacrifice every earthly hope and duty for the beloved one's sake—thereby to prove her own romantic devotion. Agnes knew that with poverty every hope of being united ultimately to Reginald vanished, or at least of obtaining Sir Felix and Lady Irby's consent, which amounted with her to the same thing. She loved him too deeply, too devotedly, to entail ruin on his prospects; besides there was a gulf between them—the gulf of time and separation; and might Reginald ever know of her father's threats or her sore tribulations? Was her image as fresh on his heart as his on hers? 'I must see Helen Irby,' she mused; 'it amounts to an impulse I cannot resist. Something whispers me: "See Helen Irby face to face."' It was a long time since Helen had alluded to Reginald in her

letters. 'Helen Irby is the soul of truth and honour,' again mused Agnes. Agnes indeed believed so; and thus believing, she sought her early home. Again she listened to St Edwins' familiar chiming, and the sweet, sad music thrilled her inmost heart, recalling hallowed memories and associations as she passed up the peaceful valley, and alighted amid the greenarise of Maud Chapel Farm, which, coming as she did from a crowded and dirty seaport town, appeared to her a bower of sylvan beauties, almost realising paradise. Clapsed to Mr and Mrs Walsingham's breast, wept over and embraced first by one and then by the other, Agnes half-forgot her sorrows: their close questions were hard to evade or parry, for they beheld the shadow on their darling's hitherto cloudless beauty. But they were too delicate, and their notions of filial duty too strict, to admit of their alluding pointedly to her father—to ask if she was happy and contented in her new home. Nevertheless they probed her painfully; they spoke slightly too of the Irvys, for report said the family ruin and disgrace could not be much longer averted or concealed, Sir Felix and his eldest son vying with each other in reckless profligacy.

'Nothing but the immediate decease of these men can save the ancient name from downfall and shame,' said Mr Walsingham. 'The younger son in that case may still have a chance of retrieving the tarnished honour and redeeming the mortgaged estates.' And this was all the mention made of Reginald Irby by Mr Walsingham.

Agnes remained at Maud Chapel for many weeks. She left it in a far different frame of mind from that in which she had arrived. These weeks had wrought a change in the aspect of all earthly things to her. She had had several interviews with Lady Irby and Helen, and these interviews decided her fate.

Had any one accused the proud and fastidious Helen Irby of falsehood, she would have spurned the charge with haughty indignation. A direct untruth—vulgarly termed a lie—she abhorred and condemned. But, alas! there are looks and tones which imply far more than the tongue utters: implication is one thing, falsehood another. So thought the high-spirited, high-born Helen Irby. Poor Agnes was no match for women brought up under worldly anxieties, and in some measure hardened by the reverses and anxieties they endured. Without Agnes being in the least aware of it, they soon made themselves perfectly acquainted with her position—her father's commands that she should marry her handsome Cousin Wilfred, and her refusal to comply. Poor, guileless Agnes! they also found out what she would not willingly have betrayed to any one for worlds—namely, that she clung to Reginald's memory, relied on his constancy and truth with enduring affection, and that, whilst this reliance continued unshaken, no power would induce her to prove false—to give herself to another. Then it was that Helen Irby, who read Agnes Dormer's nature aright, determined to aid Captain Dormer in his legitimate rule over his disobedient daughter. The aid she extended was masterly, Jesuitical, and effectual. She exhibited to Agnes a likeness of Lady Isabella L.—. It was a copy which Reginald had taken from an original by an artist of celebrity. Beneath were some verses, in Reginald's handwriting, breathing the ardent admiration and gratitude of an accepted and favoured

lover. Were the verses composed as well as copied by Reginald Irby? Foolish Agnes! she dared not ask the question, nor did she stop to consider how unlikely it was that Reginald would have parted with either sketch or verses if he had attached the value to them which Helen was endeavouring to impress upon her as he did. Her eyes grew dim and her cheek pale as she regarded the drawing which Helen placed carefully in her hands. Vainly Agnes essayed to be calm and self-possessed: a pang of intense agony shot through her heart as Helen laughingly remarked—as if Agnes was in nowise interested (O the little-mindedness of women, heroines though they sometimes be!)—‘Dear Reginald used to be a sad incorrigible flirt, but I don’t think Lady Isabel is a person who would tolerate a flirtation, she is so serious, we hear, in all her doings.’

Helen Irby knew that Lady Isabel L—— was affianced, and on the point of marriage with a foreign nobleman, whose composition those verses were beneath the picture, translated for his mother and sister by Reginald, to whom the amiable Isabel was like a sister from her womanly and gracious disposition; but Helen Irby’s tone and manner conveyed to Agnes all she desired to impress—and that was *not the truth*. Other implications Agnes heard, but the sudden dreadful pang returned no more. Its force had been expended at the first onset. The heroic girl bravely battled with her despair, and none save the All-seeing could fathom its depths. Reginald was false, and she was free!

Agnes communed with herself in her own chamber—‘communed, and was still’—‘still’ indeed to all outward appearance—callous and cold; the iron had entered her soul. ‘Was I born into the world,’ she soliloquised, ‘for the mere purpose of loving, being disappointed, and my hopes of happiness annihilated—to count the days of darkness lengthened out in selfish indolence and apathetic monotony? No, no! I will conquer self, and form the happiness of others. How could I be so weak and vain as to believe there was aught in me to bind him? I never was worthy of Reginald, although he never can be so worshipped again! I have nothing to complain of. God knows there is no pride in me!’—

Agnes, take not that name in vain—deceive not thyself!

Helen knew that she had done her work ably; her task was fulfilled to the uttermost, and that without having told one direct falsehood.

‘She looks calm and angelic,’ said she to Lady Irby, ‘though I am sure she loved Reginald dearly. Girls never die of broken hearts, and she’ll go home and obey her bearish father, and marry her Cousin Wilfred. Then I shall write to Reginald, with the mortifying tidings that his old love has forgotten him already, and espoused another. He will storm and rave for a day or two; then he, too, will come to his senses, and find, it is to be hoped, another bride, noble as well as wealthy. At least I think this will be the course of things,’ added Helen in a hesitating tone; ‘but Reginald is not one to be trifled with. However, you know, dearest mamma, it was morally impossible we could ever receive Agnes Dormer as one of ourselves.’ *

‘Quite so,’ said Lady Irby as she gazed admiringly on her stately daughter; ‘and yet, my precious! she is a sweet, lovely creature’

‘But an apothecary’s grand-daughter, and a trader’s daughter! Only think of being connected with that vulgar old Mrs Walsingham, who was,

they say, a grocer's eldest born! to say nothing, O nothing! of that horrid captain, smelling of tar and tobacco!' And all the proud blood of all the Irbys mounted into both the ladies' faces as they shuddered, chiming in: 'Impossible! the race of Irby has never yet been defiled by plebeian admixture.' They forgot how defiled and disgraced it was by patrician vices!

It was comforting and satisfactory to Agnes, ere she quitted Maud Chapel for an indefinite period, to leave one in her place who proved a welcome addition to the domestic circle. This was a half-sister of Mr Walsingham's, nearly a score of years his junior. Miss Walsingham had presided over an establishment for the education of young ladies, but she had now finished the prosperous labours of her life, and retired on a comfortable independence. Her former pupils were all singularly attached to her, while Miss Walsingham continued to cherish a motherly interest in their after-welfare; for there was a strong dash of romance in the prim spinster's composition, which not all her orthodox phrases and strictly conventional breeding could altogether conceal. She was the confidant of many delicate affairs in which the young misses, her former pupils, became engaged touching their settlement in life when the choice of a husband came to be decided. It was to their schoolmistress they always flew for advice and sympathy if anything went 'contrary;' for there was much in her sympathy congenial to young hearts, while her advice was always sound and judicious, without being a bit *like advice*. Papas and mammas all respected Miss Walsingham, courted her society, and wondered by what magical means she had acquired such perfect but gently-administered control over those committed to her care—such lasting influence after they had entered on the great sea of life, with its billows tossing and surging around them. Perhaps the key to the secret was, that Miss Walsingham never ceased to remember she had once been young herself. She could weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who rejoiced; for over her early history a cloud of mystery hung, though many suspected that the long calm of her matured years followed in the wake of passionate emotions of no common kind, ending in sorrow and death.

Now, although the good lady intended to make Maud Chapel Farm her headquarters, much to the satisfaction of her brother and his wife, yet she had no intention of confining herself all the year round to one locality. She anticipated clearing off many long-promised visits to married pupils, who were all anxious to have her beneath their roof, to exhibit husbands, children, houses, and garniture to the dear *gouvernante* whose Quaker-cap, sombre robe, and grave exterior had never repulsed them in their thoughtless days of charming girlhood. It had been a source of much vexation to Miss Walsingham not having Agnes to educate and bring up. Her brother's refusal to part with his grandchild had wounded and vexed her at the time, and she told Mr Walsingham in plain terms, that 'neither he nor sister Detsy knew how to manage a girl like Agnes.' The bereaved couple, however, could not bear to lose sight of their beloved charge. She was the only sunshine of their home, and they confessed and extenuatingly pleaded their weakness to the exemplary Deborah. They considered, indeed, that Agnes did

high credit to *their* system of tuition and 'bringing-up' generally; but Deborah Walsingham declared that she would have made the delicate, sensitive girl a far different person in all respects, more fitted to endure the shocks of life and combat with its trials, had she been fostered and trained at Walsingham House. Nevertheless, she was very fond of Agnes, and greatly interested in her. Perhaps there was a certain unquiet drooping of the eye, a sad expression seated there, and a wan cheek, flushing oftentimes suddenly, as if from painful remembrances, which touched the spinster's tender heart.

'Sure am I that Agnes Dormer has known suffering; and what Greek poet is that who says—or something to the effect—"What has he known who has not loved?" and suffering and loving are synonymous,' mused Miss Walsingham.

This suspicion alone was enough to open wide every avenue of her sympathies; and so unaffected and entire they were, that Agnes could not reject them utterly; nay, there was a consolation in permitting one so experienced and astute as Miss Walsingham to read the secrets of her heart, though she flattered herself but in part. But Agnes was mistaken here: the secrets of her heart and history were laid bare to Miss Walsingham's keen penetration—not in part, as she vainly imagined, but the whole tale of 'lost love' was unravelled. Agnes did not guess half the tender pity she excited in her bosom; she only felt the effects in her assiduity and affectionate attention.

But at length the time arrived when Agnes was compelled to tear herself away from the peaceful home of her childhood, and she struggled to conceal her emotion from them all. Lady Irby and Helen too—she felt as if parting with them for ever. What were they to her now? Their path in life was separate, as if in separate planets, and it was futile to wish they could hear tidings of each other's destinies again. So at least thought Agnes. Where could she find another friend like Helen Irby—so pure-minded, elegant, and refined?

'Never can another be to me what she has been: I must stand alone henceforth!' sighed Agnes. Yet she was about returning to her father's house—to her lover's arms. 'Yet not alone,' she added presently; 'wicked and rebellious that I am to say so; for as the stars of heaven are countless, so are His blessings, and His presence always.' Never had the seaport town of F— appeared so dingy, close, and crowded, as on the bright summer-day when Agnes entered it the second time: it afforded indeed a strong contrast to St Edwins' pastoral valley. Here were maritime discordances of all varieties, and rocking masts, and inodorous scents, instead of softly-chiming bells, umbrageous foliage, and spicy gales, wafted from violet meadows and honeysuckle bowers. It was a rude and startling change; and the rough but affectionate greeting she received sounded harshly in her ears after the gentle voices of the kindred and friends whom she had left behind. But Agnes had no time for consideration or repining, for Captain Dormer lost no temporising days or weeks ere he assailed his daughter on the point he had so much at heart. He attacked her immediately; asked bluntly if she had made up her mind to marry her Cousin Wilfred; and if she had (and she had *better*, he added, with a very strong imprecation), when it was to be?

'Give me but time, father,' pleaded Agnes, pale, distressed, and weeping—'give me but time, Cousin Wilfred—it is all I ask,' as the thoughtless young sailor vehemently seconded the captain's wishes.

'Time—time!' exclaimed Captain Dormer angrily; 'why time is on the wing, and you have shilly-shallied long enough, girl. Wilfred is going off to sea again directly to take command of the *Fair Nancy*, bound for the Gold Coast. And when he brings her back safe from that cruise laden with the precious ore, he'll never need to leave thee again, Aggy; you and he may build a palace of gold for yourselves in this nice town, if your minds incline that way.'

Agnes smiled wanly at her father's ideas of retirement and enjoyment; but existence was rendered most uncomfortable by alternate persecution from her father and pleading attentions from her cousin. Yet how she clung to delay! Might not Helen tell *him* of her situation? Helen surely had guessed it in part, and a word, half a word to her lover would be sufficient to bring him still to her rescue. Yet had she not rejected him, and how dared she hope he would return? Was it likely that Reginald, so delicate and high-souled, would seek her now simply because she was rich? No—no; he was enthralled by Lady Isabel, the nobly-born and beautiful—'and wherefore should I delay?' sighed Agnes; 'wherefore prove disobedient and ungrateful to a kind father for the sake of a dream—a dream from which I have awakened with a heart cold and scared?' Yet how she clung to delay! 'Time—time, father!' she whispered; 'time—time, Cousin Wilfred!' and in this energetic battle her days sped on until the climax arrived when procrastination could avail her no longer. Wilfred was appointed to sail on a certain day in obedience to orders; the captain's passion for amassing wealth increased with his years, though he persisted in declaring that it was not for this purpose he sent his nephew on so perilous an expedition, but because it was a shame for so gallant a young officer to become a landlubber and a milksop! The day of departure was near, and Captain Dormer insisted that Agnes should give her hand to Wilfred ere he took his path across the waste of waters: it was a sad prospect for the young bridegroom and the weeping bride—marriage, and immediate separation!

With a forced and desperate calmness, and an apathetic stoicism, Agnes stood before the altar with her cousin: there was no bridal array, no bridal festivities nor preparations, but she heard the solemn words which bound her to him until 'death did them part.' These words she distinctly, strangely heard; they appeared to reverberate through the dim old church, so empty and desolate—'death and parting,' and Agnes awoke to the reality that she was a wife, murmuring with a shudder as she received her father's congratulation. 'Until death parts us.' Poor Wilfred! he had short experience of wedded bliss, and it was a bitter parting for him; while Agnes gazed on his honest, loving face with indefinable sensations, as if she was essaying to engrave the lineaments on her mind. A cold shiver ran through her frame as her husband released her from his last embrace: 'May God preserve and shield him!' she ejaculated; 'his image will haunt me evermore.' They sailed away on a glorious, sunshiny day, the blue waves glittering, and the gallant bark dancing over them to the sounds of rejoicing music.

There was a lonely green spot on the heights without the town, from whence Agnes had been wont to watch the sun sinking into ocean's bosom; and she sought it now in solitary sorrow, not only to gaze on the departing luminary, but to keep in view as long as possible that lessening speck which contained her husband. She was seated on the turf, her head resting on her hand, and with eyes intently fixed on the distant vessel, on which a golden ray of sunshine rested momentarily, flashing on the white sails, and causing Agnes to shade those tearful eyes, thinking meanwhile how like the white sails were to wings, and the skimming bark itself to a paradise-bird about to sink to rest with the refulgent orb, whose warmth and light it disported in: thus she was lost in a fanciful reverie, and the words broke from her involuntarily: 'O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest,' when a footstep close by her side made Agnes start and turn hastily round.

'And where would you fly to, Agnes—where would you rest—here?' exclaimed Reginald Irby, opening his arms.

Speechless and dismayed, Agnes rose and stood gazing on the sudden apparition, as if the real human being were indeed a spiritual visitant. 'Avaunt!' she at length faintly articulated—'avaunt! how came you here—wherefore at this hour? Approach me not!' she cried more wildly, waving her hands in terror, and edging towards the side of the cliff as Reginald made a step nearer, and strove to clasp her in his embrace.

'Agnes—Agnes!' he said soothingly, and in a voice of ineffable tenderness, 'do you fear me--do you not know me; that it is indeed I, your Reginald? I have just landed here from Lord L.—'s yacht, and by mere chance strayed hither. Chance, say I? O no! led by Providence rather let me say. But Agnes—Agnes! wherefore look you thus? Are you with your father here, and where are the good Walsinghams?'

But she stood motionless still and mute as a marble statue—her features as colourless and rigid with difficulty, and keeping her eyes intently fixed on Reginald, she slowly raised an arm, extending it towards the ocean, and pointing with her hand to where the glittering sails of her husband's ship were already fast vanishing in the gloom and haze of evening.

'Agnes!' cried Reginald in an imploring, agitated voice—for her appalling looks even more than her manner surprised and alarmed him—'will you not say one word to me? I could no longer rest without seeing you, dearest; and so I eagerly availed myself of this opportunity of accompanying Lord L.—, who is recreating himself with a flying visit to our native isle, after the marriage of my amiable cousin, his daughter Isabel. Helen has told you of Isabel—has she not, sweet Agnes?—how dear and true a friend and sister she has been to me during my exile. For oh, Agnes, my life, my love, is it not banishment indeed this separation from thee? But, heavenly powers, take care! you will fall!'

He gave a bound forward and caught her arm, for she was tottering on the very brink of the dizzy height, and looking wildly over, as if meditating a plunge. She looked up in his face as Reginald clasped her arm with a gaze of most piteous supplication, and her voice was hollow and tremulous as the broken words with difficulty were articulated: 'Yonder

—yonder—on those ocean waves my husband sleeps to-night! Reginald, behold yon lessening speck! my earthly hopes are centred *there!*'

In one moment had flashed across her brain conviction of Helen's false representations and of Reginald's truth! But what availed such knowledge now? She had but the delirious wish to make him comprehend her position, and to fly his presence.

He drew her back from the verge of the cliff, let fall her arm, and glared upon her until she quailed and trembled beneath the fierce and deadly expression. The Irbys were a proud and passionate race, and the glance of an incensed Irby's eye struck terror into aggressors—so tradition said.

'False—fickle!' he hissed rather than spoke the words from between his set teeth—'false—fickle! did you not bid me be true to you?' He waited long for a reply; but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth—dismay and agony choked her utterance. 'Agnes, have you dared to treat me thus—to wed another?' Reginald's voice rose in passion: 'False, fickle-hearted! have you indeed cast away such love as mine?' She feebly whispered one word—that word was '*Helen.*' 'And what of my sister—what of Helen?' vehemently cried he. 'Helen best knows how an Irby loves! Agnes, you have broken my heart by your falsehood; and men speak not of broken hearts as women do. *They* speak of blasted fortunes—talents wasted—prospects ruined—all this you may have wrought for me! Go to your happy home, Agnes—await your husband's return—and remember the lover of your youth, and what you have made him!'

Bitterly and fiercely the young man poured forth these words, regarding her with an almost scornful look as her beautiful head drooped on her heaving bosom. What a tale Agnes could have unfolded! She was standing on the verge of a precipice—and she was silent! At that moment Captain Dormer's rough voice broke the dreadful silence and dissolved the spell; he was calling on 'Aggy'—boisterous and blustering enough. As the rolling mariner appeared on the level patch of greensward, with one last withering glance of agony and upbraiding Reginald Irby vanished down the ascent, and Agnes flew into her father's arms, where fits of convulsive weeping, followed by a fearful interval of insensibility, were attributed by the captain to grief for her husband's departure; and his conscience was sorely disquieted to think that he had been the originator of Wilfred's perilous absence. In his way he redoubled his assiduities and affection towards his unhappy child, entreating her to 'keep up,' and 'not to pine;' that 'Willy would be sure to come back safe and sound;' 'time passed in a jiffy;' and so on. Little did he surmise whence arose the pallor and wasted form of the lovely bride. Yet, strangely-constituted human nature! in the midst of all this bitterness there was a drop of sweetness worth more than all the treasures this weary world contained. Reginald was true—he loved her! Agnes prayed to die—but, like '*poor Jeanie*' in the immortal ballad, '*she wasna like to dee.*' The day of comfort, however, at last came; and she bowed her head in religious resignation, turned to her accustomed duties, and smiled on her father.

'My siren,' he would say, 'your smiles are not sunny! they mind me of moonlight shining on the snow!'

Vainly did Agnes try to deceive herself into believing that she deplored

her husband's absence as the love and duty of a wife required; there had been no intellectual enjoyment and mutual sympathy as to taste and pursuits between them. The mind of Agnes, highly refined and poetical, was as a sealed book to Wilfred; his, a page whereon she traced but few and commonplace impressions. There could have been no lasting companionship; and, unacknowledged even by her own heart (for Agnes knew that it would have been sinful to cherish the morbid feeling), a sense of desolation crept over her when she thought of his return, such desolation as may be experienced by a sad and lonely stranger in the midst of gay and heartless society. Her husband's return! Those were words which Captain Dormer often dwelt on, and Agnes listened to with an anxious heart. But the time was nearly approaching when tidings might be expected to reach them of Wilfred's safe arrival at his destination; but the time came, passed, and brought with it no news of the voyagers across the waste of waters. Spring-tide arrived, with its gorgeous blossoms, and tender flowers and herbage, but with it no tidings of the goodly ship and gallant crew; and Captain Dormer became daily more exasperated and impatient. Summer came—bright, glorious, rosy summer!—but with it no tidings of the goodly ship and gallant crew. Harassing anxiety succeeded to impatience—suspense ill endured by the restless, miserable captain, who stormed and chafed from morn to night. Autumn days succeeded—long, gray, lingering autumnal days—but with them no tidings of the goodly ship or gallant crew. They had sailed away, and were heard of no more. There was none to tell their story—no vestige of a wreck—no trace of the missing vessel! All was enveloped in dark, inscrutable mystery. They had sailed away, and after that their doom was an unfathomable blank! Still did Agnes hope on bravely—still did she cheer and strive to comfort her wretched parent; but when winter came again, spring-tide succeeded, the orchards blossomed, and the roses bloomed, and the yellow leaves fell, and no tidings were heard of the goodly ship and gallant crew—then *her* hope gave way, and the father and daughter looked on each other's faces, and wept. Drear and monotonous months succeeded; and the once resolute, fiery captain bade fair to become a nervous hypochondriac, and without any decided bodily ailment, slowly wasted away. He would wander on the beach for hours together, telescope in hand, scanning the distant horizon, as if from thence, alas! news were to be wasted of the lost ones! When at home, he sat in a moping attitude, crouching over the fire, muttering to himself with suppressed sighs: 'Next week he *must* be heard of—*must* I say—my brave boy, my gallant Willy—next week he *must*!' but Captain Dormer was never heard to swear now.

'Next week' came, and it was a repetition of the same sad burden—next week, and the next, and the next after that. Agnes heard frequently from Miss Walsingham, who was an excellent correspondent; but much as she desired to embrace her beloved grandparents, it was not possible for her to quit the afflicted captain, and moreover she clung with tenacity to the locality where there was a possibility of receiving intelligence at the earliest period of the missing ship. Persons shook their heads pityingly, and hinted at the propriety of Agnes assuming widow's weeds, for there was not an individual in the port of F—— who did not feel certain that the gallant fellows who had so bravely sailed away would never be heard

of more. 'The ship had foundered at sea,' they said; 'doubt was at an end.' But the awful mystery of the how and the whereabouts would never be cleared up until that great day when the secrets of the deep shall be revealed. Agnes shuddered at the suggestion of adopting the insignia of bereavement, when what mortal tongue could with positive certainty affirm that her husband was indeed no more? The ocean could not speak, and utter forth in hoarse murmurs the dreadful tale. Had it really swallowed up those young, gallant, loving hearts, exulting in their strength and pride, and in the strength and swiftness of the bark, in which they rested free from every thought of danger? Agnes mourned not, deplored not, as mourners are wont to do over their dead. How could she deplore and mourn for the dead, even when hope had fled, when the sad sea waves whispered to her fevered fancy that cruel, taunting, never-ceasing whisper: 'He may return—may—may!'

Three miserable years thus heavily passed away. Sir Felix Irby was gathered to his fathers: his end was awfully sudden—struck down by a fit of apoplexy.

Miss Walsingham mentioned in one of her letters that Lady Irby and Helen had departed from the Lodge to some distant retreat, the heir having married an abandoned woman, whom he had installed as mistress of his ancestral home. 'But,' added the worthy spinster, 'I hear this young man's health is in a very precarious state, and folks say the family affairs are in a ruinous condition, though every one at St Edwins will be sorry should the property pass into stranger hands, for the old Irby race seems to belong to the valley.' A film came over her eyes as Agnes perused the closely-written page. 'Poor Helen!' she sighed; 'poor Helen! though you have dealt falsely and cruelly by me, yet from my soul I pity you!' The memory of Reginald was to Agnes as a dream—a dim dream of past days—sacred and tenderly treasured. There was no alloy of earth's impurity mixed with her memories. His voice yet lingered in her ears, like strains of passionate melody heard afar off in sleep, when the sleeper oft starts from the blissful trance to realise silence and darkness. And the reality of existence was sufficiently distressing to Agnes; for her father, despite all the medical advice and remedies resorted to (what can the most skilful physician do for a mind diseased?), sank into a lethargy, or kind of idiotic stupor. He awoke to consciousness no more, but passed away to another world without a signal of recognition to his daughter or those around him. Captain Dormer had left his large fortune to be equally divided between Wilfred and Agnes, independent of each other, though with secure provision for children. In the event of her husband's demise first, Agnes was to inherit the whole, or *vice versa*. Poor young creature! a childless wife—a wife, and yet a widow! It was a bitter cup to drain; but she reverentially received it, and with eyes upraised to Him who chasteneth in wisdom, murmured. 'Not my will, but Thine be done!'

Four years had now elapsed since Wilfred had sailed away; his mysterious fate had ceased to disturb the minds of men—in short, he was forgotten by all save one. During this period Mr and Mrs Walsingham had paid a visit to their beloved grand-daughter, subsequent to Captain Dormer's decease, but they were becoming too aged for so

long a journey, and Agnes could not conquer her morbid fear of leaving the fatal shore whereon her husband's elastic footfall had last bounded. More than once the kindly and sympathising Miss Walsingham had for weeks together cheered and endeavoured to comfort the desolate mourner. She was now on one of her annual rounds, fêted and caressed by former pupils no less than by their parents or guardians. Agnes had truly appreciated the excellent qualities of this worthy woman, so fully displayed during the time of sorrow and affliction: to Miss Walsingham alone she had unbosomed her grief, and found consolation in sincere and unaffected sympathy. That well-meaning friend encouraged Agnes to speak of her lost husband, and to dwell on the subject; she strove to inure her to the idea of widowhood, to root out any lingering remnant of false hope which yet might lurk in the recesses of her heart. Miss Walsingham herself entertained no doubt whatever as to Wilfred's fate; she well knew, that uncertainty and suspense are baneful to a healthful state of mind, and therefore she sought to impress on Agnes her own convictions. The mourner's sweet face wore the placid expression of calm resignation; but who might fathom the depths of that loving spirit—so crushed and lacerated?

'I am now within thirty miles of you, my dear,' wrote Miss Walsingham; 'beneath the roof of Mrs Elphinstone, whose four daughters I had the privilege of educating. Julia is going to be married; and when the marriage festivities are over I hope to make my way to you; but Mrs Elphinstone will not hear of my leaving her just now.' These were pleasant letters of Miss Walsingham's, full of harmless chit-chat, and often producing the desired effect of causing Agnes to forget awhile her own sad situation. But one came at last, which was destined to produce other emotions. With a throbbing heart and flushed cheek she read as follows:—'I shall avoid preliminaries, my dear, and at once enter on an agitating topic, merely remarking how plainly I can discern the hand of Providence in this matter—namely, the bringing about a meeting between Reginald Irby and myself, in order that from me he might learn the truth, and cast the blame on those to whom blame is due—the awful blame of separating two faithful, loving hearts! But, thanks be to Him, my dear, you may both be happy yet. Mrs Elphinstone told me yesterday morn that a friend of James's (James Elphinstone was attached to some foreign embassy a little while ago) was coming to stay with them for a day or two. Now, you must know that Mrs Elphinstone is a very anxious, prudent mother, and naturally desirous of seeing her pretty portionless girls well settled in life; and you will comprehend her meaning when she significantly told me that the young gentleman who was expected at Elphinstone House had just succeeded to a fine property in the neighbourhood in a most unexpected manner—the testator having detested the young man's family, and being a stranger to himself. "Mr Irby," (for it is he, Agnes!) said my friend Mrs Elphinstone, "is considered an eccentric person—a misanthrope, in short, and he never goes anywhere. But James is a favourite (James Elphinstone is the best soul in the universe), and at his solicitation he has consented to come. I do wish that our Mary should look her best, my dear, good Miss Walsingham, for she is just the Madona-sort-of beauty to captivate a singular recluse; and her

voice is so sad and low. Exert your persuasions, and make her sing." All this I listened to from Mrs Elphinstone, and a great deal more, thinking to myself how futile were all her plans, and how glad I should be to gain speech with this eccentric personage. He came, Agnes. I need not describe Reginald Irby to you! He is pale and thin, and there was that about him which touched my heart at once. "He shall know the truth from me," said I to myself: "he shall no longer believe that she whom he loved so fondly was light and fickle. No, no; Helen Irby, his false sister, shall be displayed in her true colours." He started on hearing my name, and changed colour. But to make matters short, Agnes, my dear, I found him in the library alone next morning, and lost no time, believe me. I unfolded the history you have told me: I described the story of Lady Isabel's picture, and that false Helen's implications: I told him that had you believed him true, you never, never would have married another, even though violence and persecution assailed you. I told him of your widowhood, Agnes; I told him more than I can now repeat. And what of him? you ask. Words fail me utterly to express his passionate emotions. Alas! he cursed his only sister in his anger, and recalled the cruel scene on the cliff. More I cannot say at present, but he left Elphinstone House in such a state of haste and excitement that our hostess has settled in her own mind "young Mr Irby is a lunatic, and woud do for any of her daughters." I hope this letter will reach you, my dear, ere any surprise may shatter your already weakened nerves: but I cannot answer for Mr Irby's proceedings.'

Agnes trembled so violently that she let the letter fall from her grasp; then a convulsive fit of weeping succeeded, and burying her face on the silken cushions of the couch, her overcharged brain was relieved by long-continued tears. From this state she was aroused by the entrance of a domestic, who gave her a note which had been brought from the Ship Hotel, by a messenger who awaited an answer. It contained a few hurried lines from Reginald Irby, entreating Agnes to grant him an interview immediately. With wonderful self-possession and promptitude she dismissed the attendant, and before penning a reply sat herself down to consider what she had best do. Reginald was here, from Miss Walsingham's representations, and for what purpose had he come? Long and prayerfully Agnes communed with her own heart: her resolution was formed—she would see him next morning. But oh what a meeting! they knew each other *now*—knew their mutual love and truth; but did he acknowledge the gulf between them?

Pass we over with light touch those first agitating moments when the early loved and parted again greeted each other—pass we over those moments, and hasten onwards to detail the sterner portions of their interview.

'I may not listen to such language, Reginald,' replied Agnes with faltering voice but decision of manner, as he vehemently poured forth ardent protestations of unalterable affection: 'this is worse than futile—it is sinful—addressed to one so peculiarly and delicately situated as myself.'

'Are you mad, Agnes? What mean you?' exclaimed Reginald passionately. 'For Heaven's sake do not tamper with me, or again I shall curse my false, cruel sister, who has wrought our misery. You love me, Agnes;

ay, turn away: your cheek may pale, and your eyes grow dim with unshed tears, but you love me. And,' he continued, raising his voice and speaking with vehemence, 'will you sacrifice me and yourself a second time to a false notion of honour for scruples which the world would laugh at? Are you not free, Agnes? Are you not indeed free? Can you entertain a doubt? Death has released you from those vows which I alone had a right to claim. Think you that ocean will give up its prey? Listen to reason, Agnes, for mine you are by Heaven; no Helen has power to separate us now!'

'Reginald, approach me not!' said Agnes decisively, for he essayed to clasp her in his arms; but she gently though firmly warded off his embrace: 'approach me not; it may not be. Alas, alas! the ocean does not give up its dread secrets, and I know not whether as wife or widow I stand before you now. But as a *wife* you *must* regard me—as a brave and good man's wife you *must* treat me until the certainty be established—certainty beyond a doubt—of Wilfred's death. And the Searcher of Hearts knoweth that my husband's life is dearer to me than my own,' she added in a tremulous voice, turning very pale—'or than my own happiness.'

Vainly did Reginald Irby combat with her resolution; vainly strive to shake it by every entreaty and argument devoted love could point out; but when he found that argument and entreaty were alike in vain, then he turned fiercely away, muttering wild and terrific imprecations on the head of her whom he disclaimed—even his only sister. Agnes pleaded much in her extenuation; she argued that it was Helen's love, her ambition for his welfare, that had caused her to equivocate, and that we must forgive if we hope to be forgiven.

'Ay, that is sweet, calm speaking, Agnes!' cried Reginald, 'and suits your beautiful lips. And I will forgive her notwithstanding she has so cruelly wronged me if you consent to be mine. With you alone rests my reconciliation with Helen, or my eternal'—— Agnes placed her hand on his lips to check the ebullition of wrath, but she was speedily recalled to a sense of her imprudent proceeding by passionate demonstrations only tolerated in a happy and accepted lover.

'Here we part, Reginald!' she said; 'my strange, dread position claims your respect. Farewell—we meet no more!'

When Miss Walsingham heard the general particulars of this interview, from which she had hoped a far different result, her vexation knew no bounds; the delicate shades of the peculiar and painful position in which Agnes stood she did not perhaps fully appreciate. 'Time may deaden these morbid scruples,' argued she, 'though I confess I do not see why Agnes may not marry to please herself, now she is undoubtedly a widow, when she married in the first instance to please her father.' But there was a 'still, small voice' which made itself heard, saying to the kind soul in accents of reproof. 'Is she undoubtedly a widow?' The truth was that Reginald had gained a firm and somewhat romantically in Miss Walsingham; she was completely fascinated by his amiability of deportment towards herself, as well as deeply touched by his unhappiness. When they met she was prohibited by Agnes from alluding to the past,

and this was the unkindest cut of all; the good lady being obliged to content herself with distant allusions and significant hints as she remarked the pallid aspect and restless mood of her young friend. Surely the heroic resolve of Agnes was not the less noble because human weakness would assert its power; the first and only passionate love of her soul reigned triumphant, even while she crushed it down with a strong hand. A shade of sorrow was added to her lot when Miss Walsingham, exasperated by what she termed 'obstinacy,' refused any longer to foster that 'morbid sensibility' which she declared was destroying Agnes, and forthwith took her departure in high dudgeon, being a plainspoken woman, and thoroughly tired of the embargo laid on her sympathies and tongues. Then came that stagnation of existence, that stand-still of faculty and feeling, when Agnes could not shed a tear; when she had ceased to look forward, and dared not look back. Wherever she turned, her lost husband's image haunted her imagination, and her uncertainty of his fate increased, though official persons had settled the matter to their own entire satisfaction, together with all the affairs connected with the missing vessel.

Another year thus slowly passed away, appearing as one long night to Agnes, who took but little notice of outward events, nor remarked the changes of the seasons; her feverish weariness and nervous prostration continually increased, and she had hitherto turned a deaf ear to the urgent solicitations of her grandparents to come and seek rest and peace at her early home. But Mrs Walsingham fell ill, and was recommended to try some medicinal waters, situate midway betwixt St Edwina and the port; thither Agnes repaired to tend her aged relative, Miss Walsingham having accompanied the Elphinstones to North Britain. It is probable that no other circumstance, save sickness attacking the venerable couple (though, on the whole, their old age was a hale and green one), and a desire to prove useful to them, would have had power to win Agnes from her solitude—solitude the more striking because it was in the midst of a crowd. But out of evil good resulted in this instance, for the change was as beneficial to her as to Mrs Walsingham, who rapidly recovered beneath the genial influence of her grandchild's affectionate solicitude, and the remedy nature had so kindly provided for alleviating her complaint.

This sheltered and salubrious spot was a great resort for invalids, to whom warmth and rural quietude were acceptable; the walks and drives in the vicinity were varied and beautiful, and the winding lanes, clothed in emerald foliage, and rich in banks of primrose and violets, were traversed by Agnes with something like the enjoyment she had experienced 'a long while ago.' The balmy air fanned her aching brow, and she felt as if she could quaff draughts of it with intense delight and gratitude, for it came to her as a sweet perfume, fresh from heaven itself, after her immurement in the close atmosphere of a crowded sea-port. She had strayed down one of these enchanting lanes, when, on making a sudden turn, she found herself in the immediate presence of two ladies; the elder of the twain reclined on an invalid's couch drawn by hand (the attendant stood at a respectful distance), and the younger lady was employed in sketching. She looked up: Agnes met her gaze—it was Helen Irby!

Long they gazed on each other in silence, and neither spoke. Agnes read in Helen's face a history of shame, contrition, and pride, all struggling

for mastery. A hollow voice caused Agnes to turn and observe the occupant of the chair—it was Lady Irby, the shadow of her former self: her days on earth were evidently numbered. She stretched forth her hands imploringly towards the new-comer, and in a state of great excitement exclaimed: 'This is a merciful interposition of Providence—now I shall depart in peace. Agnes—Agnes, come nearer!'

Agnes bent over the dying woman, and bathed her hands with tears.

'Still tender-hearted and forgiving, sweet one,' she faintly ejaculated 'you have come in time—in time to bring my son to me ere these eyes are closed for ever.'

'No—no!' cried Agnes in agitation, scarce knowing what she said 'Reginald and I, Lady Irby, may meet no more.'

'Agnes,' interposed Helen with solemnity, 'mamma speaks a plain truth. You alone have the power to bring my brother to us; for since'—Here Helen became confused, and hesitated; then bursting into tears she hurriedly added: 'Since the interview he had with Miss Walsingham at Elphinstone he has been estranged—nor have we met. I have written repeatedly to tell him of our beloved mother's precarious state of health—here a fresh burst of weeping choked her utterance (Helen's altered appearance betokened intense mental suffering)—but Reginald disbelieves me: he thinks it is a mere subterfuge to induce him to hasten to our side. He says, Agnes, that falsehood is my forte; that I am an adept at equivocation! He will not come—he will not come: he is leading a reckless, aimless life in Paris, while *she* is fast waning away. Agnes, am I not punished?' Our precious mother will die!' she whispered low—'I will die, and her only idolised son not near to receive her farewell blessing and embrace. Oh, it is horrible!'

Agnes trembled violently, and hid her face: she was struggling with herself. Then opening her arms, Helen flung herself into them, and wept on her early friend's bosom repentant and forgiven.

'Helen, you know all,' whispered Agnes, 'and knowing all, what would you have me to do?'

'Bring Reginald to our dying mother, Agnes,' replied Helen with pleading earnestness, 'entreat him to forgive his only sister, even as you have done, and Heaven bless and reward your endeavours.' She continued more calmly: 'Reginald is my only brother now—he is the representative of our ancient race. Need I say that he is generosity itself to us so far as this world's wealth is concerned, and that he would pour out money like dross to alleviate a single pang of hers'—pointing to Lady Irby, who lay pale and utterly exhausted, 'but, alas! he leads not the bitterest pang of all—he refuses to forgive her, to forgive me, for his lost love and happiness. Plead with him, Agnes. Reginald will not reject your prayers: you alone can bring comfort and peace to the dying!'

Silently Agnes embraced Helen Irby, but the silence was far more eloquent than speech. She wrote a few words to Reginald—words which brought him to the side of his dying parent at once; but there was no hope for the lover in this, and he instinctively knew it.

'Helen—Helen!' he exclaimed bitterly, 'you know not half that I have conquered ere I take you to my bosom again, for is not Agnes lost to me for ever?'

REALISED WISHES.

In stern, calm fortitude, though misery was traced on every lineament of his speaking countenance, Reginald awaited his mother's dissolution. His silence wounded Agnes to the soul—the reproach conveyed by his looks was almost more than she had power to endure. The very strength and passion of her affection for Reginald had made her tremble to encounter him; but now Lady Irby's dying eyes reproached her too, or Agnes fancied so, as with her hand clasped in her son's day after day the patient sufferer meekly awaited her end. A succession of fainting-fits during the night at length prepared them for the speedy termination of Lady Irby's mortal career; but she rallied towards morning, and requested to have the curtains drawn aside, that she might witness the glorious sunrise for the last time.

'Sunrise for the last time!' Ponder we these words, for we too must witness sunrise or sunset for the last time.

She expressed a wish to be left alone with Agnes, and for a space of time none knew what was passing within the sick-chamber; then Reginald was summoned, and his mother motioned him to her side, where Agnes was kneeling, white and trembling. The rosy tints of morning illuminated Lady Irby's wan features, and a bright smile flitted across them, as with a sudden effort she clasped their hands together in her own cold, attenuated ones, with difficulty articulating—'She is yours, my son: she has promised, and I am happy. Helen'— But all was over. They were alone with the dead; withdraw we not the veil which obscures their thousand conflicting feelings.

They were wed, and what a brilliant lot seemed that of these married lovers! Agnes, young, surpassingly lovely, and united to the object of her fondest affection, worshipped in return with passionate idolatry, yet shrank from happiness. Reginald's wishes were realised; the beloved of his youth, the dream of his manhood, was his own—his wife! And was he happy—happy in the real significant sense of the term? Was there no drawback—no dash of bitterness in his cup, so apparently full of sweets to overflowing? Alas for the realised wishes of human beings, with their long train of vanities, vexations, and disappointments!

Despite all her efforts to chase away the cloud which overshadowed her spirit, Agnes was still evidently suffering from nervousness; she often started and trembled without any perceptible cause; then bursting into tears, would clasp her husband to her throbbing heart, straining him to her bosom, and gazing around with a wild, scared, apprehensive glance, as if she feared to be forcibly carried away by means of some unseen agency. Her cheek was pale, and her frame wasted; but when Reginald tenderly questioned her, she ever replied. 'I am too happy, my love. I fear to be so happy: such happiness may not last.'

'Your nerves are still in an excited state, my Agnes,' responded her husband; 'it is a nervous affection you are suffering from.' And the medical men whom Sir Reginald Irby in his anxiety consulted corroborated this opinion. They recommended change of scene, amusement, travel, and all those pleasant things which money can procure. Agnes assured them that she was not ill—that she would rather remain in the retirement of Irby, and promised with a smile to be better soon.

But her husband earnestly pleaded for obedience to the physician's order, and Agnes was fain to give way. He took her to crowded cities, the famed historic spots of earth; her beauty and fascination was the theme of every tongue; but from strange faces Agnes turned shudderingly away. Helen, now Mrs James Elphinstone, joined them with her husband at Reginald's request; she scrutinised Agnes closely, and unperceived watched every symptom with deep and unremitting solicitude.

'Here, alas! is sickness of the mind,' thought Helen: 'I have found out the secret of her sad condition.'

She imparted these impressions to her brother, who now marvelled at his own obtuseness in not having made them for himself.

'I see it all!' he exclaimed. 'My poor Agnes! Her morbid sensitiveness in the cause. What can we do? What cure is to be found?'

'Alas, my brother!' sighed Helen, 'the sea will not give up its secrets. And I much fear me, now it is too late, that the only certain cure for Agnes is in fathoming those secrets. Remember, Reginald—remember she has never worn widow's weeds for Wilfred; and we have been to blame for hastening her to the altar a second time—again a bride ere convinced she was a widow!'

'Who is me! I see it all!' exclaimed Reginald in accents of self-reproach: 'but we must do something to rouse her, Helen, or the end may be more serious than I dare contemplate.'

'Poor fellow!'—and Helen sighed as if her heart would break, communing within herself—'poor fellow! heaven is not permitted on earth; and they would have been too happy without this dark shadow intervening. But my punishment is a dreadful one: it is almost greater than I can endure; for trace I not the origin of all this inexpressible misery to myself?'

'Take me home,' said Agnes to her husband; 'take me home, dearest, to our own fair valley. I pine to hear St Edwyn's chimes once more; they are associated with such tender and cherished memories.'

So they returned to Irby, where she continued to droop and wither, just like a delicate flower when too roughly handled. Time but cemented the union of the attached pair. Time—so often the destroyer—in their case added fresh bloom to the summer romance of their tried affection. Agnes often watched the sun sinking behind the green hills. She seemed to watch the waning glories of the departing luminary with a peculiar and tender emotion.

'Reginald,' she murmured one evening, with her head resting on his shoulder—'Reginald, your mother wished to witness sunrise for the last time on earth—do you remember? but I love the sunset best; and when I am gone, I should like you always to think of me, my best beloved, when you contemplate such a scene as this. Think of those glorious habitations beyond the skies where tears and partings come no more.'

This was the first time that Agnes had alluded thus to herself; and Reginald, overcome with anguish, was unable to answer.

'Do not grieve for me, my husband,' she said with inexpressible tenderness, passing her arm round his neck with gentle action; 'do not grieve nor mourn for me. Had our lot been without alloy, we should have realised too nearly the felicity of heaven, and forgot heaven perhaps.'

'Oh, my Agnes!' faltered he, 'heaven to me is where you are. I am supremely blest in possessing you.'

'But I am going away from you, Reginald, my husband!' Agnes said in a low, solemn tone. 'I am going away soon, very soon, and you must come to me in the heaven we speak of, where we shall never be parted more, but rejoice together throughout a blissful eternity.'

The wife heard a stifled sob, and she nestled closer to her husband.

'Listen, dearest,' she continued: 'I once read, when I was a little child, a well-authenticated tale respecting an unfortunate mariner who was shipwrecked. All on board perished save this mariner: the vessel went to pieces, and he alone was saved. By God's providence he swam to a desert island, where for years he was a prisoner. At length he was found by a passing ship, out of the usual course, and brought to his native country again. He found his wife another's—his name forgotten by family and friends. Poor mariner! was it not a fearful fate? Reginald, I had a husband, brave, generous, and devoted. Think, may not this history be realised?—may not this fate be his? And off the dark horrors of my doom should this be so! Could you live dishonoured?—could I?' She shuddered violently, and clung to her companion as she drew the appalling picture—clung to him with the grasp of despair.

'Agnes, my love!' urged Reginald deprecatingly, 'wherefore indulge such distressing fancies?—wherefore paint such pictures? With us they are impossible of realisation.'

'Not impossible,' she replied in the same subdued solemn tone—'not impossible; for though improbable, yet alas, alas! not impossible! *His* image haunts me night and day. In crowds it rises up before me. I see him dripping and covered with seaweed slowly emerging from ocean depths, or raising his hands imploringly towards me, surrounded by salt-sea foam. Impossible! Oh! if it were impossible I should not be thus, Reginald. So young, so beloved, so loving and so blest: thus going down to the pit—to the dark grave, from whence there is no return. Better there than disgraced!—better there than so separated from thee!'

'My angel love,' soothingly murmured her agitated husband, 'this is a morbid fancy; for my sake strive to overcome it.'

'Strive, Reginald!' she cried with earnestness; 'you know not how I have striven. But it may not be. In that home of glory beyond the setting sun think of me as happy and at rest for ever.'

Who would have recognised the once proud, disdainful Helen Irby in the grave, subdued matron of after-years? She was a strict though loving mother; and it was observed that if any of her children attempted equivocation, either from thoughtlessness or design, or tampered with truth, however slight or unpromedated the deviation might be, she strenuously checked the growth of such pernicious weeds, uprooted them from the soil, and carefully striving to cultivate the sweet-scented flowers which blossom everlastingly.

'I would save my children from remorse,' she said, 'for we know not the far spreading, irrevocable mischief which a single departure from truth may effect.'

The aged Walsinghams patiently awaited their summons home, and 'fell

asleep' within a few days of each other. They had seen two younger generations cut down, while they, venerable and tottering, survived to buffet with many winter-storms.

Strangers have often listened to St Edwins' beautiful bells, chiming for a brief space at the hour of sunset, conjecturing whence the usage originated; for it is not generally known that a sum of money was left for the purpose of perpetuating the custom by a representative of the ancient race of Irby, as a memorial sacred to the memory of a beloved wife, who departed in the bloom of her youth and loveliness, bequeathing large possessions to the charitable institutions with which St Edwins abounds. There is also an elaborate monument in the old church, near the spot where generations of Irbys are mouldering; and beneath the name of the last baronet are some quaint lines, in which this distich occurs—

' By him contente was unattained,
Tho' earthly wishes all were gained.'

TROUBADOURS AND TROUVÈRES.

VOLUMES innumerable have been written on the productions of the troubadours and trouvères, and the opinions pronounced relative to their literary merits have been almost as various as the authors who have treated of the subject. On one point, however, all agree—namely, the importance of the poetry of the middle ages from a historical point of view, as illustrative of the manners and customs, the modes of thought, the sentiments and affections of the new world, which was created when the feudal system formed a new organisation out of the chaotic fragments into which European society had been shattered by the invasion of the barbarians, who overthrew the Roman Empire. This system, however deservedly decried at a period when society had outgrown its beneficial influences and therefore felt itself miserably crippled by forms which no longer suited its necessities, has nevertheless done good service to humanity, and will always remain one of the most interesting and most pregnant facts in history, because of its being the first product of *Christian* civilisation.

In antiquity, human nature as such, was invested with no sacred character: men were divided into two classes—masters and slaves; and according as they belonged to the one or to the other, they ranked as demigod, or as brute beasts. The former held possessions, had a family, a religion, a country, and a name: the slaves were looked upon as things, not men, and were by the laws of the times declared not only vile, but null. However revolting in our eyes this unjust division of the rights and benefits of humanity, based entirely on the law of the strongest, and arising out of the chances of war, it was nevertheless a step upwards from the depths of degradation into which mankind had sunk, and many steps in advance of that savage state in which men exterminated all prisoners of war, and feasted on the flesh of their fellow-creatures. The master, indeed, possessed over his slave the same right as over any of his other property: he might sell him like a head of cattle, or make use of him as a labouring machine, or destroy him like a noxious animal; but the mutual relation between the two was one of interest, and for the promotion of material civilisation self interest is a mighty lever. Intrusted with all the avocations of industry, agriculture, commerce, and even the fine arts, the slaves served by their labour to enrich and to promote the interests of the community, to govern which their masters considered as the sole employ-

ment worthy of free men, and thus slavery came to be the corner-stone of the edifice of ancient civilisation. So deeply rooted, indeed, were the principles of the social laws which separated them from the freeborn, that at last it was received as an indisputable axiom, that society could not exist without slavery. According to Aristotle, 'some men are free by nature, others are creatures formed for servitude, it being useful and just that they should live in that state. Slaves differ from brutes only in as far as they are capable of appreciating the reason of free men, though they are not themselves endowed with reason. The only virtues which can be exercised by these animated machines are those necessary for the fulfilment of their avocations. The gods have endowed them with the strength suitable for their servile occupations, as they have bestowed upon free men the understanding necessary for governing.' Yet Aristotle was one of the most exalted intellects of antiquity, and a member of its most democratic republic. In truth, in antiquity, liberty meant nothing more than the exclusive rights of the smaller number, who were alone considered as constituting the people and representing the state, while all others were looked upon as strangers or enemies—these terms being synonymous. In the domestic relations the same spirit prevailed. The father of the family alone possessed rights: wife and children were held in a state of subordination differing little from bondage, their life even being at the mercy of him who, though husband and father, recognised no duties incumbent upon him as such. Women, ignorant of their own dignity and their peculiar duties, and having no higher standard by which to form their opinion of themselves than that of the other sex, looked upon themselves as beings created for no higher purpose than the gratification of man and the propagation of the species. By the laws of the state they were treated as goods and chattels. They might be bought and sold; their life was taken for the smallest offence. Polygamy everywhere prevailed, either openly or in disguise. Prostitution was sanctioned by religion. The sanctity of the conjugal, the paternal, and the filial relation, of course nowhere existed. There were no homes, no domestic affections, no family life: the state absorbed every feeling of those individuals, who were happy enough to count for something in its organisation; the interests and glory of the state, as a political, not a social body, was considered the end of existence. Public life absorbed private life; and while the intellect had attained a degree of development and cultivation never surpassed, the heart remained a desert waste in which no tender feelings could take root, no delicate sentiments could germinate. Even the religions of antiquity were systems of state machinery used for purposes of government, but exercising no influence over the heart and the conscience, and in nowise contributing to the moral development of society.

At the period of the birth of Christ these systems of antiquity had worked their worst. The sceptre of Rome was extended over all the countries of the west; her race of conquest was spent; her mission was accomplished; with her tranquillity degenerated into stagnation, and ended in rottenness. 'Humanity, incapable of submitting to inactivity, fell back upon itself, and revelled in selfishness, debauchery, and cruelty: the three capital errors of antiquity had reached their apogee: 30,000 gods were enthroned in the Capitol; the slaves of the wealthy citizens were thrown

into the fishponds to fatten the murcenas; a decree of the senate declared that all women belonged by right to Cæsar! But the Saviour was born who was to extricate mankind from the frightful depths of wickedness into which it had sunk. The barbarians, who were to be instruments in the hands of Providence for the renovation of the corrupt races, had begun their migrations. Amidst the intense depravity of a highly-wrought civilisation there were not wanting indications that men felt their degradation, but were striving in vain to regain their lost purity. The old gods had fallen into universal contempt; the higher intelligences sought refuge for their troubled souls in systems of subtle and spiritual philosophy; 'the human race was tormented by a universal craving for a faith; it called aloud for light; it thirsted for truth; it had a faint glimmering of something beyond the abyss of misery in which it was struggling; it knocked with its whole might at the gates of the future, but fell back powerless and in despair. Suddenly twelve men, poor and ignorant, went forth from Judea to instruct all the nations of the earth; they proclaimed the love of God and of man, and cast into the midst of a society, classed by the sword and based upon slavery, the doctrine of universal peace and brotherhood. "God," so they taught, "has created the human species out of one man . . . we are all of the race of God." These were the *glorious tidings* so long looked forward to! Poverty, weakness, and suffering, had at last their gods also! Faith, love, and true liberty, were about to take birth in the heart of man, and these new treasures were to regenerate his sentiments and his ideas, to change his heart and his reason, to inspire him with new life. The idolatry of the patricians which defied forms, selfishness, and the objects of the senses, was superseded by a plebeian religion of a self-denying and spiritual nature, and addressing itself chiefly to the feelings.'

Though addressing itself more immediately to the chastening and purifying of the individual, Christianity could not but affect man in his social capacity also, and the whole tenor of men's ideas and principles being changed, a political revolution must of necessity follow. The latter was effected by the invasions of the nations which had until the beginning of the third century of our era lived beyond the limits of the Roman world, and beyond the reach of the benefits, but also of the corruptions of pagan civilisation. These people possessed in the purer instincts of their simple natures the germs of a higher social morality than any which the pagan philosophers had been able to devise, and they were therefore more susceptible of the truths of Christianity. Among them the family tie was sacred, women were respected; the wife was the companion and friend of her husband; and the slave, though inferior to his master, was not excluded from participation in the rights and enjoyments of humanity. Such were the elements which wrought a thorough change in the internal organisation and the mutual relations of the nations of Europe; but so numerous and heterogeneous were the conflicting elements, so deeply rooted those of resistance on the one side, and, with the exception of the Christian church, so little self-conscious and systematic those of innovation on the other side, that not until the end of six centuries did the new state of society begin to emerge in a settled form from the chaotic ruins of the past. This form was the feudal system, the establishment of which may be considered as the limit of the period of amalgamation and fermentation in the western

centuries of Europe. The conquerors and the conquered had then forgotten their former antagonism; their laws and languages were no longer distinct; stability and regularity in social and political relations commenced; and thenceforward society moved rapidly and visibly onwards. Though tumult and war continued for centuries to distract the world, it was no longer a struggle between Christianity and paganism, between system and system, between a nascent and a dying civilisation; it was a conflict between classes, a struggle for supremacy among rival kings and princes, all engaged in the same onward path. What particularly characterised the feudal system in contradistinction to the systems of antiquity, was the recognition of the Christian principle of the value of the individual as such, and of his right of exercising his free-will in all his social relations. His independence was guaranteed by the judgment of his peers, by the power of dissolving the feudal bond, and particularly by his right of resistance to any violation of his privileges, which were as distinctly enunciated as his duties and obligations. Men were not obliged to obey laws, to render services, to pay taxes, to which they had not consented. Below the classes possessing these privileges there were indeed villains and serfs, excluded from political rights, but the social rights of both were guarded by the laws and customs of the times; and though a great gulf separated them from their earthly lord and master, they, as well as he, were taught that in the eyes of God they were equal. Though cruel and licentious manners still in a great measure prevailed, it was nevertheless evident that the Christian graces, self-allegation, self-respect, and self-devotion, were spreading their chastening influences through society. Sentiments of loyalty and honour took birth; the reciprocal duties of men were recognised; love for women assumed a respectful and delicate character; the sanctity of the marriage-bond was admitted; the happiness of home-life and domestic affections appreciated, and elegance and courtesy of manners introduced.

The reforms which took place in the manners of the times were chiefly owing to the simplicity and fervour of faith which then prevailed, and which enabled the clergy—the only class of men who at that period received anything like an intellectual education—by the promulgation of laws of the church (which were looked upon as laws of God, and were indeed, in as far as regards the measures here alluded to, in true harmony with the laws of God), to exercise that moral restraint over the passionate and warlike spirits of the times which the latter had not yet learned to exercise over themselves. By the institution of the so-called 'Peace of God,' the church endeavoured to check the constant recurrence to force of arms, which was one of the inherent vices of the feudal system. By this law it was forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to have recourse to violence from Wednesday evening till Monday morning in every week, as also during the festivals of the church; and as these were then very numerous, the number of days in the year on which appeals to arms were not punishable by the laws of the church was reduced to about sixty or eighty. In addition to this regulation, the church extended its protection over churches and churchyards; over women, pilgrims, merchants, and labourers in the field; also over the tools and cattle of the latter; and over all those who sought refuge in the neighbourhood of a plough, which implement

was thus invested with a sacred character, that cannot but have conduced to render the peaceful labours of agriculture estimable, in the eyes even of those who were accustomed to look upon the profession of arms as the most glorious of all.

The same ideas and necessities which gave rise to the institution of the 'Peace of God' likewise engendered another which exercised a still more efficacious and lasting influence on society. This was the institution of chivalry, which no doubt owes its origin to the customs of the Germanic tribes that established themselves in Gaul at the period of the invasion of the barbarians. Its most estimable characteristics, however, it owes to the all-powerful influence of the Christian church, which consecrated the swords of those aspirants in arms, who pledged themselves to devote their best energies to the defence of the weak and the oppressed, and to fight only in the interests of religion and of the commonwealth. Thus the warlike tastes and habits, which until then had greatly retarded the progress of society, were engaged in its service against all evil. Chivalry, in the full purity of its conception, was never realised, but it was an ideal of perfection in accordance with the notions of the times, to attain which every man might strive, and a standard by which others measured his actions, and as such its influence was immense. 'Like the candidate for holy orders, the aspirant to the dignity of knighthood had to go through a novitiate, during which he learned, in the service of a superior, to perform those military exploits, and to practise those chivalrous virtues, which could entitle him to that honour. In like manner as the fœdal chief, knight, or baron, was surrounded by his varlets, his pages, and his esquires, who, in serving him, endeavoured to render themselves worthy of one day being his equals, his lady assembled around her in her castle the daughters of her husband's vassals, who were there educated in a manner suitable to the position they were to hold in society, the moral guidance of which was, by the laws and customs of chivalry, in a great measure placed in their hands.

After the introduction of chivalry, military exercises became the sole occupation of all men who could aspire to its honours, and the valour which could not find a battle field on which to display itself sought glory in the tournaments which formed the great delight of young and old. In these military games—the first traces of which appear in France during the reign of Charles the Bald (866)—the laws of courtesy, generosity, and loyalty reigned paramount, and thence were transferred to the more serious combats of which they were a playful imitation; and besides benefiting civilisation in this direction, they were the means of gathering together large masses of people of all ranks. They gave rise to social meetings and entertainments, and to a display of gallantry and luxury which softened the manners of the times and gave a great impulse to industry and trade.

Such was the society amidst which the trouvères and troubadours flourished. France, the birthplace of chivalry, was also that of these poets, who drew from it their chief inspirations, but who, though children of the times, in their turn exercised a most powerful influence on the development of social manners and civilisation.

The chief merit of these inventors—such is the meaning of the

words, *trouvères* and *troubadours*—it is to have enriched the languages of the countries in which they flourished with new expressions and noble and graceful forms, at a period when they were just emerging from the barbarism of the dark ages. Sixty years after the establishment in Gaul of the first Roman colonists (120 B.C.), who introduced into that country the use of the Latin tongue, the language of the conquerors had already in a certain measure been corrupted by that of the conquered; and though Rome, as she extended her conquests and established her institutions in these regions, also spread her language more and more, and even enforced its adoption, its purity could not be maintained at so great a distance from the parent source, and surrounded as it was by so many foreign elements. Such a difference, indeed, was there between the Latin of Gaul and of Italy during the first centuries of our era, when this language had become the popular idiom of the people of the former country, that it was necessary to translate the one into the other; and though these translations, which were undertaken chiefly in the interests of religion, and carried out by ecclesiastics of superior attainments, no doubt served to refine the *rustic Roman* as the language of the people was called, they must at the same time have established on a firmer basis the different dialects which had been developed in the course of centuries; because, as popular instruction was the object, each prelate was obliged to translate the homilies, the liturgy, &c. into the idiom spoken by the inhabitants of his diocese. Thus each province seems to have had its own Roman or Romance language, until the period when the written language of France appears divided into two great branches—the *langue d'Oï* and the *langue d'Oc*; or the Romance to the north of the Loire and the Romance to the south of that river. The latter was also called the Provençal language, and extended its influence over a part of Spain and Italy; while the former, which, after the conquest of England, was for a time the written language of this country also, obtained the name of French, and ultimately became the sole language of the French monarchy. Each of these idioms had its poets—those of the north being called *trouvères*, those of the south *troubadours*.

Upon the relative merits and antiquity, and the mutual influences of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*, there seems to exist a strange rivalry between the writers of the south and of the north of France even in our day. As we mean here to treat of the poems of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries rather as monuments of history than as literary productions, we will not undertake to enter upon a formal discussion of the first point, but will merely observe, that if the *troubadours* excel in that vivacity and sprightliness of mind, and that gracefulness and felicity of expression, which distinguish the people of the south, the *trouvères* seem superior to them in earnestness of purpose, in originality of invention, and in the richness and variety of their productions. The *troubadours*, who wrote and sung in a language considered the richest and most harmonious ever spoken by man, were more exclusively the poets of love. This passion was not only the constant theme of their songs, but it was the business of their life; and through the influence of their poetry as well as of their example, it assumed that character of an all-regulating power in which we see it appear in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The *trouvères*, living in the same age, and being consequently in an equal degree under its influence, do not, how-

ever, appear to have run into the same extremes, and their muse, though equally inspired by chivalry and love, seems, in accordance with the less passionate and more thoughtful genius of the north, to have inclined to more serious studies. While, therefore, the gravest works produced by the troubadours are limited to violent diatribes against the corruptions of the times, we find among the productions of the trouvères works of history and science, which, though dressed in the fanciful garb of the day, nevertheless give evidence of more profound studies and more earnest minds than were then generally found among men of the world. As for the second point in dispute between the north and south of France, history decides it in favour of the north; for though his works are not extant, it is recorded in the chronicles of the province that Thibaud de Vernon, canon of Rouen in Normandy, who lived in the commencement of the eleventh century, wrote poems in the vulgar tongue—that is, in the Romance language of the north; while the first poet of the south of whom we have any knowledge—William IX. Count of Poitiers—was only born in 1071. As regards the influence exercised by the poets of north or south, it must without a doubt have been reciprocal; for though the territory of France did not then, as now, form one compact monarchy, but was divided into many independent principalities, these were nevertheless in a certain measure connected by the link within link system established by the modes of fiefal tenure, and a constant intercourse was kept up between their inhabitants by the peculiar institutions and pageants of chivalry. Besides this, the roving lives generally led by the troubadours and trouvères, and the prevalent fashion of making their compositions known to the world at large by means of itinerant jongleurs, cannot but have made the poets of the north and south acquainted with each other's productions, particularly as the difference of language was not sufficiently great to preclude this knowledge. Their appreciation of each other does not, however, seem to have been equal; for though the troubadours frequently allude to the talents and attainments of the trouvères, the latter make no mention of their rivals of the south.

Appearing on the horizon as morning-stars of a new civilisation, just as the thick mists of the dark ages of our era had rolled away from France, these poets stand forth as utterly unconnected with the past, and are therefore the first literary representatives of modern European society, as distinguished from the ancient societies of Greece and Rome. 'Though several allusions and imitations,' says Reynouard—a writer who has devoted immense labour to the study of the language and writings of the troubadours—'prove that they were not quite unacquainted with the master-works of the Latin and even Greek languages, it is nevertheless apparent that their taste was not sufficiently cultivated to enable them effectually to admire and reproduce the beauties of the classic writers of Greece and Rome. The new literature which they created was, therefore, in no manner beholden to the lessons and examples of the ancients. It possessed its own distinct and independent means, its native forms, and its own peculiar spirit and local colouring. The ignorance so generally prevalent, the absence of all serious studies, abandoned these poets of the middle ages entirely to the influence of the religious ideas, the chivalrous manners, and the political views of the times, as also to the influence of the reigning

prejudices and the national peculiarities; and it was therefore easier for them to invent a new school of poetry than to imitate the classics.* Another writer, who has likewise profoundly studied the subject,† maintains, however, that the lays of the Celtic bards, which can never have been quite forgotten in Gaul, and the poetry of Scandinavia, introduced with the Norman conquest of one of the provinces of Gaul, has exercised some influence on the poetry of the *trouvères* at least, if not on that of their brothers of the south. This opinion seems indeed to be well-founded, particularly when we consider how slowly the popular songs die out on the lips of a nation; and that in spite of its Roman organisation and administration, the mass of the population in Gaul must in a great measure have retained its nationality and its language. However this may be, it is certain that the *trouvères* and *troubadours* were preceded by popular poets, commonly designated by the name of *jongleurs*, who, though their compositions, from a literary point of view, were greatly inferior to the productions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, nevertheless invented all those different kinds of poetry in which their successors so greatly distinguished themselves. The *jongleurs* were a class of men, who, uniting the arts of poetry and music, sang the verses which they composed, to the accompaniment of divers instruments—a custom which very likely they inherited from the ancient Gallic bards, whose name does not appear in history after the fifth century, but whose functions and privileges seem in a great measure to have devolved upon the *jongleurs*, which latter denomination dates only from the reign of the second race of French kings (687–987.) The change of name, however, indicated a change of character also. The character of the bards was serious, and even sacred; their muse never condescended to treat of any but elevated subjects, and the nobleness of their strains corresponded to the dignity of their themes. But in the eighth and ninth centuries—during which period they were in such high repute that even bishops, abbots, and abbesses used to have *jongleurs* attached to their personal service—the poets lost their ancient gravity, and began to accompany their songs with gesticulations and feats of agility, calculated to excite the wonder, but also the merriment, of their auditors—a custom to which they owe the name of *jongleur* or juggler, derived from the Latin word *joculator*, from *jocus*, to play. The battle of Hastings, which subjected England to the Normans, was commenced, says the chronicler Robert Ware, by the *jongleur* Taillefer, attached to the army of William the Conqueror, who advanced singing of the fabulous exploits of some hero of the times, and performing feats of agility with his lance and sword, which struck terror into the Saxons, who thought his dexterity must be the effect of witchcraft. Like the bards, the *jongleurs* formed a separate corporation, under the special protection of the laws, and headed by a chief, who was called *king of the jongleurs*, and who was nominated by the chief of the state. They were also attached to the courts of kings and princes, and barons, whose glorious exploits formed the theme of many of their songs; and they were admitted to all public festivities and assemblies. But when the *jongleurs* began to rove through the country, accompanied

* Reynouard—*Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*.

† De la Rue—*Histoire des Trouvères, Normands et Anglo-Normands*.

by troops of women, dancers and minstrels, all activity between them and their predecessors ceased, and they gradually degenerated, until their once so honourable craft sank into such contempt that their name became a term of reproach, and their morals so scandalous, that it was considered degrading to receive them, or to be present at their representations. They continued, however, to exist until the sixteenth century, and must probably have retrieved their character somewhat, subsequent to the period when Philip Augustus, king of France, caused them to be expelled from his domains; for in the lives of several troubadours we read of their having jongleurs in their service, who followed them in their peregrinations, sang their compositions, and shared in the honours of their masters: and instances are also mentioned of troubadours, who, having lost their fortunes, became jongleurs, and of jongleurs who attained to the honour of knighthood. The latter fact seems, however, to have been of very rare occurrence; but it is believed that the jongleurs were generally engaged by the high-born knights and mighty barons, who cultivated the art of poetry, to sing their compositions in public, to do which was probably considered below their own dignity; and that they were in like manner employed by the lady poetesses, several of whom bear an honourable name in the literary annals of the times.

When the jongleur travelled on foot, his instrument—a kind of violin with three strings—was suspended round his neck, when on horseback, it was attached to the saddlebow. Sometimes, however, these itinerant poets made use of harps, but then the ancient romances denominate them harpers. Their dress was frequently partycoloured; and from the belt was suspended a kind of purse, which they called a *malette* or almoner, in which they deposited the money they received in return for the amusement they bestowed; for, unlike the trouvères and troubadours, who cultivated poetry as a liberal art, the jongleurs exercised their art for money—a circumstance which probably had no small share in their degeneracy, as the desire of gain led them to flatter the vices of the times, and to sell their services to whoever would bid for them. Thus, at the time when their licentious manners and libellous tongues had caused their expulsion from France, they overspread all the adjoining countries, and numbers came over to England on the invitation of William de Longchamps, bishop of Ely, who governed this kingdom during the absence of King Richard the Lionhearted, and who, desirous of blinding the people to the vices of his administration, hired the voices of these strolling singers to proclaim his virtues to the public.* At times, also, the jongleurs were rewarded with gifts of horses and fine clothes; and when a wealthy knight or baron wished to confer an uncommon favour, he pulled off his own rich cloak, and placed it on the shoulders of the minstrel. Such marks of esteem were, however, only bestowed during the period when the jongleurs were held high in honour; afterwards they were conferred on trouvères and troubadours only. Indeed, passages which occur in the works of the troubadours and trouvères point it out as a distinctive mark between these poets and the jongleurs, that the former receive only presents in return for the pleasure they bestow, while the latter accept of money. Another dis-

* De la Rue—Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs et les Trouvères.
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tion was, that the troubadours and trouvères never sing or recited any but their own compositions; and altogether the profession of the jongleur was considered much inferior to that of the troubadour, even when the latter, like the former, went from castle to castle with his mandoline on his back, claiming hospitality in return for his music and poetry.

Like the bards, the jongleurs held a kind of neutral character, which gave them admittance to hostile camps and castles; and the garb of these strolling minstrels was therefore not unfrequently assumed by barons and knights when engaged on some clandestine mission. Thus we are told that when Ela, Countess of Salisbury, had lost her parents in England, and was by her guardians detained in secret in a castle in Normandy, King Richard I.—who desired to give the rich heiress in marriage to his illegitimate brother, William Longsword, the son of Fair Rosamond—sent a knight called William Talbot, disguised as a pilgrim, to traverse the province in search of the fair prisoner. Talbot was lucky enough to discover the castle in which she was concealed, but was unable to penetrate within its gates until he assumed the dress of a jongleur. This gained him admittance; and having found the means of informing the young countess of his mission, he returned with her to England, where the marriage was celebrated.

The compositions of jongleurs, trouvères, and troubadours, were alike distinguished by a variety of names, which must not, however, therefore be accepted as indicating as many distinct kinds of poetry, for very frequently they only designate a difference of form, or are used to indicate the subject-matter of the poem. In fact, but four different kinds of poetic compositions can be distinguished—namely, romances,* dramatic compositions, fabliaux or tales, and the more strictly lyrical poems; because, though all compositions not dramatic in those days were chanted to the accompaniment of music, we cannot comprise under the latter denomination narratives sometimes containing 20,000 verses, nor satirical delineations of character, and anecdotes borrowed from private and domestic life, such as the fabliaux. The romances, which seem to have derived their name from the language in which they originated are, from the historical point of view, the most interesting of all the literary productions of the middle ages, though in point of æsthetic value they are perhaps inferior. They are, as M. de Villemain justly observes,† invaluable supplements to the history of the times, and supplements which narrate all that history has forgotten. So fully do they initiate the reader into the manners and customs of the bygone times which they depict, that from their pages has been compiled a description of the chivalric institutions, laws, and customs, so minute and complete in all its details, that we can hardly form a clearer conception of any institution of our own day, than we may

* We must observe that in thus classifying the compositions of the middle ages, we comprehend under the name of romances a variety of works which are very different from such as we now designate by that name. For instance, moral and religious allegories, philosophical treatises, works on natural history, and works professedly purely historical, in all of which the trouvères more particularly distinguished themselves.

† *Cours de Littérature Française.*

obtain of chivalry from M. Lacour de St Palais's essays upon the subject, compiled from these sources. The romances of the middle ages are of various character, but the most numerous and the most important are the love romances and the chivalrous romances—the former being purely fictitious, and treating exclusively of love adventures; while in one class of the latter, chivalrous exploits are the only theme, and in another these and amorous adventures bear an equal share, while in those of later date at least some degree of historical truth prevails. The principal object which the old romancers had in view, was not only to amuse their auditors, and to inspire the knights and esquires with the virtues belonging to their station, but also to stimulate their warlike ardour by placing before them ideal deeds of strength and valour, surpassing all those which history recorded. The effect of these exciting narratives in an age when men were but too prone to consider warlike enterprise or its mimic sports the sole occupation worthy of them, was such that the sentiments of honour which chivalry had contributed so greatly to develop, and which exercised so beneficial an influence as long as they were kept pure, ultimately degenerated into a kind of fanaticism, which in a measure reproduced the ferocity they had at first helped to subdue; and the welfare and safety of the state, which were originally the chief objects of the institution of chivalry, were forgotten in a desire for personal glory. The share which women had in the abuses as well as the merits of chivalry are also distinctly traced in these old romances. We there see the weaker sex using the almost boundless influence which they possessed, to stimulate their admirers to deeds of the utmost temerity, for no other purpose than to gratify their own vanity and to test the strength of the passion they inspired. We see them presiding over the tournament, rewarding valour with their sweetest smiles punishing cowardice and want of skill with a contempt with which they did not always visit moral depravity, and giving the signal for the action to begin. Until this signal was given, the knights, who gloried in the title of slaves to the ladies, were considered bound in their chains, and unable to begin the combat before their fair mistresses had condescended to un rivet their letters and give free scope to their valour. But if the ladies on these occasions fanned the flame of military ardour, they also endeavoured to prevent its degenerating into ferocity; and when the combat threatened to become too fierce, a sign from them arrested the unpraised lances, and re-established order and chivalrous decorum. Each tournament ended with a tilt in honour of the ladies; and a kiss from the Queen of Beauty, as the lady who presided over the fête was sometimes termed, was considered by the victor a reward far above the value of the prize awarded to him by the judges of the combat. And if his wounds prevented him from appearing in the festive assembly which terminated the pleasures of the day, he is represented as forgetting the tediousness of his sick-bed in listening to the romances, which recorded loves and achievements similar to his own.

One of the most remarkable of these romances is the 'Vows of the Heron,' a production of the middle of the fourteenth century, which, if space permitted, we should like to give in outline, as exhibiting in a strong light that mixture of savage ferocity and chivalrous courtesy which characterised the manners of the middle ages. In commenting upon this

romances, *Lacorne de St Palaye* proves by quotations from Froissart, that even those parts which might seem to have been entirely supplied by the poet's imagination, are probably historical occurrences, or, at all events, are in strict conformity with the manners of the times. Thus, as regards the vow of Gantier de Mauny, Froissart relates as follows: 'During the first week that the king of France was challenged, Messire Gantier de Mauny, as soon as he could suppose that the king was challenged, took and selected about forty stout lances, and rode with them through Brabant night and day until he arrived in Hainault, and he concealed himself in the forest of Blaton, and as yet no one knew what he meant to do; but he said to some of his private friends that he had promised in England, before ladies and lords, that he would be the first to enter France, and that he would there take a castle or fortified town, and that it was his intention to ride as far as Montaigne, and to surprise the town, which belonged to the kingdom of France.' Even the probability of the most romantic vow recorded in the old poem—that of the Earl of Salisbury—is confirmed by Froissart. Speaking of the ambassadors sent by the king of England to ratify the alliances formed for him by the Count of Hainault with several princes of the empire, the chronicler relates that they were attended by a splendid retinue, and adds 'There were among them several young bachelors who had each one eye covered with a cloth, in order that they might not see, and it was said they had vowed in the presence of ladies in their country that never they would see with more than one eye until they had performed some act of valour in the kingdom of France; and they would divulge nothing to those who questioned them, and every one wondered much at it.'

The romances, though frequently very long, were nevertheless so arranged as to admit of their being recited consecutively. Some numbered from 15,000 to 20,000 verses, but being divided into several so-called *branches*, each generally commencing with an invitation to the auditors to be attentive, it is supposed that the jongleur either reposed between each branch, or that another took his place. Some of these romances are written partly in prose partly in verse, in which case the prose was recited and the rhymed part only was sung to the accompaniment of the harp, the viol, the mandoline, or mandore, or whatever the instruments of those days may have been called. So great was the love of princes, barons, and knights of all degrees for the romances, that a moralist poet of their day* reproaches them with loving better to listen to the recital of the adventures of Roland and Oliver, than to the history of the passion of Jesus Christ; and another accuses them of being hardhearted to the poor, while they spend large sums in decorating the walls of their castles with representations of the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins.

The hold which religion had upon men's minds relative to the outward observances of its forms, without exercising any corresponding influence over their thoughts and feelings, is however, curiously illustrated in the fact of the jongleurs very frequently refusing to recite any but what they termed *secured poems* on the Sabbath. The subjects of these poems were indeed borrowed from the Bible, but being treated after the fashion of the day,

* Guillaume de Wadington, an Anglo-Norman trouvère.

they refused to do anything of their sacred character. Thus in one of the most singular of these compositions, entitled 'The Court of Paradise,' the Divinity is represented as intending to hold a *Cour Plénière* on All Saints' Day, and, in consequence, sending out St Jude and St Simon to invite the attendance of the saints. In general it was in their old age only that the jongleurs composed these sacred poems—a composition of the kind being looked upon as an act expiatory of the sin of having composed others of a more profane character. The confession of their considering it in this light is generally made at the opening of the poem; and their example was in this respect frequently followed by the trouvères and troubadours, who imposed upon themselves similar acts of penitence, if they did not attempt to expiate still more fully the sins of their youth, by participation in the Crusades, at the period when these holy wars were exciting the greatest enthusiasm throughout Europe.

The *fabliaux*—which were generally short, humorous, and satirical tales and anecdotes, descriptive of the life of those classes of the community round which the laws and customs of chivalry shed no poetic halo—show the shady side, not only of the society they depict, but of the poet's mind who drew the picture, for they are very frequently but the embodiment of coarse subjects in still coarser language. There are, however, many exceptions to this rule, in which we see the follies of the times attacked in a playful and graceful manner, and with a display of that sprightly and piquant wit, which even at that early period was a distinguishing characteristic of the French people. Such are the two little poems by the trouvère Henri d'Andely, from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and entitled 'The Battle of the Seven Liberal Arts,' and 'The Battle of the Wines.'

Among the questions which greatly agitated the learned world during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, one related to the proper manner of commencing a course of studies. On one side, it was maintained that logic ought to be the first science with which the student was made acquainted; on the other, that a sound education ought to be based upon a knowledge of Latin grammar and of the best authors of antiquity. Each opinion had its partisans. The university of Paris decided in favour of dialectics and the liberal sciences, the university of Orleans stood up for the rights of the Latin grammar and the classics. Henri d'Andely, adopting this side of the question, endeavours in the first of the *fabliaux* above alluded to, to render ridiculous the absurd verbosity which characterised the dialectics of his day. In his poem he describes a battle between the two universities on the plain of Montlhéry, and enumerates the names of the combatants on both sides, among which figure those of all the distinguished scholars of the period. In the *mêlée*, Aristotle upsets the grammar, and is in his turn thrown down by the authors who defend the former; but Boetius and Macrobius come to his rescue. All the writers of antiquity, from Homer to Claudian, take part in the action. At length Logic, full of consternation, sends to negotiate for peace, but as Grammar does not understand the language of the dialectic ambassador, the battle continues. At last

* Mentioned by De la Rue—*Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs et les Trouvères*.

Aspromonte intervenes, and by means of a thunderbolt puts an end to the fray.

The *Battle of the Wines* makes us acquainted with the wines most in use during the twelfth century. Being convoked to meet at the table of King Philip Augustus of France, they all make their appearance, and each in its turn extols its own good qualities, disputes those of the others, and enumerates the faults of its antagonists. An English priest sits in judgment upon them, and having tasted each, excommunicates those which are bad. Beer also is placed before his judgment-seat, and suffers the penalties of the law. A wine of Normandy is on its way to the royal table, but seeing the English priest, turns back, and ventures not to appear at court. The king then classifies the wines, and assigns to each its rank. But the poet ends by recommending every one to drink the wine which God gives him.

The strictly lyrical poems of *trouvères* and *troubadours* are designated under a variety of names, the enumeration of which would have no interest. The greatest merit of these poems in the eyes of those who, like ourselves, are endeavouring to trace the history of the usages, the morals, and the feelings of the times, in its literary monuments, is the strong impress which they bear of being really the expressions of personal experiences, or the fruits of a situation, if we may be allowed a French locution. The *troubadours* were not poets in that higher sense of the word which denotes a seer—one who penetrates into the secret depths of man's nature, and reveals to him worlds which his own unaided sight would never have discovered; one who comprises in a glance the past and the future, understands their eternal connection, and points out truths ever new and ever old. Nor were they poets in that sense of the word which denotes an interpreter—one who translates into articulate sounds all that poetry of the feelings and the passions, which, the same in all ages, dwells silent and mute in the hearts of the many, but bursts forth from his lips in eloquent strains, and are welcomed by the dumb ones to whose inward life he has lent a voice. Indeed we are hardly inclined to allow the *troubadours* the name of poet in any other acceptation than that of rhymist. But they are graceful and sincere rhymers—who let us into all the secrets of that strange mixture of fantastic sentimentalism and intellectual subtlety, which they honoured with the name of love. Indeed the life of almost every *troubadour* of whom we have any knowledge, is a little love romance after the fashion of the day. The favourable reception which these poets met with in all the courts of Europe, most distinguished for polite tastes and elegant manners, and in the castles of the great and wealthy barons, who surrounded themselves with more than regal splendour, the desire which ladies, even of the highest rank, evinced to please those whose songs might proclaim their virtues and their attractions to the world, and acquire for them a reputation against which the female delicacy of the times did not revolt; this, and all the other honours attendant upon their vocation, sometimes led the *troubadours* to forget the humble birth and fortunes which were frequently their inheritance, and aspire to the love of those whom at first they only ventured to worship from afar. To judge from their verses they were not always left to languish in despair; but at times it happened that

the object of the poet's adoration was either married to a jealous husband, or had pledged her troth to a mighty prince, or was surrounded by a throng of wealthy admirers, whose magnificent equipages and splendid retinues threw into the shade the humble singer, whose love was his only merit, and his talent his only fortune, and who could only seek relief in breathing out his sufferings in plaintive songs and elegies. Thus, the troubadour Arnaut de Mareuil, who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century, and was born of poor parents in Mareuil in the diocese of Périgueux, tiring of the profession of notary for which he was educated, and which enabled him to gain a livelihood, went out into the wide world, we are told,* with an empty purse, but 'a heart full of poetry.' His good fortune led him to the court of Adalasia, daughter of Count Raymond V. of Toulouse, and wife of the Viscount of Beziers. Arnaut's skill in poetical and musical composition (two qualities which were very frequently united in the troubadours), and in the art of reading aloud, obtained for him a friendly reception, and soon gained for him so high a place in the favour of his patrons, that he was reckoned among the most honoured of their courtiers. But Arnaut's heart, according to his own confessions, soon learned to repeat too fervently those praises of Adalasia's beauty and virtues which at first only his gallantry and his duty as court-poet dictated, and to the passion of which he thus became a victim, we owe some of the sweetest strains among the Provençal poetry. He never mentions by name the lady whom he addresses, for discretion was considered one of the most essential qualities of a troubadour, but as in one of his poems he expresses his happiness at having received some marks of a return of his feelings, it may be concluded that the lady was sharp-sighted enough to penetrate his secret. However, after the death of the Viscount de Beziers, the king of Aragon, the brilliant Alfonso II, appeared upon the scene as Adalasia's admirer, and though this prince was one of the most munificent patrons of the poets of his day, he would not tolerate Arnaut's presence at Adalasia's court. The poor troubadour was obliged to proceed to Montpellier, to the court of William VIII, where he poured out his sorrows in plaintive verses, in which he accuses himself of being the author of his own disgrace, because he had been indiscreet enough to boast of a favour received.

Another troubadour, Bernard de Ventadour† (1140-1195), the son of a humble menial in the service of Louis II, Viscount de Ventadour, was brought up in the castle of the latter, and being a child of prepossessing appearance and much promise, attracted the notice of its lord, who is spoken of by contemporary writers as a distinguished troubadour, though none of his compositions are extant. Bernard received not only an education equal to that of any young man of rank in those days, but was even instructed in those sciences which were generally cultivated by the studious inmates of the convents only, and his poetical compositions, distinguished by their melting tenderness and childlike simplicity, rank among the most musical and most graceful productions of the troubadours. They soon won for him the favour of Agnes de Monluçon, the beautiful and youthful wife of his aged patron, who frequently sent for the young

* Diez—Loben u. Werke d. Troub.

† Ibid.

troubadour to enliven her with his songs and his music. But the poet's heart interpreted too favourably the marks of interest bestowed upon his talent alone, and forgetting his duty to his benefactor, he ventured to ask a return of his love from Eblie's young wife. He was in consequence banished from the home of his childhood, round which, however, he continued for some time to hover, expressing his pains and his longings in verses of uncommon suavity.

Peire Rogier, another troubadour, who likewise lived in the twelfth century, and who was educated for the church, and had obtained a canonry in his native city, tired of the monotonous life of an ecclesiastic, and availing himself of his poetical talent, gave himself up to the more congenial profession of a troubadour. Having heard of the many noble qualities of Ermengarde, the daughter of Viscount Emeric II. of Narbonne, who had followed her father in the government of the principality, Peire presented himself to this high minded lady, and was attached to her court as poet. As such it was his bounden duty to devote his strains to the praises of his liege lady; but Peire seems to have wished to occupy that place in Ermengarde's affections, which so many court-poets were said to have won for themselves in the hearts of their mistresses. Ermengarde, however, whose character was exempt from that taint of licentiousness which, under the disguise of courtly gallantry, disgraced the manners of the period, for a time kept the passion of the bold troubadour within proper bounds, and was in his verses only addressed under the mysterious appellation of *Tort n'arctz*—('You are wrong'), which probably indicated her severity.* But ultimately Peire Rogier's conduct seems to have endangered Ermengarde's reputation, and he was expelled from her court.

But it was not only attractions which every day presented themselves to their eyes, which exercised so irresistible a power over the inflammable hearts of these 'singers of love.' The mere mention of an unknown lady's charms was sometimes sufficient to kindle a flame that was only extinguished with the life of the singer. Thus we hear of a troubadour, Jaufre Rudel† by name, who having heard the praises of the Princess Melinsende, daughter of Raimond, Count of Tripoli, and the affianced bride of Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople, became so enamoured of this lady, whom he had never seen, that he at length determined to quit his native land, and to seek to regain, in the vicinity of the object of his adoration, that peace of heart of which the description of her charms had deprived him. But his heated imagination was undermining his health; a burning fever put an end to his life at the very moment he attained the object of his desires, and beheld for the first time in reality the fair phantom of his dreams.

Other troubadours, not content with declaring their fealty to the lady of their love in the terms used by the feudatory when pledging himself to his liege lord, or with considering themselves bound to her by laws similar to those which bound the vassal to his lord, even pushed their madness so far as to assimilate the object of their admiration to the Deity, and in consequence adapted to their love all the outward signs consecrated by the

* Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub.

† Marchangy—La Gaule Poétique. Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub.

devotional feelings of the times to religion. When we meet with such passages as the subjoined in their works, we cannot perhaps accuse them of much greater exaggeration than even in our unpoetical era, lovers may be guilty of, though the merit of a greater *noblesse* of expression may be on the side of the troubadours:—

‘Without a doubt, God was astonished when I consented to separate myself from my lady; yes, God cannot but have given me much credit, for He is well aware that if I lost her, I would ne. er again know happiness, and that He himself possesses nothing that could console me.’

‘Oh, sweet friend! when the soft breeze comes wafting from the loved spot that you inhabit, it seems to me that I inhale the breath of Paradise. O if I can but enjoy the charm of your glances, the happiness of contemplating you, I do not aspire to any greater favour: I believe myself in possession of God himself.’

‘Your fascinating countenance, your soft smile, the whiteness, the elegance, all the graces of your person, are ever present in my thoughts and in my heart. Ah! if I occupied myself as much with God, if I bore towards him an attachment equally pure, without doubt he would before death, yes, even during this life, admit me into Paradise.’*

But when we find them fasting, and praying, and macerating their bodies in order to render themselves more worthy of the objects of their worship, we must give them credit for a sincerity of devotion and an extent of folly which could only be equalled in their own times. Can we wonder that when such were the sentiments constantly breathed in the strains of popular poets, who exercised an influence over their contemporaries quite disproportionate to their artistic merits, we should find that love had not only its devotees among the latter, but even its fanatics? Indeed we are told by the Chevalier de la Tour,† a writer of that period, that there existed during his lifetime a sect of lovers denominated *Galeis*, who made vows to prove the strength of their love, by their invincible obstinacy in braving the rigours of the seasons, and to add to the glory of those they loved, by subjecting themselves to the most distressing discomforts for their sakes. According to the statutes of the fraternity, the members—among whom there were as many of the frail as of the stronger sex—were bound, during the intensest summer heat, to wrap themselves in thick warm mantles and hoods, and thus clad, to run up the hill-sides in the broiling sun, to walk barefooted on the burning sands, and to warm themselves over large fires, while during the frosts of winter a wrapper of fine linen was to be their only garment, no fire was ever to be kindled in their houses, and they were to expose themselves to snow and biting winds; for thus only could they prove that ‘love suffices for all things, that one thing only is needful for those that love—namely, the presence of the beloved object, and that all other matters are indifferent.’ Nevertheless, according to the Sieur de la Tour, the flaming hearts of these poor fanatics did not suffice to keep them warm, for many were found frozen to death on the road-side; but their fate did not deter others from following their

* Reynouard—*Choix des Poesies Originales des Troubadours*.

† Quoted by St Palaye in his *Mémoires sur l'Ancien Chevalerie*. Marchangy—*La Gaule Littéraire*.

example; they were, on the contrary, considered as martyrs of love, and pilgrimages were made to their graves.

But of all the curious customs and institutions connected with the profession and influence of the troubadours, none have attracted more attention than the *Cours d'Amour*, or Tribunals of Love, the existence of which has been deduced from their writings, though history mentions no institutions of the kind. When, in consequence of the Crusades, classic learning revived in the west of Europe, none of the ancient authors was so much admired as Aristotle, whose metaphysics furnished a rich source of subtle and idle disputes, not only to jurists and theologians, but even to troubadours and trouvères. The specious dialectics which disfigured the more serious works of the times, were in almost equal measure applied to questions of love—the all important subject in the eyes of the poets; and its laws and sentiments were discussed with as much gravity and pedantry, as the most abstruse question of civil or ecclesiastical law. One class of poems—called *Tensons* in the south, and *Joux Partis* or *Mi-Partis* in the north (but which had also various other appellations according to the subject discussed)—were more especially devoted to the debating of these delicate questions. The tensons are poems in which generally two interlocutors maintain and defend, in alternate couplets, contradictory opinions, and which most frequently end by both parties retaining their previous opinion, and in consequence nominating some third person—generally a troubadour of great renown, or a prince known for his love of letters, or some lady celebrated for wit and beauty—to arbitrate between them. The tensons were not however, invariably presented under the form of questions to be debated, nor exclusively devoted to theses of love, but sometimes took the form of satires in dialogue, in which the interlocutors covered each other with abuse. When more than two interlocutors were introduced, the tension was denominated *torneyamen* or tournament. One of the most curious of these extant turns upon a question debated by three troubadours, all of whom had fixed their affections upon the same lady and had received from her encouragement, as to which of them had been most favoured. The tensons being in reality what they pretend to be—poetical disputes between contending parties—the different parts were generally written by the different troubadours, whose names figure in the dialogues and in some of these poems, not only the names of the parties are given, to whose judgment the matter in dispute is submitted, but also the judgment itself.

But it is supposed by many that there must have been a higher tribunal, whose fiat were made binding by the law of public opinion, to which the disputants might appeal in case the arbitrators chosen by themselves failed to settle the matter to their satisfaction; and it cannot be denied that there are various passages in the poems themselves, which may seem to infer the existence of such *cours d'amour*. Indeed the existence of the tribunals bearing this name is by many writers maintained as an indisputable fact; and among the number of these is Reynouard, who considers the question quite settled by a manuscript work, in Latin, by one Maître André, chaplain to the royal court of France, and who lived, according to Reynouard, in the last half of the thirteenth century. Thus manuscript—

entitled 'Book of the Art of Loving, and of the Reprobation of Love,' and treating of the tribunals of love, of the laws promulgated and the judgments rendered by them—is by Reynouard looked upon with the same confident reverence with which a learned legist would regard any other musty record of ancient laws and statutes; and he quotes with such extraordinary gravity the history of the origin of the code of love which ruled in these curious tribunals, such as it is given by Maître André the chaplain, that we are at a loss to know whether he considers it a poetical tradition or a *bona fide* history. We give the narrative as it is related by him, after the Latin manuscript, and leave our readers to class it according to their own judgment:—

'A knight of Brittany once penetrated quite alone into a thick forest, hoping there to meet Artus. He soon met with a maiden, who said to him: "I know what you are seeking; you will not, however, find it without my assistance. You have sought in love a lady of Brittany, who exacts that you shall bring her the celebrated falcon which rests upon a perch in the court of Artus. In order to obtain this falcon, you must prove by a victory gained in combat, that this lady is more beautiful than any of the ladies loved by the knights belonging to this court."

'After many romantic adventures, the knight found the falcon on a golden perch, close to the entrance of the palace, and he took possession of it. Pending from the perch was a little golden chain, to which was attached a written paper. This was the code of love which the knight was to gain possession of and make known to the world in the name of the King of Love, if he wished to take away the falcon unmolested. This code having been presented to an assembly, composed of a great many ladies and knights, the whole assembly consented to adopt its rules, and gave orders that they were to be faithfully observed in perpetuity, under penalty of severe punishment. All the persons who had been cited to appear in the assembly, and who were present, took away the code with them, and made it known to all lovers in the various countries of the world.*

Then follow the laws, which are very commonplace, and which, happily, have not been maintained 'in perpetuity,' as in them we trace no reference to that pure and holy affection, and delicate, retiring sentiment, which in the present day is alone recognised as true love.

The judges in the courts of love, we are told, were ladies of distinguished rank and high repute for talent, virtue—according to the notions of the times—and beauty; and sometimes presided over by some mighty prince, such as Richard I. of England, or Alfonso II. of Aragon, renowned for his gallantry and courtesy. Judgment was not only given in such disputes as arose between the poets of the day upon some subtle question of love, but in all lovers' quarrels, in all matters relating to gallantry, these tribunals are said to have had a decisive voice. The fair judges weighed the matter in dispute, imposed penalties, prescribed the forms of reconciliation, and at times even pronounced the dissolution of the bonds which united the lovers. The sentences pronounced by the courts of love, which are said to have followed pretty closely the judicial forms observed in the legal

* Reynouard—*Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*, v. vil. p. 103.

tribunals at that period, were denominated *arrêts d'amour* (decrees of love) and they are represented as being submitted to without a murmur, even by the warlike knights, who were wont to settle all their other quarrels sword in hand. But a few examples of the cases submitted to the *cours d'amour*, together with the judgments pronounced, extracted from the work of Maître André, will, better than any words of ours, shew the character of these tribunals.

Question Is it between lovers, or between husband and wife, that the greatest affection, the liveliest attachment, exists?

Judgment. The attachment existing between husband and wife, and the tender affection existing between lovers are sentiments of a very different nature—a just comparison cannot be established between matters which bear no mutual resemblance or relation to each other.

Question A knight was in love with a lady who was already engaged, but she promised him her favour in case she should ever happen to lose the love of him who was then her lover. A short time subsequent to this the lady and her adorer were married. The knight then laid claim to the love of the young bride, who resisted the claim maintaining that she had not lost the love of him who had become her husband.

In the judgment passed on this question, and which is said to have been pronounced by Eleanor of Aquitaine, subsequently the wife of Henry II of England, reference is made to a previous judgment, which is here considered as a precedent having force of law. It says 'We venture not to contradict the decree of the Countess of Champagne, who by a solemn judgment, has pronounced that true love cannot exist between a married couple. We therefore approve that the lady in question be to the love which she has promised.'

Question A lady had imposed upon her lover the strict condition that he was never to praise her in public. One day he found himself in a society of ladies and knights who spoke slightly of the beauty to whom he had devoted himself. At first he remained from answering but at length he could no longer resist the desire to revenge the honour and to defend the reputation of the object of his love. The latter pretends that he has justly lost her good grace, because he has violated the condition imposed upon him.

Judgment The commands of the lady were too severe, the condition imposed was illicit: no one can justly reproach a lover for yielding to the necessity of repelling the accusations levelled against his lady.

Question The lover of a lady had been absent for a very long time on an expedition beyond the seas. She did not flatter herself that he would soon return, and indeed his return was generally despaired of. She therefore sought to gain a new lover. A secretary of the absent knight opposed this step, and accused the lady of being unfaithful. The defence of the lady was pleaded as follows—'According to the laws of love, a woman who has lost her lover by death may after two years enter into new engagements, it is still more reasonable that she should be at liberty after many years of separation to replace an absent lover, who, neither by letter nor message, has consoled nor rejoiced his lady, particularly when opportunities were so frequent and so easy.'

This affair, we are told, gave rise to long debates, and was ultimately

submitted to the *cours d'amour*, held by the Countess of Champagne, who passed the following judgment:

'A lady has not the right to renounce her lover under pretence of his protracted absence, unless she be in possession of certain proofs that he has violated his faith and forgotten his duties; but the absence of a lover from necessity, or from an honourable motive, is not a legitimate reason. Nothing ought to be more gratifying to the feelings of a lady than to learn from afar that her lover is acquiring glory, and is considered in the assemblies of great men. The circumstance of his having sent neither message nor letter may be accounted for by extreme prudence: he may not have liked to confide his secret to a stranger, or he may have feared that, if he sent letters without initiating the bearer into his secret, the mysteries of love might be revealed, either through want of faith in the bearer, or by the occurrence of his death on the voyage.'

'*Question.* A knight sought in love a lady, who, however, persisted in rejecting him. He sent some polite presents, which the lady accepted readily, and with much good grace, but nevertheless in noway changed her conduct towards the knight, who complained of having been deceived, as the lady had raised false hopes by accepting of his presents.

'*Judgment.* A woman must either refuse the presents which are offered her in token of love, or she must reward the giver; if not, she must patiently submit to being placed on a level with venal courtesans.

'*Question.* A lover having already entered into one honourable engagement, sought the love of a lady, as if he had not previously pledged his faith to another. He was accepted, but tired of the happiness he enjoyed, he returned to his first love, and picked a quarrel with the second. How is he to be punished?

'*Judgment.* This bad man must be deprived of the favour of both ladies, no honourable woman can hereafter accord to him her love.

'*Question.* A troubadour having loved a young lady still in her childhood, as soon as she attained a more advanced age declared his love, and received from her the promise of a kiss when he should come to see her. Nevertheless she subsequently refused to fulfil her promise, on pretence that when she made it she was not of an age to understand its consequence.

'*Judgment.* The troubadour shall be at liberty to take the kiss, but upon condition that he immediately restore it.'

In spite of the learned evidence of Maître André, and the earnest endeavours of M. Reynouard, and many other writers of distinguished talent and profound erudition, it is, however, still more than doubtful whether serious tribunals, invested with the functions and authority, and proceeding according to the forms attributed to the *cours d'amour*, ever did exist.* Yet the numerous tençons turning upon questions of love, indisputably prove that such debates were one of the favourite pastimes of the period, and render it probable, that ladies may sometimes, in social meetings, have

* Professor Dietz of Bonn, whose authority in matters relative to the history and literature of the middle ages is not second even to that of Reynouard, has written a small work upon the subject of the *cours d'amour*, in refutation of the theory of Reynouard and others, who maintain their existence.

playfully formed themselves into a kind of court, and have sat in judgment on satirious cases of the kind alluded to.

Another institution of the times, the existence of which has never been doubted, were the *Puys d'Amour*, or literary societies, which held their festive assemblies on certain days in the year, to give judgment on the various compositions of an erotic nature, sent in or presented by the author in person, and to award prizes to such as should be deemed worthy of the honour. These assemblies—which originated in the north of France, where the supposed *cours d'amour* have never, even in theory, been located—generally took place on St Valentine's Day: the person who presided was called Prince of the Puys, and a crown was placed on the brow of the successful competitor, who received the prize, and who adopted the title of king, which was ever after attached to his name. These *puys d'amour* were most common in the north of France and in Flanders; and those of Amiens, Arras, and Valenciennes stood highest in repute. There is still extant a partial collection of the poems to which prizes were awarded in these poetic assemblies, gathered by the Flemish trouvère, Jean Bertaut, towards the close of the thirteenth century, and classed by him under six heads. The first comprises poems, which he denominates *Grants Chants*, among which are several religious poems; the second *Estumpies*, seemingly poems descriptive of some event or locality; the third comprises the *Jeux Partis*, or *Tençons*, as they were called among the Provençals; the fourth, pastorals; the fifth, ballads; and the sixth a class of poems emphatically denominated *Sottes Chansons contre Amour* (Foolish Songs against Love.) The origin of the *puys d'amour* is unknown: by some writers it is attributed to the spirit of association, which always characterised the northern provinces of France and the neighbouring populations of Flanders; others believe that these poetic entertainments may have originated in similar institutions known to have existed among the Celts, and which continued in full vigour among those of Wales as late as the fifteenth century.

As 'the Foolish Songs against Love' imply, not all troubadours or trouvères bent their knee before the altars of the '*dicu-roi*,' as one of his worshippers has denominated him. There were of course among these poets, as among every other class of men, individuals, whose minds, made of a coarser stuff, treated love and every other subject which they handled in a grosser and more unworthy manner, and who, in spite of the chivalrous devotion to the fair sex, considered so essential a quality in every man of polite education, ventured to make the latter also objects of their biting satires. As an example, we quote a *tençon*, the composition of a troubadour, known only under the name of the 'Monk of Montaudon,' who lived during the latter part of the twelfth century, and whose history likewise affords a curious insight into the manners of the times. Though his name has not been recorded, he is known to have descended from a noble family of Auvergne, to have entered holy orders from choice, and to have been first a monk in the convent of Orlac, and afterwards prior of the abbey of Montaudon. Here he occupied himself much with poetry; and his satirical songs, in which he freely expressed his opinions upon all the events and occurrences in the neighbourhood, soon in so great a measure attracted

the notice of the knights and barons residing in the vicinity, that they persuaded him to leave the convent and become a man of the world. He then assumed the character of an itinerant poet, retaining, however, the garb of a monk and the title of prior, and made a rich harvest of worldly goods, which he bestowed upon the convent. After having led this kind of life for some time, he presented himself before the abbot, his ecclesiastical superior, and representing to him the improvements he had made in the priory, asked his permission to repair to the court of Aragon, and to place himself under the command of the King Alfonso. The prayer was granted, and the monk introduced himself to the king, and was by him ordered to eat meat, to make love, and to sing and write poetry.* The love-songs of the friar, however, always retained a certain flavour of the scholastic training which he had undergone in the cloister. His satirical poems, on the contrary, were noted for their humorous boldness and unsparring wit, which frequently degenerated into cynicism. To this class of his compositions belongs the *tenson* above alluded to, in which the monks appear before the Divinity to accuse women of having taken possession of the art of painting invented by the monks, and of having, by the brightness of the paint applied to their cheeks, thrown into the shade the votive paintings on the walls of the chapels. The women, in rejoinder, contend that they were acquainted with the art of painting before the invention of votive paintings by the monks, and one of their number observes, that she cannot see that the monks are any the worse for her sex being able, in spite of scoffers, to cover over with paint the wrinkles under their eyes. Here the Supreme Judge interposes, and proposes to the monks to allow those women who are not above twenty thirty years to paint in; but the monks demur, and will not allow more than ten years. At length, however, St Peter and St Lawrence succeed in bringing matters to a conclusion by inducing the parties to split the difference, and fifteen years is fixed as the longest term; but, says the poet, the contract was soon broken by the women: they lay on more red and white than was ever used for a votive painting, and have in consequence raised the price of saffron and other dye-stuffs: he thinks three hundred pots would hardly suffice to contain all their different cosmetics.

That the ladies were not quite guiltless of the offences here imputed to them, we may infer from the poems of other troubadours also, which, though less caustic in their tone, nevertheless do battle against the rouge-pot.

In general we are not left to glean a knowledge of the times and of the principles which ruled society from casual allusions to them in its poetical monuments. There are, on the contrary, among the works of *trouvères* and troubadours, compositions which, taking the form of didactic poems, give the most explicit information on various subjects. Thus the troubadour Arnaut de Marsans makes us acquainted with the qualities essential in a cavalier who would please the fair sex.

At the opening of the poem the troubadour, a lord of high repute, represents himself and his companions as upon the point of issuing from

* Diez—Leben u. Werke d. Troub.

his castle to enjoy a morning's sport. 'It was a morning in the beginning of the month of October. I had ordered two of my pages to take two falcons, and to a third I had given a vulture. My dogs and my greyhounds were with me, and we were preparing—ten well-mounted cavaliers we were—to enjoy the pleasure of a hunt with a falcon which I had selected expressly for the purpose, when we were unexpectedly retained by the arrival of a cavalier who had the look of a penitent.' Here the author gives a description of the stranger knight, whom he represents as possessing all those perfections which were then considered to constitute the beauty of a man, and then continues:—'The handsome but melancholy cavalier approached slowly, with his head bent down, as if he were overcome with fatigue, saluted no one, and, without uttering a word, took my horse by the bridle, and drew me aside. Suffering was depicted in his face, and without delay he made me acquainted with its cause. "For the love of God, have compassion on me, my lord," said he. "I come to you, knowing you to be the knight of all others best able to give counsel in matters of love. I come from a country very far from this solely to learn from you what is to become of me, and what I am to do. I love a lady as perfect in goodness as she is in beauty; but however much I endeavour to please her, I cannot succeed. I am obliged to confess it; I wish to love, but I know not how to behave. Tell it me then. Be my master, you who are so able a man. How must I behave in order that she may not always say no to what I ask, and that she may at last deign to love me?"

'At these words I sent back all my attendants, to whom I gave orders to return home with the dogs, to shut up my falcons and my vulture, and to take great care of them until the next morning, when I would resume the sport. Then, being left alone with my new guest, I took him by the hand (literally, by the glove), I begged him to give me time until the next morning to speak of his affairs, and to reflect upon what I had to say to him; and having asked him to condescend to tell me of what lineage he was, all that I learned of his family and his sentiments inspired me with a still greater interest in him personally. Having entered my room together, and being still alone, we sat down to play at chess and at draughts, and to sing songs, and to tell tales until sunset, when they came to apprise us that supper was on the table. We went into the great hall, where several persons were already assembled. The repast over, we went to bed, for the stranger knight being fatigued, stood much in need of rest. At daybreak we rose, we attended mass, and thence we went to breakfast, for Libeaux, my *connétable*, had had it served up. When we had done eating I rose, and leaving all the company in the hall, I walked down the steps with the unhappy young man, whom I led into my orchard, and whom I seated opposite to me under the shade of a laurel bush. Then I commenced by telling him that I would speak to him neither of riches nor of understanding, as means calculated to give success in love, and that I reduced the essential qualifications to being lively and good-humoured, polite and enterprising. But, I continued, before I began to love, I would first of all learn to know the history of all the celebrated gallants who had made the most numerous conquests, who had felt and inspired the most violent passions. Happily, I have learned to know them from a master very learned in love, and I will repeat to you all that I heard from him.' Then follows a long list of

the heroes of love—such as Paris, who conquered Helen; Ivain, who was the first to introduce the fashion of wearing fur round the borders of cloaks, as also girdles round the waist, and buckles to the spurs, and for having invented tassels. After having heard the adventures of these and many other heroes, the amorous knight is enjoined to pay great attention to his dress. The master recommends fine and white linen, robes of a proper length and of the same colour as the mantle, and which should be sufficiently wide, so as not to leave the chest bare, which would be contrary to the rules of propriety. Thence he passes on to the attention to be paid to the cleanliness of the body. The head is to be well and frequently washed, and the hair to be shortened a little, for it ought not to be too long, nor either the beard or mustachio, it being less offensive to wear all three too short than too long, a proper medium being the most advisable. As the eyes are the interpreters of the sentiments of the lover, and the hands are the ministers of the unceasing services which his love inspires, these ought to be kept cleaner than any other part of the body. These lessons are followed by instructions as to the precautions to be observed in the choice of esquires to serve the knight who is in love. He must at least have two that are courteous, civil, and 'well-spoken,' so as to be able to give a favourable opinion of the master, of whose messages they are the bearers. Then follow instructions relative to the management of a household, to the manner of receiving and doing honour to one's guests, of entertaining them, of making them comfortable, of forestalling all their wants, of providing 'good cheer' for them, and of serving them well at table, without ever bemoaning with one's self, which would be a great want of civility. Before you sit down to table,' he says, 'let the servants be well instructed as to what they have to do, so that they be not obliged to come and interrupt you, and whisper in your ear, which gives a look of a mean and sordid house-keeping. Let all the provisions be distributed in the morning to the knights and esquires, and let nothing be wanting that may be wished for, if you be anxious to preserve the reputation of an honourable lover, who never does anything but what is proper.

'If you visit the courts of princes, do your utmost to distinguish yourself by your magnificence. Keep open house: do not have doorkeepers who drive away with hard blows esquires, pages, beggars, and jongleurs; but let all these abound in your house. Take good care not to be the first to arrive at court, leave it the last, and pay faithfully and liberally for everything you have taken on credit. Should you, however, be in want of money, and not disinclined to play, play at the great games* which are noble games, and not at those games of hazard, which are only suited for avaricious and interested persons. Whoever takes dice in his hand, or throws them, degrades himself. Play, therefore, at the great games; and however much you lose, be never angered: do not move about like a man greatly agitated: do not wring your hands like one distracted. Whatever you hear said about you, let not your countenance shew any traces of emotion, for this would at once lower you in point of gallantry.' The lordly troubadour then proceeds to lay down rules for the proper equipment of the knight who wishes to please the ladies, for the caparison of his horse,

* Supposed to mean chess and draughts.

and the number of his retinue, for his conduct in combat, where of course the utmost intrepidity is essential; and this Lord Chesterfield of the middle ages ends by giving a bold account of the many heart-conquests he has made, following this up, however, with a prayer that he may not be considered indiscreet, as he has only mentioned the names of those ladies who had particularly wished that the favours they had bestowed upon him should be publicly proclaimed.

If the picture be deemed not sufficiently complete, we may turn to another of these old romance compositions, entitled 'Lay of the Bachelor of Arms.' Here we learn that the aspirant, as soon as he is admitted into the most noble order of knighthood, must prove himself exempt from every vice and frailty, and must unite in his person every virtue, every perfection, and above all things, he must honour the ladies. He must be gay, circumspect, brave, loyal, courteous, gentle, humble, and discreet, and watchful in every way not to sully his purity, and 'to be as neat within as without.' Devoting himself in every way to honour the new dignity which he has acquired, he must follow the profession of arms without sparing either his life or his fortune, and in the first tournament which occurs, he must strain every nerve to carry off the prize. If he be victor in the first tournament, he acquires a new grade, and is thenceforward styled Bachelor of Arms, and his exploits are bruited far and near by troubadours, knights, and ladies. If the bachelor wish 'to plume himself with plumes of high prowess,' he must seek combats, and fly idleness and avarice, which are incompatible with this noble quality; he must eschew that false glory which is not based upon numerous military exploits. He only is a bachelor of arms, who, having seized his shield, and placed himself in the ranks, impatiently awaits the commencement of the combat, in which his valour, his intrepidity, his skill, and his courtesy, must shine forth like bright stars. But it is not enough that he should be victor in the tournament—on returning to his castle he must prove himself as polite and as generous in his home as he has been brave and intrepid in combat. If he be a rich and mighty baron, he must share his riches with other knights less fortunate than himself, and let him not forget to empty his coffers and distribute his old clothes to the minstrels; 'for such is the profession of arms—great noise abroad and much joy at home.' The knight may be handsome and brave—if he join not generosity to valour, he will never be honoured with the glorious title of *preudhomme*.

This, says the troubadour, is the royal route which I will indicate to the bachelor who aspires to that distinguished appellation. It is not the road of rapine, nor of greediness, nor of indolence—it is one which leads from vigour to firmness, from firmness to boldness, from boldness to prowess, and from prowess to courtesy: it is thus the bachelor must proceed, and thence at last to largesse (liberality.) When, after having spent his youth in the profession of arms, he sees his hair turn gray, it is time that this turn in his age should cause a change in his mind. Let him, then, return to God all that he owes him; let him repair the follies of his youth, in order to merit the noble appellation of *preudhomme*; but I recommend him besides, if he desire to acquire this title of a perfect knight, to abandon the tournaments, to take the cross, to wend his way to the countries beyond the seas, there to give the last proofs of his valour in the service of God. It

would be wrong not to do for Him twice as much as for the world, let therefore the knight, in single combat or battle, pursue with his trenchant sword the enemies of Jesus Christ: at this price only can he obtain the supreme title of *preudhomme*. All are *preudhommes* who do well.

Another piece of Provençal poetry introduces us to the writer, the Lord Amanien des Escàs, a troubadour who lived about the year 1200, as seated one winter evening after dinner by a blazing fire in his hall, carpeted with rushes, and surrounded by his esquires, with whom he is conversing on arms and love; 'for every one in his household, down to the meanest varlet, busied himself with love.' (Our readers must remember that in those days love was not only a sentiment but a service, subject to rules generally received as obligatory.) One of his young attendants, of more amorous disposition than the rest, draws nigh to ask from his master, known to be the lord of all others best versed in these matters, instruction on the subject of love. Having interchanged with the page some preliminary compliments and advice, the knight enters upon the subject demanded, and first of all enforces upon his auditors the importance of listening attentively to what is said, and of endeavouring to retain it, so that they may not be like those persons, who no sooner leave a house than they have forgotten all the tales they there heard recited, and all the clever things which have been said. He further advises them to fly bad company, and to be neither slanderers nor scoffers, nor yet deceivers, liars, and traitors. He recommends them, if they would please the ladies, and make themselves beloved by them, to prove themselves frank, generous, and brave, and to speak graciously and politely. He then instructs them as to how they ought to dress in accordance with their means. If they cannot have a *jourpoint* of good cloth, they must give additional attention to the cut, so that it be made suitable to the figure, at all events, their boots must always be in proper order, and their hair well attended to, and they must distinguish themselves by the neatness of their girdles, of their purse, and of their dagger. Clothes torn and worn out are recommended in preference to such as are ripped in the seams; because, he says, the latter denotes untidiness, which is a vice, the former only indicates poverty, which has never been considered as such. His instructions relative to love enjoin fidelity, loyalty, punctuality in attending to all the tastes and wishes of the beloved object, and care to please those whom she loves, in order that they may speak well of the suitor. Praise, he adds, more than anything else kindles love. It cannot be doubted that the heart of a cavalier often gives itself to a lady whom he has never seen, but whose good and amiable qualities he has heard lauded; in like manner love takes birth in the heart of ladies, for which reason an esquire or a knight cannot acquire too many virtues, in order that his fame may reach the ears of the lady of his love. The young aspirant is then enjoined, when once he has gained the good graces of the lady, to practise discretion more than any other virtue, under penalty of forfeiting not only her favour, but the esteem of all other ladies. If by any unlucky chance he should feel jealousy arising in his heart, and the lady, though her conduct give too much cause for suspicion, should nevertheless assure him that there is not the slightest shade of probability in what he has seen with his own eyes, he is advised to reply: 'Yes, madam, I firmly believe that you are right, and I am

wrong; I must have been dreaming, or have been deprived of my senses.' By this blind complacency he will regain her affections. In addition to the virtues already named, courage and skill in combat are of course mentioned as of essential importance.

However great the influence of the troubadours over their contemporaries, it requires but little knowledge of human nature to make us feel assured that the lessons of self-denying virtue which they inculcated were less attended to than those more in consonance with the tastes and tendencies of their hearers. Indeed, though history attests, as we have seen, the beneficial effects of those institutions which their compositions contributed so greatly to develop, on the other side it bears still more striking evidence of the extent of folly to which many of the qualities commended by them were carried. At the follies committed in the name of love we have already glanced; but valour and magnificence had also their fanatics. Not content with the reputation to be obtained by military exploits performed in battle for their country, or for some other cause which they had espoused, occasions to measure their strength and skill with antagonists of high repute—but to whom they stood in no kind of inimical relation—were eagerly sought by knights of all degrees; and even kings and ruling princes would expose their lives in such aimless combats, and sometimes even disdain to avail themselves of the means of defence sanctioned by the customs of the times. Excessive magnificence was a prevalent fault, particularly among the great personages of the period, whose munificence very frequently originated in vanity and ambition, and as often degenerated into insensate prodigality. Kings gave away whole provinces; mighty barons held open-house, and placed a helmet above their gateways, as an invitation to those who passed by to come in and partake of their hospitality; and the knights who served them in their turn gave away their last penny to the first jongleur who presented himself. A remarkable instance of the meaningless prodigality of the times is related by the monk Geoffroi of Vigecis: Henry II. of England wishing in 1170 to celebrate by a magnificent tournament the reconciliation between the Count of Toulouse and the king of Aragon, who had been at war, named Beaucaire—a town distinguished by the splendid entertainments which the barons and knights of Provence gave there every year, and which is still renowned for its great annual fair—as the place of assembly. Neither the king of England nor the king of Aragon made their appearance on the occasion, but a great number of barons and nobles assembled, and, as was their wont, vied with each other in magnificence. Among other things it is mentioned that Count Raymond of Toulouse presented to the Baron Raimond d'Agout 100,000 gold or silver pieces, which the latter immediately distributed among 10,000 knights: Bertrand Rainbaut, another nobleman there present, ordered a piece of ground in the vicinity to be ploughed up, and sowed in it 30,000 sols in copper farthings: Guillaume de Martel, whose retinue consisted of 300 knights, ordered all the viands prepared for them in his kitchen to be cooked over the flames of waxen candles: the Countess of Urgel sent a coronet of the value of 40,000 sols to be presented to Guillaume Mita, who, it was expected, would be proclaimed king of the minstrels: and finally, Raimond de Vernous had thirty fine horse brought forward and burned

alive as a spectacle for the people; and this act of wanton cruelty and foolish prodigality was, by the poets of the times, lauded as a proof of noble liberality.

But though we have hitherto seen the troubadours in their levity only, there were not wanting among them noble characters and earnest minds who, sorrowing over the corruption of the times, attacked with fearless honesty and unsparing severity the depravity, cupidity, and selfishness which, then as now, and as at every other period of history, more or less disgraced the various classes of society. The poems consecrated to the chastisement of vice in all its forms were called *Sirventes*, and are very numerous. In some the grovelling vices of the citizens are attacked, in others the more brilliant but not less reprehensible faults of the nobles; and even the clergy and the monks, the servants of proud Rome, who for the second time had assumed the dominion of the world, were not spared by these unflinching spirits, whose poetry represents the liberty of the press of the middle ages.

The object of the political *Sirventes* was chiefly to chastise the promoters of the civil disorders, which frequently distracted society, to blame the unjust or impolitic acts of the temporal rulers, as also of the court of Rome, and to criticise the undertakings of the great and wealthy barons — in a word, to repress everything that could tend to disturb public order and tranquillity. But among this class of poems there are also many warlike songs, in which the troubadours, laying aside their character of peace makers, and mingling insults with exhortations, endeavour to revive national and personal animosities, and to rekindle long and bloody feuds. Sometimes, also, adopting the supposed interests of religion, they upbraid their contemporaries with want of zeal, and call upon them to take up the cross for the deliverance of Zion, and paint in glowing colours the pleasures of carnage and victory.

Among the poets distinguished for compositions of this description, is one in whom we learn to know the troubadours under a very different character from that in which they have hitherto appeared to us. Bertrand de Born, a baron of Perigord, the friend of the rebellious sons of Henry II. of England, and one of the most impetuous and violent of French noblemen, was of an unstable and unlabious disposition, and brought to his poetical compositions the same temerity, impetuosity and reckless passion, which characterised his actions, and to these qualities is owing the place assigned to him in the ranks of the most distinguished warriors and the first poets of the twelfth century. While his verses were exciting the worst passions of the courts of France, England, and Spain, sowing the seeds of discord among the kings, and calling forth hatred and mutual distrust among their vassals, his arms were turned against his neighbours, his warriors were sacking their castles and devastating their lands. During the frequent feuds in which his violence and his intrigues involved him, his poetical talent did him as good service as his intrepid valour, for his insolent *sirventes*, which bear the impress of his inflexible character as well as of his turbulent passions, provoked and humiliated his enemies, while they inspired new courage into his soldiers and allies. Bertrand was a bad brother, a rebellious subject, and a dangerous friend, for which reason the stern justice of Dante has assigned to him a place in the

'Inferno;' but even in him we find the troubadour putting forward his claim to the title of 'singer of love,' for the stern muse of Bertrand, which revelled in carnage, sometimes unbent in the service of love.

Among the writers of moral sirventes, none hold a higher character than Peire Cardinal, who was born at the commencement of the thirteenth century, and is by some of his biographers said to have attained the age of one hundred years. Of noble, but not distinguished parentage, he was destined for the church, but as he grew up, the attractions of the world lured him away from his native place. He devoted himself entirely to poetry, and, accompanied by a jongleur who sang his poems, he wandered from court to court, and gained many a noble protector. 'Peire Cardinal,' says Diez, 'deserves the name of master of the moral sirvente, for which he did as much as Bertrand de Born did for the political sirvente. The zeal and frankness with which he attacks the depraved morals of the times, the originality of his manner, and the energy of his expressions, deserve the highest praise; but his descriptions are faulty, in as far as they are too general in their character, so that from a historical point of view they are but of little importance.'

The allusions in the works of Peire Cardinal are, however, sufficiently intelligible to make us understand that, during the religious wars which devastated the countries of the *Langue d'Oc*, his voice, as well as that of his brother troubadours in general, was raised in defence of the persecuted Albigenses, and in reproof of the persecutors, whether mail-clad warriors or cowed monks. But neither poetical anathemas nor warlike courage could stay the whirlwind which swept away with the independence of the south of Gaul that branch of the romance-tongue which was the bearer of its intellectual life.

Until the commencement of the thirteenth century, the southern provinces of Gaul, bearing severally the names of Provence, Dauphiné, Septimania, Gascony, and Aquitania, and even the Spanish provinces of Catalonia and Aragon, though living under separate governments, considered themselves as forming together one country, and the inhabitants of all were indiscriminately designated as *Provençals*, and seemed destined ultimately to form one great and independent nation, distinct from the provinces of the north of Gaul, which were likewise undergoing a slow process of fusion, and among which a unity of language in like manner existed. In the twelfth century the south—where the Teutonic element had never assumed the same degree of ascendancy as in the north, and where the traces of Roman and Greek civilisation had never been completely effaced—possessed a decided advantage over the latter, still sunk in comparative barbarism. In these provinces, as in all the countries where the Roman laws had not been entirely superseded, feudalism never took deep root. Large cities, governed according to the ancient municipal laws of Rome, and whose citizens in wealth and enlightenment, and even in chivalrous attainments, vied with the feudal knights and barons, dotted the country in all directions, and spread industry and wellbeing around them, and in several cases seemed bent upon erecting themselves into independent republics. Their riches and their civilisation, their democratic tendencies, their chivalrous manners and splendid festivities, their poetical

deification of love, and the originality of their literature, marked the Provençals as a race apart, united by bonds of sympathy with Spain, feared by Italy, and hated by the sovereigns of the north, but more particularly by the kings of France, who, though their dominions as yet comprised but a small extent of territory—in many cases far surpassed by those of their mighty vassals—had nevertheless formed the ambitious project of uniting under their sceptre all the provinces of Gaul, and of forming out of an agglomeration of feudal principalities one powerful and independent monarchy.

To the qualities which distinguished the Provençal mind from that of the surrounding countries, and indeed from that of the greater part of Christendom at the time—which was swayed more arbitrarily and more effectually by the spiritual sceptre of Rome than was ever the ancient world by its material power—was added a decided dislike of the spiritual and intellectual yoke of the church, a secret rebelling against it, and a profound contempt for many of the papal doctrines. The growth of this spirit was no doubt owing to the influence of a religious sect (known by the name of the Albigenses, derived from the locality in which they first appeared), which had extensive ramifications through the country, whose opinions were embraced by almost all the inhabitants of the cities, and which was protected by princes and nobles, though the pure and austere morals of the sectarians formed a glaring contrast to the brilliant corruption of their courts and castles. Protesting against the abuses of that power which the Christian church had acquired by its services in the cause of humanity and civilisation, but which it was now commencing to wield for the benefit of the popedom and the priesthood alone, the doctrines of the Albigenses bore a great affinity to those which were permanently established by the Reformation of the sixteenth century, but for which the world in the thirteenth century was not yet ripe. The 'heretics,' however, leavened the populations among which they lived, and liberty of conscience and of speech reigned throughout the Provençal countries, and went hand in hand with the love of independence. This state of things equally endangered the power of Rome, which, under Innocent III., had reached its culminating point, and the ultimate objects of the kings of France. The destruction of the independence, spiritual and national, of the fair provinces of the south, was therefore determined upon. A crusade was preached against the Albigenses, a century of devastation and bloodshed, of religious persecutions, of treachery, poisonings, and *auto da fés*, and of crimes of every description, passed over the territories of the Langue d'Oc, at the expiration of which term even the language itself had almost ceased to exist, and the voice of its poets had been drowned in blood and tears. Provence had become a dependency of the crown of France; the number of its inhabitants, thinned by the ravages of the religious wars, was filled up by colonists from the north, who followed in the wake of the Crusaders, and whose harsher, but more manly and vigorous tones eventually superseded the soft accents of the south. The defeat and extinction of the Langue d'Oc was the triumph of the Langue d'Oï, which, spreading its dominion with the conquests and acquisitions of the kings of France, and following the destinies of the French monarchy, became coextensive with the latter, and underwent the fluctuations of its fortunes and its civilisation.

whole reign of chivalry, the romances of the early trouvères continued to be the favourite literature of the people, and called forth numerous imitations, which, however, did less for the development of the language than for the future historians of the times.

As for the effect produced in the north by the crusade against the south, the very warriors and poets who had taken part in it expressed their condemnation of it, and the destroyers of the Provençal tongue borrowed some of its sweetness before it utterly died away. The most polished trouvère of the thirteenth century, Thibaut, Count of Champagne, after having served forty days in this inhuman war, returned home, and branded the author of it in a few withering lines, in which, as well as in all his other compositions, the influence of the south is unmistakable.

Thus at a period, which history represents as rude and credulous, the human mind had already attained a degree of independence which was often in contradiction with the acts of society, and which, though it did not prevent evil, blamed it.

This intellectual independence was more common than is generally believed. The great number of books published during this period proves that there must have been a great number of readers. At the sight of the libraries of verses, which date from the twelfth century, it must be admitted that among the urban and feudal populations many persons must have sought amusement in this manner, and that reading, and reasoning upon what had been read, must have been a pleasure much relished at that period. Many ideas must in consequence have been spread abroad, and independent reflection took birth in the midst of prejudices which seemed still to form as it were the swaddling clothes of the human mind. Reason had already acquired rights. Its empire is not a bold innovation in modern Europe, dating only from yesterday, ideas of justice and tolerance are not creations of philosophy, they are fundamentally connected with our nature, they escape us as soon as our minds are exercised by study.

This epoch furnishes no additional book with which to enrich the select library of mankind. But in studying the literary works which it has bequeathed to us, we learn to understand history better, and we may correct many a prejudice relative to past ages.*

* Villemain—Cours de Littérature Française

NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND is among those British possessions which are only now growing into promise. Labouring as it has been under many injurious influences it never until recently offered to the emigrant a safe home and a profitable field of exertion. No more than eleven years indeed have elapsed since it was formally recognised as a province of our empire, and it is therefore matter of little surprise that it stands in the rear of many among our distant colonies. Disputed rights to the soil, a doubtful settlement, struggling claims, and the hostility of the natives, long deterred any but hardy, and often unprincipled adventurers, from choosing it as the place of their new abode. At length, however, these difficulties have been extinguished; a promise of tranquillity has appeared, and New Zealand is likely to run a fair race with our other possessions in the Southern Ocean. Still there is some variety of opinion with respect to its capabilities as well as much dispute concerning its actual prospects; and it will be interesting to sketch, as amply as our space will allow, the history, the aspect, the resources, and the present condition of the country.

The discovery of New Zealand is generally attributed to Captain Abel Janssen Tasman, but the honour has also been claimed for the Spanish commander Juan Fernandez, who sailed from South America in 1516. He steered in a south-westerly direction during a whole month, and then 'reached a land fertile and pleasant, inhabited by a race of white people, well made and dressed in a kind of woven cloth.' This is supposed by some to have been New Zealand; others imagine that De Gonneville fell in with the islands even as early as 1504, but these conjectures can never be resolved into certainty. It is indisputable, however, that Tasman, sailing from Batavia in 1642, discovered in the extreme south a high mountainous country, where he anchored in a pleasant bay. The shore was crowded with tall people, many of whom played on a kind of trumpet, but were afraid to come near the ships. They resembled the Japanese in some respects, had very hoarse voices, and were clothed slightly in matting or woollen cloth. They bore huge clubs, and killed some of the persons who endeavoured to traffic with them. The Dutchman attached little importance to the result of this voyage, and his countrymen neglected it altogether. Their enterprise was then flowing in a full tide upon the blooming islands of the Indian Archipelago, and few adventurers cared to penetrate what they supposed to be a barren continent spreading all round the Antarctic Circle and piled

with the accumulated winters of the Southern Pole. The Unknown Land was little remembered. Pearls and spices, gems and gold, attracted the avarice of Europe to the East.

For more than a hundred years, consequently, these shores remained unexplored. Now and then some mariner, driven from his course, saw them at a distance; and one ship is supposed to have been wrecked, and its crew slain by the inhabitants; but they were a desert to the eye, and a blank on the map of the globe. In 1767, however, the indomitable Cook, who never retreated from any adventure, steered round the little group, laid it roughly down on a chart, navigated the channel which separates the North from the Middle Island, and called it Cook's Strait. He landed, took possession of New Zealand in the name of Great Britain, and convinced himself it was an excellent field for colonisation. Not being one of those narrow-sighted adventurers who disdained all new countries unless their atmosphere was redolent with perfumes, or their soil enriched with precious ores, he saw that the islands were well adapted for culture, and offered an admirableemporium for the trade of the southern seas. He suggested the regular settlement of New Zealand. The idea was well received in England. It appeared full of promise. Many persons took it up, and among others Dr Franklin formed a plan to carry it into effect. Nothing, however, resulted from these attempts, and the islands were again for a brief period given to oblivion.

When, however, in 1788, England had been humiliated by her miserable war with the American colonies, the attention of parliament was engaged in fixing upon a suitable field for penal colonisation. Debates occurred: New Zealand was mentioned as a favourable position. Tales, however, of its savage inhabitants, their cannibal propensities, and their hatred of white men, had been circulated, which deterred ministers from the scheme. Up to that period, indeed, the reports of New Zealand emanated chiefly from the faucy, or from the exaggeration of rumours brought by Captain Cook, for seldom or never had an English vessel anchored near its shores. As early as 1793, nevertheless, the South-Sea whalers who made the remotest islands only stages in the progress of their victorious industry, pushed their adventures thus far, pursued their gigantic game through that distant ocean, and watered on the dreary coast of New Zealand. They were rapacious and unjust in their dealings with the native, who, on the other hand, were treacherous and cruel to them. In the conflicts which took place frightful loss of life occurred. The whites, with the advantage of superior weapons, shot down their enemies wholesale; but the savages, collecting in vast numbers, often gained the day, and took a terrible revenge. Each seemed to thirst for the blood of the other. No confidence could be established. The visits of Europeans were therefore only armed incursions, and their intercourse with the people only that of war. One English sailor indeed, surviving alone a shipwrecked and massacred crew, lived among some friendly natives during several years; but with his exception no white man appears to have dwelt on shore until 1814.

This state of affairs then attracted attention among the philanthropists who had settled in the young colony of New South Wales. A chaplain there suggested the idea of founding a church mission in New Zealand. He carried the scheme into effect; and the governor of New South Wales,

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declaring New Zealand dependent on that territory, appointed one English and three native magistrates. In 1823 the Wesleyans founded a mission a little to the north of the Bay of Islands; but during five years they exhausted their energies in resisting the attacks of the natives, bearing up against hardships, dangers, and privations until 1828, when, removing their headquarters to Waitangi, they established themselves more securely, and continued their labours with more success.

Meanwhile in Great Britain various travellers had published books on New Zealand, while the Missionary Society issued annual reports, which in some degree dissipated the popular ideas respecting the invincible ferocity of the people and the dangers which awaited all settlers. Two converted chiefs also—Hongi and Waikato—accompanied a missionary to England in 1820, and were introduced into various circles of society. Retaining all the cunning of the savage, they had learned some policy from the civilised man. Nothing could be more satisfactory than their behaviour. They passed at once for perfect gentlemen and pious Christians. Among other places they visited the university of Cambridge. All the doctors were charmed with their manners. They exhibited every token of refinement and religion. In the course of their entertainment they fell in with a professor who learned the pronunciation of their language, reduced it to letters, and composed a grammar and dictionary of it. Catechisms, prayer-books, and parts of the Bible were translated into this tongue, and numerous books sent out for distribution among the people. The demand gradually increased, and some years afterwards a printing-press was at work in those remote and lonely islands. Long as the course of their future history may be, it will never record a more remarkable fact than the introduction of letters, and the erection of that wonderful engine among them—the element and the instrument of civilisation.

The chiefs were introduced among various personages to Baron Thierry, a Frenchman by birth. This individual was ambitious of becoming a land-lord and a prince, though his estates should be near the Southern Pole, and his subjects should be tattooed barbarians. Hongi and Waikato flattered this fancy; made him believe it was easy to obtain both title and territory, as well as power; and Baron Thierry gave the missionary a large sum of money to effect the purchase. The preacher received it, and appropriated a trifling sum to buy a small portion of land. What he did with the rest we know not, but the transaction afterwards led to some disputes with the French.

In 1825 the project of colonising New Zealand was revived in London. A company was formed to effect the object. Various influential persons associated themselves, and laid their views before the government. No objection was or could be raised against the undertaking. Its object, indeed, was highly approved, and a crown-charter was promised if the preliminary expedition accomplished its object. The adventure was, however, confided to an incompetent and timid leader. When he arrived, the natives crowded round and performed a war-dance, probably as a mark of welcome. It alarmed him. He purchased some land at Hokianga and in the Firth of the Thames; but the terror of the dance was too great, and he ignominiously fled the country. It is seldom, indeed, that the reproach of pusillanimity can be laid upon a British captain; but so in this instance it

was, and an admirable plan was marred by a leader as deficient in ability as in courage.

The civilisation of New Zealand had not yet developed itself to that point when ideas of individual property are very distinct. Contracts for the sale of land were unknown until 1814, when the first magistrate, desirous of obtaining a site for the missionary establishment, carried from Sydney a legal deed, with blanks for the names of chiefs and places. It was filled up, signed by the marks of some petty potentates of the islands, and the transaction was complete. In imitation, a vast number of documents were drawn up by adventurers who straggled into New Zealand from Australia, from the French, American, and British shipping, and even direct from England. The signatures of chiefs were purchased for the merest trifle, and sailors, with the earnings of a year, became mighty landlords. The system grew into disrepute among the conscientious settlers, and has become famous as *land-sharking*.

The natives never understood the purport of the deeds they signed: their ideas of property were utterly distinct from those of Europeans, yet they prized to a high degree the articles for which they had bartered away their natural patrimony of land. Muskets and gunpowder, the instruments of destruction, which, like most other savages, they prized far above the implements of peace, they regarded as priceless treasures. From the first they never exhibited that fear of them which made some inhabitants of the New World look upon white men as divinities armed with heavenly weapons. Hongi and Waikato, indeed, had while in England, notwithstanding their civilised manners, bestowed more care in the acquisition of guns, and the deadly ingredients which supply them, than on any other thing. They became skilful shots, and arrived in New Zealand glorying in the full panoply of European war. Hongi especially had collected a great store of muskets, and returning to his own country, immediately armed his tribe. All his aspect of humility disappeared; every sign of the Christian vanished. He stood up in his true character as an unreclaimed savage, delighting in bloodshed, and living by plunder, with a royal appetite for sack and pillage. His superior weapons gave him incalculable advantage. Every community in all directions round the Bay of Islands was attacked. A desolating excursion to the north gave the first flush of victory to his arms. Then he assaulted a powerful tribe seated on the western coast of the North Island; they resisted him for some time; but the firearms of Hongi overcame them. Defeated again and again, they fled, and exercised against still weaker hordes the skill they had acquired in a contest with their accomplished countryman. These weaker hordes, again, led by Rauperaha and other chiefs, descended on the northern shores of Cook's Strait, crossed the sea in canoes, ravaged the opposite coasts, and spread ruin as far as Otago. They almost exterminated the people as they went: war broke out beyond; and the flame which Hongi had kindled passed over nearly the whole length of New Zealand. All the country was blasted by this destructive visitation. In the Northern Island the people were thinned and scattered; in the Middle Island they were all but annihilated. A few miserable tribes, or remnants of tribes, remained, indeed, to indicate the original character; but the spirit of the race was gone, and the group

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was made desert by passions which had been awakened by the false convert Hongi.

In 1827 numerous hardy adventurers from Australia, who determined to recognise no limit except that of nature to their enterprise, undertook a whale-fishery beyond New Zealand, and settled on the shores of Cook's Strait. They fraternised with the expelled tribes under Rauparaha, and suffered many hardships and losses in the alliance. Continual savage forays took place, and the whalers were not behind the islanders in ferocious acts of retaliation. Irregular settlements thenceforward spread all over New Zealand, and crimes committed in the name of civilisation were beyond the control of any existing power. The whites embroiled themselves with the natives; an appeal to arms followed, and the islands were once more drenched with blood. Both divisions of the population were in a state of perfect anarchy. Reform was imperative in the affairs of New Zealand. The plan adopted was one as inefficient and awkward as could well be conceived: thirteen chiefs were induced by the missionaries to sign a letter in which they claimed the protection of Great Britain. Supported as it was by the influence of many among the principal persons in the settlement, it bore sufficient weight at the Colonial Office, and an answer was sent to the thirteen chiefs declaring their request granted; at the same time instructions were issued to the governor of New South Wales to appoint a president at the Bay of Islands. That functionary, when he arrived, found himself uncertain as to the duties he was called on to perform. he seemed accredited, not to the native powers, but to the missionaries at the Northern Peninsula. Functions he had none defined, and his authority was equally unreal. The settlers laughed, and compared him to a ship of war without guns.

Years followed this arrangement, framed by the united wisdom of the Colonial Office and its ecclesiastical agents in New Zealand; but the wars it had been intended to remedy continued unabated. Runaway sailors, escaped convicts, systematic swindlers, and adventurers of the most reckless description congregated there, revelling in anarchy. The islanders, intoxicated with pride by the possession of firearms, dealt havoc among themselves; the white men wasted their blood in mutual quarrels. The natives committed outrages on them, and they on the natives. Vice and disease, violence and crime, diminished the population; and in 1835 there was not perhaps in the world, even in the slave-dealing states of Western Africa, a spectacle of more miserable disorganisation than was exhibited in New Zealand. A new attempt was necessary, and a new scheme was prepared. Two or three circumstances combined to press the state of the group on the attention of legislators at home.

The Baron de Thierry, who was ambitious of a chiefdom in New Zealand, had not forgotten his project. He carried on his intrigues in the South Seas, and published in several places the fact that he had acquired by purchase a right of sovereignty in the islands, of which he intended shortly to take advantage. Some newspapers in France noticed his proceedings; some interest was excited. The prospect of French dominion, however, was such as the missionaries could not see approach without alarm. They called on the more respectable settlers at the Bay of Islands to join them in demanding protection from England. Instead, however, of applying

r the exercise of those full powers which would naturally result from the acts of Cook and the government of New South Wales, they concocted a plan of their own. Thirty-five chiefs of the Northern Peninsula agreed to sign a paper, declaring themselves an independent nation, as the 'United Tribes of New Zealand,' promised to meet in Congress, to frame laws, regulate justice, and live in peace. They invited the southern tribes to join in this fraternity. The idea no doubt was good; but such institutions suit only an educated society. Composed, as it doubtless was, by the missionaries at the Bay of Islands, this document was in all probability agreed by the chiefs in utter ignorance of its import. They understood no more indeed of the meaning of this new charter of their liberties than of the deeds for the sale of land which had been drawn up by the Sydney lawyers, with blanks for the names of persons and places: indeed their language had hitherto contained no terms to express 'independence,' 'sovereignty,' 'government,' 'confederation,' 'legislature;' these had to be invented, as well as a name for the country, since the natives had none of their own. Still the comedy was recognised in Great Britain; and the captain of a man-of-war was sent to offer the 'United Tribes of New Zealand' a choice of flags, that they might select one as the symbol of their national freedom—the sign of their existence as a people.

The plan, however, was no more than a romantic dream. Agreeable as it might be to the missionary ideas of poetry, it was beyond their power to rain up a native state on the confines of the Antarctic Circle. No meeting of the federal chiefs ever took place; and the transaction was never known, much less acknowledged, by any but the inhabitants of a small peninsula which forms indeed no more than a twelfth part of the whole country. Representations were made, one after another in constant succession, to the home government, complaining of the evils which appeared aggravated rather than modified by this scheme: a memorial, signed by the principal merchants in the South Sea trade, was presented to ministers: the more respectable settlers and chief members of the mission in New Zealand sent home a petition; but the Colonial Office appeared pleased with the fancy of an island state with feudal institutions growing up in that distant sea. In 1836 a committee of the House of Commons, investigating the affairs of aborigines, published a lamentable picture of the condition of affairs in that year also another committee, on the disposal of waste lands, received evidence of the value of New Zealand as a field of colonisation. The fact, adduced made a deep impression on the public. A company was formed to promote the settlement of the islands; a scheme was deliberately prepared; information was diffused, and application for powers was made to the executive. It refused them; advising the formation of a joint-stock company, which would be encouraged. Much discussion followed, and this plan was at length adopted. Arrangements were made to purchase territory. A fine ship was despatched, on the 12th May 1839, from Plymouth, under Colonel William Wakefield, who was charged to found the colony. On the 16th of September a body of emigrants prepared to follow, though no intelligence of the first expedition had arrived. A rendezvous, however, had been appointed at Port Hardy, in Cook's Strait. The emigrants collected on the deck of each ship, and as no government existed in New Zealand, they

agreed to a simple but comprehensive system of rules for the maintenance and enforcement of British law. The articles were signed amid deafening cheers and discharges of cannon; but an administration had already been provided, and Captain Hobson was appointed governor of New Zealand in the event of its sovereignty being obtained.

The preliminary expedition reached Cook's Strait on the 17th of August 1839. The British settlers then amounted to scarcely a thousand, of whom five hundred were established on the Northern Peninsula, and the rest along Cook's Strait, at Banks' Peninsula, or further south. There were settlements of the Church Mission in the Bay of Islands, a little way inland, and in the Valley of the Thames. The Wesleyans were stationed on the Hokianga and Wairarapa. Whalers and sealers had congregated in the central and southern districts, while numerous land-speculators, attracted by the idea of a regular colonisation, had arrived from Sydney. Some of these, as well as some of the whalers, obstructed Colonel Wakefield's progress, but the more reputable class assisted him. Of all the opposition he received, however, none was so bitter or so obstinate as that of the missionaries. They actually sent a preacher to warn the people against the new-comers, to fill their minds with suspicions, and to secure their lands before the colonel could make any purchases. He consequently chose as the theatre of his operations Cook's Strait, partly from its natural advantages, and partly because it was distant from the irregular communities settled in the north.

The natives appeared still to set little value on their lands. They were, nevertheless, eager to trade with the whites, having perceived the advantages many of their neighbours had gained from a similar intercourse. Colonel Wakefield held long conferences with the heads of tribes. They were occasionally interrupted by some ferocious chiefs, who refused to think of any peace with the *Pale skins*, and by the jealousy and hostility of the missionaries, the Sydney speculators, and the whalers; but at length there was obtained a cession of territory on both sides of the Straits, as far north as a line drawn from Kawia to Point Turnagain, and as far south as the forty-third parallel of south latitude. Early in 1840 the first body of emigrants arrived to cast the seeds of a genuine British population into that soil, and were received by the people with a friendly welcome. The consul and Governor Hobson arrived about the same time with a staff of civil officers and a supply of money to commence operations. Early in February of the next year large assemblies of the natives met in the Bay of Islands and other places, and were induced to sign the Treaty of Waitangi. Emissaries were despatched to various quarters to obtain the adhesion of the various tribes, and the sovereignty of Great Britain over New Zealand was at length formally proclaimed. A certain Polish writer—who hires his pen to the best bidder, and has made himself ridiculous on more subjects than one—has produced a bulky book to prove this the most horrible transaction that ever disgraced the human family; but whether in the South or in the East he is always at sea and never sure of his latitude. The islands became fairly a British possession; and all who have faith in the happy destiny of mankind will see in the transaction only a step in advance towards the universal victory of civilisation.

New Zealand being now a British colony, we may cast a glance at the region—its aspect, its resources, its geographical divisions, its climate, and its people. Afterwards we may follow the fortunes of the young settlements formed upon its soil, and conclude with a fair view of its actual state. In all these details there is something of the remarkable, and much to rouse in us a regret that the islands have not been more liberally developed. New Zealand lies in the immense Austral Ocean between New Holland and Cape Horn. On the east that ocean rolls to South America, on the south to the Pole, on the west to Van Diemen's Land, and on the north it stretches boundlessly away to the Arctic Circle. The group is situated between 34 and 48 degrees south latitude, and between 160 and 179 degrees east longitude. It consists of two large islands—the North and the Middle, otherwise New Ulster and New Munster, with a lesser one called Stewart's, or New Leinster, and several scattered islets. The extreme length from North to South Cape exceeds 1100 miles; its breadth varies from 300 to 1 mile, though 100 is the average. The larger islands are separated by Cook's Strait, and Stewart's is divided from the Middle Island by Fourneaux's Strait. The North Island contains, it has been computed, about 31,174,400 acres of area; the Middle 46,126,080; and Stewart's 1,000,000.

To afford the reader an idea, by familiar comparison, of their extent, we may say that the North Island is about a thirty-second part less than England, exclusive of Scotland and Wales; that the Middle is about a ninth less; and that the whole group contains 78,300,480 acres, or not more than 50,000 acres less than the whole of Great Britain and Ireland with all the adjacent isles: consequently we have in New Zealand an extensive country, capable, in respect of its size, of accommodating 25,000,000 persons at the least. Its natural capabilities are by no means of inferior proportion. Tracts of barren hills, irreclaimable bogs, naked sandflats, and considerable expanses of water surface, there certainly are, but amply allowing for these, it appears no exaggeration to assert that at least two-thirds, or about 52,000,000 acres, are fitted for settlement, and might yield abundant sustenance to a population, whether by herds and flocks, or vintage and grain. New Zealand is most nearly of all countries the antipodes of Great Britain. It lies 1200 miles east of the mighty island of New Holland, and if we suppose an immense semicircle formed by the continents of Asia, Africa, and America, extending in a sweep from Cape Horn, by Behring's Strait, to the Cape of Good Hope, encompassing the Indian and Polynesian Archipelagos, and comprising the greatest oceans on the globe, New Zealand occupies nearly the centre.

New Zealand, like many other groups in the Southern Sea, is of volcanic origin. A chain of lofty hills, broken into high sharp peaks, runs along the Middle Island from north to south, their summits towering in some instances to a height of 14,000 feet. The most elevated pinnacles are wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow; and during the winter season, when the whole ridge is clothed in this magnificent covering, its effect is beyond the power of art to describe. The mariner has compared it to a gigantic crest of foam rolled up by the billows of the Austral Ocean, and appearing ever ready to sink down and disperse over the waves. In the North Island the hills are lower and less distinctly connected; but a few of their

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isolated peaks invade the regions of perpetual snow. One of them, Mount Egmont, is an extinct volcano, reckoned to be 8840 feet high: it is situated at the South-West Cape, near Cook's Strait. The first person who ascended it was the intelligent traveller Dr Dieffenbach in 1839. Tongararo, a volcano still active, and Ruaperuhue, whose fires have long been extinguished, stand in the centre of the island—one 6200, the other loftier, both crowned with perpetual snow, and forming, with two or three others, a magnificent group of mountains, reared in the middle of a more level but picturesque country. Mount Edgecombe is an extinct volcano near the Bay of Plenty. No one has ever been known to ascend its summit, which is supposed to be about 7000 feet high. Hence the surface of the island north-east to Mount Egmont wears the traces of violent volcanic action, chiefly proceeding from the crater of Tongararo. Boiling fountains break from the ground in many places, geysers spout up their foam, fumeroles emit columns of sulphury steam, solfatarae shoot forth clouds of luminous vapour, and hot springs in constant ebullition spread over the district in an extended line. In White Island, lying in the Bay of Plenty, exists a low crater, with the rim composed of alloyed sulphur. A chain of lakes, connected closely with the volcanic agencies we have enumerated, gives additional proof of the formation of the region. Lake Taupo, in the south-west, is the most extensive. Of an irregular triangular shape, its greatest length is about thirty-six miles, its width twenty-five. Many little creeks indent its borders, and several streams feed it from the south; while the Waikato River, flowing away westward, bears to the sea the superabundant waters. Around spreads a broad level tract or table-land, beyond which the surface is depressed, and gradually formed into hills and valleys, where the drainage of the peaks, ranges, and plateaus, accumulated in the beds of streams, is carried to the ocean. Detached ridges, more or less elevated, diversify the aspect of New Zealand, lying almost invariably in one direction—from north to south—and dividing the low alluvial plains from the high table-lands.

In the Middle Island also there are several bodies of fresh water of various capacity. Lakes Arthur and Howick are the principal in the north-west, Waiora in the south-west. They contribute at once to adorn and to fertilise the country, resting in beds hollowed out no doubt by volcanic action. Earthquakes are not infrequent, but the shocks are slight, and little regarded by the people. Numerous outlets easily allowing the subterranean power to discharge itself, render the region, indeed, safe from these terrific and destructive explosions which in the Indian Archipelago have cleft islands asunder, and covered a plain with the ruins of a mountain. Formerly, according to tradition, severe convulsions of the earth took place; but the memory of no living man reaches so far back as a time when any terrible calamity was caused by them, unless the loss of property to the amount of £15,000 in 1848 may be reckoned as such. The natives consequently betray no fear when they happen, and even the settlers are becoming habituated to them.

New Zealand has in many of its natural characteristics been placed in close comparison with Italy. It is a narrow, lengthy tract of land, divided into sections by chains of hills, watered by streams of long course, but

inferior capacity for navigation, containing many provinces adapted for rich culture, and covered in many parts with a fertile volcanic tufaceous soil, resembling that which in the south of Europe favours the cultivation of the vine. It resembles the beautiful Peninsula—the crown of the ancient world and cradle of the arts—in offering opportunities for a species of colonisation similar to that which peopled it—namely, the settlement of numerous independent communities, each with abundant resources in its own territory, and little facility for communication with its neighbours, except by sea. It has been compared also to the British Isles in its irregular, straggling, oblong shape, its detached position from the nearest continents, the ready means of water-communication between all parts of the coast, its numerous estuaries and bays, and its natural capacities for trade. Like Great Britain, its climate is influenced by the sea-breezes; and its coast abounds in fish of the greatest delicacy and variety.

Casting a general glance at the aspect of the country, we find it very various: it is not all beautiful nor all unpicturesque. Near the river Thames the voyager approaching casts his view over a tract of low, rolling hills, clothed with fern, and surmounted by one or two black, scoria-covered volcanic peaks, dull, barren, and cheerless to the eye. In other parts an impenetrable forest is spread over the surface, a mass of evergreen trees and shrubs, matted and twined together with supple-jacks, creepers, and wild vines. Precipitous hills, deep, black, boggy ravines, and dismal gullies, spread in monotonous succession for miles. Then perhaps you emerge on a wide country of valley and plain, lake and forest, with snow-capped mountains glittering in the distance, long grassy slopes, and all the features of English scenery. Fields of vivid green, streams winding among them, hills with blue or rosy peaks, and woods fringed with flowery thickets, vary the landscape, which is made still more enchanting by the light brilliant atmosphere, the fresh breeze, and the sky unblemished by a cloud.

As in most countries presenting similar geographical features, New Zealand presents numerous indications of mineral wealth. Copper, silver, and iron, with coal, sulphur, and manganese, have been discovered, each in at least one spot, and worked with considerable success. They already form articles of exportation, and will probably furnish materials for manufacturing on a large scale. Lead-ore, tin-ore, and what is supposed to be nickel, have been detected, but not hitherto procured in any extraordinary abundance. Many other riches remain, doubtless, for further research to discover; but it will be well if what has been already brought to light is developed even to a moderate extent. Compared with the geological formation of the Andes, the ranges of New Zealand present very similar characteristics, and it is believed they may contain even the more costly metal which is found in the giant chain of South America.

In these mountains are traced the sources of streams and rivers which flow into the sea at various points along the extensive coast-line. Some rise from many springs, play down the slopes in rivulets, accumulating and meeting until their associated waters form a river. Others gush from copious fountains, and break into many brooks, which ramify until they shoot like threads of silver over the surface of the plains. Rising, as all the streams do, at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea,

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into which they discharge themselves after a very abrupt course, or long windings through a rugged country, they are not generally navigable for any great distance. Some, however, tortuous and broken as they are by falls and rapids, flow one, and even two hundred miles. The high peaks of the hills, intercepting masses of cloud formed by the congregated vapours of the surrounding ocean, bring them down in floods, which supply the rivers with a perennial flow, affording an exhaustless water-power in every hollow and valley of New Zealand. Advantageous as they would thus be were the region densely peopled in the more elevated tracts, they are in the lower provinces blessings to the population, spreading out wide alluvial flats, fertile beyond exaggeration, large spaces of which are now ready for the plough and the drill; while in others the axe of the woodman and the task of drainage still remain to render the land susceptible of cultivation.

Intersected as its surface is by rugged tracts or lines of peaked hills, extensive plateaus variously elevated, and alluvial districts, New Zealand is still further varied by large fens, which might easily be drained, and are generally situated near the sea. In these divisions four peculiar classes of vegetation severally thrive—first, rest, grass, fern, or a mixture of grass, fern, and native flax, and a few humble shrubs and clumps of trees, including the cabbage-palm.

Few regions in the world in comparison with the extent of coast-line—about three thousand miles—equal New Zealand in the excellence and abundance of their harbours. Here a commodious, safe, and central rendezvous is offered to the vast shipping trade of the Southern Seas, including myriads of islands, many of them the most fruitful in the world. It might form the entrepôt of commerce between the Indian and Polynesian Archipelagos, and will probably, when its affairs have been liberally settled, literally become, as many orators, writers, and economists have prophesied, another Great Britain in the Austral Ocean.

To the British emigrant, however, one consideration is paramount above all views of profit. It is nothing to him that a region abounds in harbours, ports, and bays; that it has a fertile soil, is rich in minerals, abounds with timber, and promises wealth to the industrious settler, unless its climate be genial to the European constitution. A mine of gold or an estate near Cape Coast Castle would not induce him to make his habitation there; the gold-washings of Borneo will not allure him to live amid its marshes; but in New Zealand soil and climate equally invite his enterprise. We have with respect to this subject heard many erroneous statements; but a careful examination of accounts by the most competent authorities imposes on us but one belief. We maintain without reserve that the climate of New Zealand is better adapted to the English constitution than that of any other British colony. The immense preponderance of water over land in those latitudes causes a less degree of average heat than in the northern region, where the land greatly preponderates over the water. In temperature, therefore, New Zealand resembles that of the country between the south of Portugal and the central departments of France, or rather that which, from its insular character, Great Britain would enjoy if its centre lay twelve hundred miles to the west of Cape Finisterre. The extremes of heat and cold in winter and summer range within very confined limits.

An immense expanse of ocean stretching away on all sides, tempests at once the heat of the tropics and the cold of the Antarctic Circle. England, indeed, in many phenomena of its climate differs widely from New Zealand. Its cold is more intense in winter, and some of its prevailing winds are more constant and disagreeable; but this would appear to arise more from the nearer proximity of a continent to us than to any of our possessions in the Austral Sea.

In the order and character of its seasons, the climate of New Zealand is not strongly distinguished from Australia itself, especially New South Wales. August ushers in the spring, to dress the country in the attractions of verdure exquisite in its variety of tint and form. In December summer comes, flourishing until March, when the leaves are gilt by autumn, the bloom of the earth fades, and winter falls in July. Temperate as the climate is, summer does not scorch, and winter does not nip with cold. Nowhere except in the southern districts, nearest the region of perpetual ice, does the water ever remain frozen under the beams of the risen sun. Snow never lies on the plains. Even at that extreme point where the coast is washed by a sea which rolls its unbroken billows to the pole, evergreen plants, more vigorous than any in Devonshire or the Isle of Wight, thrive to the edge of the water. At the Cape, and in New South Wales, hot winds occasionally prevail, drying up the ground, and producing disastrous droughts; but in New Zealand no such visitations occur. A supply of water which never fails is continually brought by the winds to the source of springs in the mountains, and the mild temperature renders it peculiarly refreshing to the soil.

Frosts, at times on the lofty plateaus, nip the acacia and the potato plant, but near the coast they never are observed; and the presence of winter is only felt by more frequent rains and more boisterous breezes, which to the stranger, as they whirl in savage gusts over the hills, appear as though announcing a disagreeable climate. They scarcely, however, prevent the bud from spreading into bloom. There is no absolutely rainy season. Showers continually fall, and a fortnight rarely passes without their descending to invigorate the sources of production. The country is speedily dried by a pleasant genial warmth. Still it is comparatively a moist atmosphere, like that of the Malay peninsula, and more rain probably falls in the year than in Great Britain. Winter and spring are the wettest. Heavy dews fall in those seasons, and in the morning foamy mists hang over the lakes and river channels: an hour of the sun, however, melts them away, and leaves the air perfectly pure and lucid. Indeed, from its geographical formation, and the character of its surface, water in New Zealand flows rapidly to the coast. Large outlets discharge the superabundant contents of the lakes; and the few swamps which exist might in almost all cases, as we have already noticed, be destroyed by a careful though simple system of drainage, such as was adopted to dry up the Lancashire morasses. In spots where a clayey subsoil lies deep, the waters accumulate in fens, but not in sufficient quantities to affect the climate. The harvest season is almost completely dry, the general average of showery days being 124 in the year. In Cornwall at home it is about 180; in Bristol, 140.

The moisture which generally charges the air invigorates the soil, and

covers it with blooming vegetation. The fecundity of the earth is wonderful: it springs easily into cultivation. Some small tracts have only a slight layer of mould lying on a rocky, untractable substratum, but even here the verdure thrives thick and rank. Sandy flats, which in regions less profusely irrigated would be naked and valueless, are here speedily overgrown, while the salt spray of the sea showering upon the green mantle that in some parts overlays the islands to the water's edge, does it no injury.

In this mild and agreeable climate man attains old age without pain, nor is he compelled ever to be on his guard against the influences of the weather. During three-fourths of the year the settler in the neighbourhood of Cook's Strait may sleep with his bedroom window open; but when violent winds and showers prevail, a small fire is by no means a superfluous luxury, especially as the colonists' residences are very often no more than partially wind-and-water-tight. With the exception of these intervals, occupation under the open sky is before all others the most healthy and pleasant. The luxuriant vegetation, the everlasting green of the trees and pastures, the atmosphere so transparent that objects can be discerned at an amazing distance, the varying tints of the sky, with the picturesque landscapes afforded by the harmonious mingling of hills, plains, lakes, and woods—all these delight the eye, and kindle the animal spirits. Herds and flocks may wander unhoused at all seasons of the year without excess of wet or bitter frosts to injure them.

Every climate of course has its incidental diseases; and in New Zealand the humidity causes sometimes ulcers, boils, abscesses, and eruptive affections, which, however, never assume a malignant character, and disappear without medical aid. Among the natives, from various causes foreign to the climate, carbuncles occur. The Europeans, when acclimated, may be all but sure of health. Inflammatory complaints, strictly so called, are unknown, they almost always assume, when their symptoms do appear, the form of catarrh. No endemic disease exists. Influenza and croup occasionally appear as epidemics, and with careless people rheumatism is not uncommon. But, on the whole, no country on the earth is more salubrious. We do not find in it, as a traveller has observed, the bilious plauter of the East or West Indies, or the aguish settler in the forests and on the river banks of South America. There are no epidemic or endemic fevers, as in the East and West Indies, and parts of the United States; no ague, no dreary winters, as in Canada: no hot winds, long droughts, conflagrations, snakes, and vermin, as in Australia. The pure air, continually in motion, invigorates the frame and buoys up the mind. Invalids rapidly recover. The thermal springs in the North Island indeed, with the attractive scenery and delightful atmosphere, present it as a healthy and picturesque place of sojourn for those who have worn down their constitution in the dangerous climates of the East.

The value of New Zealand consists rather in its soil, its climate, its position, and its commercial capabilities, than in its natural productions. The indigenous fruits of the earth are few, and not important; while those that have been introduced render it one of the richest countries in the world. It does not yield, indeed, spices or camphor, or all the luscious delicacies of the Oriental orchard. but it affords the growths of Europe, and that which

will purchase from the neighbouring East every rarity its inhabitants could desire to enjoy. Besides the mineral treasures we have noticed, it contains others most valuable to the English settler—abundance of water, timber, coal, lime, and stone of various kinds, the chief materials of industry. The soil is variously distributed over the surface of the country, supporting, as we have already remarked, various classes of indigenous vegetation. On the banks of streams, among the hilly tracts, a deep, rich, alluvial mould prevails, and in some of the valleys—that of the Hutt in Wellington District in particular—a pure black or brown sandy loam lies in a stratum so thick as to appear inexhaustible. Wherever dense forests exist, the same soil abounds. When the woods are cleared from parts covered only by a thin layer, this is often washed away by the rains, leaving nothing but a cold, clayey earth fit only for pasturage. To illustrate the effect, however, of climate or weather upon the soil, it may be mentioned that this, which is spread over the drier, hilly, and undulating districts, when well turned over, and subjected to the influence of the atmosphere, becomes extremely fertile. In other respects the same influence is remarkable. Sandy strips of land, which from their nature would in many other countries remain sterile and naked, are here by the natives planted with potatoes very successfully; stony hills, most impracticable in appearance, flourish with abundant crops of that nutritious vegetable.

One great drawback, nevertheless, to the agricultural capabilities of New Zealand is the fact, that even in the richest valleys or plateaus, where the forests have been cleared, the waters wash away the upper soil, laying bare the less liberal clay; but an improved system of husbandry, with the judicious rotation of crops, the use of proper fertilising appliances, and, above all, the careful regulation of the water-flow by drainage, all such inconvenience can be remedied: such at least is the opinion of well-informed residents in the group. Industry can afford, however, to be vigorous in its exertions, when the soil is so ready to reward it.

We may now approach the subject of the natural and acquired wealth of the province, and here its peculiar character should be remembered. We shall find it possessing many of the characteristics which Adam Smith pointed out with respect to England, and Sir Stamford Raffles, with modifications, in reference to Java. It is an agricultural, pastoral, and mineral country. First among the productions of the soil we may reckon timber, which in regions destined, as Lord John Russell once said, to give laws to a great part of the southern hemisphere, deserves to be considered as of great importance. The indigenous trees tower, many of them, to a prodigious height, producing timber in unequalled perfection—some close-grained, heavy, and durable, for domestic and public architecture; some fit for ship-building; others hard, light, of fine texture, and elegantly veined, for cabinet-work; and others indeed for every variety of purpose. the white, yellow, and red pine—the last with leaves like ostrich plumes; the *tutara*, a reddish wood, with roots that take a beautiful polish: and many other, not known in Europe, which it would be useless minutely to describe. Some of the timber-trees bear fruit: others rich clusters of flowers, like the purple honeysuckle; others leaves like the myrtle, and blossoms with crimson petals and golden stamens. One produces leaves, affording a fragrant beverage resembling tea. All are in immense variety and abundance,

yielding materials for every kind of work. Beautiful furniture has been made in Edinburgh and London from some of these finely-grained, hard-textured, brilliantly-polished woods, several of which yield rich dyes, while others emit a grateful perfume. Among the trees which have been introduced are the oak, the ash, the horse-chestnut, the Spanish chestnut, the walnut, and several species of the mimosa. They appear to thrive well; but the experiment is not yet sufficiently mature to decide on the quality of the timber in its full development.

Equally important with the timber is the native flax of New Zealand, a peculiar plant, of which ten or twelve varieties have been found—some in the low marshes, others on the surface of rich alluvial plains, others on hill-sides barren of everything else. The largest kind has leaves ten or twelve feet in height, and tapering from three or five inches to a point. These never lie open, but are folded in a graceful curve, like huge eccentric sea-shells. Bunches of flowers grow from the stem with purple chalice full to the brim of a delicious syrup. Though it grows wild everywhere, it must be planted and cultivated with care, to be made available for manufacturing purposes. Fifty or sixty fern-plants exist in New Zealand. Their roots once formed an important article of food with the natives; but since the settlement of Europeans, so many materials of subsistence superior to them have been introduced, that the lordly Maories have abandoned to the wild hogs this humble provision, together with the root of the bulrush. From an edible pulp contained in the stem of one variety the early colonists used to make a very respectable imitation of apple-tart. The fruit of one shrub, called *tutu*, affords the natives an insipid but harmless wine; the seeds, however, are poisonous, and at particular seasons the leaves highly injurious to cattle. A few indigenous grasses occur, all of them perennial; but the scrub flax and fern occupy the wide plains and slopes, where myriads of sheep and cattle might find pasture. An indigenous anti-seed grows in many parts, greatly improving the flesh of the animals feeding on it. European grasses, however, spread rapidly, and the native species promise soon to be altogether extinguished.

Like Australia, therefore, New Zealand is on the whole poor in natural vegetable growths. Only one indigenous fruit of any importance is known—the *kikie*, a parasitical plant, bearing a cucumber-shaped fruit, said to come to perfection only once in three years. Poor as it is, however, in this respect, the country now possesses almost every vegetable produced in Great Britain, with many others transplanted from the exhaustless soil of the East. Captain Cook, it is believed, introduced potatoes more than seventy years ago: new varieties have been added from time to time to improve the quality. The root now thrives in great perfection, and the natives subsist principally upon it. In the poorer soils two crops are annually obtained. During the prevalence of the California gold fever, speculators in Wellington bought large quantities of this vegetable for £5 a ton, shipped them, and sold them at San Francisco with a profit of 700 per cent. A small sweet potato is also grown, and a small but delicious yam, which some suppose was brought by the Maories when they came to New Zealand from their original country, undetermined by ethnographers, in Polynesia. Maize was introduced before the islands were systematically colonised, and flourishes in great abundance, except

near Wellington, and in some of the more southern districts, where there is scarcely sufficient hot weather to ripen it. Melons, pumpkins, gourds, and others of the same class, wild oats, yellow trefoil, and other grasses, now prevail plentifully, affording abundant subsistence to man and the creatures which minister to his necessities. Every sort of grain known in Europe, with its numerous varieties, has been introduced. Wheat from an Egyptian mummy has been sown with great increase, and the black-bearded wheat with solid straw, so plentiful in the south of Spain. The corn grown in the Valley of the Hutt is of a quality so fine that it might be exported with advantage even to England. Its straw is nearly six feet high, and it yields an average of from forty-five to fifty bushels per acre. The ordinary qualities thrive to rich perfection in the alluvial valleys, and along the borders of streams where a fine soil prevails.

Oats are cultivated as much for the straw as the grain. Two crops of oaten straw are frequently cut in the course of a single year—the first yielding four tons and a half per acre. Hops and barley grow in great profusion, and if industriously cultivated would prove of immense importance to the colony. Free as the climate is from injurious electrical phenomena, and abounding as the islands do with pure wholesome water, they might supply Australia, India, and South America with malt liquor, of which it is calculated more than 100,000 barrels are annually exported from England. The moderately rich soil on the hill slopes is best adapted to this description of husbandry. As we have already said, almost every grass in the pastures of Great Britain has been introduced into New Zealand. Twenty-five species mingle on the Hawk-head Plains in Wellington District, carpeting them with a soft, beautiful covering, where herds of sleek cattle and thickly-fleeced sheep fatten all the year. When the curing of flesh for exportation to the neighbouring regions is undertaken on a large scale, this branch of husbandry will prove of eminent importance, and every emigrant carrying out good seed will be a benefactor to the colony.

Clover, saintfoin, trefoils of various kinds, vetches, tares, lupines, lucerns, beans, peas, buckwheat, lintseed, mustard, rapeseed, and mangel-wurzel thrive extremely well: and though coriander, caraway, and cress—which grow so abundantly on the fertile hundreds of Essex—have hitherto been neglected in New Zealand, they would no doubt afford an ample profit to the proprietors of land in the alluvial districts.

In the vegetable garden we find peas, broad beans, French beans, cauliflower, carrots, turnips, broccoli, potatoes, celery, cucumbers, strawberries, tomatoes, radishes, lettuces, parsnips, beet-root, spinach, onions, asparagus, sea-kale, artichokes, cardoons, rhubarb, capicums; indeed everything of the kind grown in Great Britain.

Picotees, carnations, geraniums, polyanthus, primroses, cowslips, crocuses, tulips, hyacinths, roses, pinks, pansies, dahlias, balsam, China asters, peonies, honeysuckle, violets, and almost all other European flowers flourish richly; and in December no sight can be more beautiful than the bloom of a New Zealand garden.

The orchard contains plums, apples, pears, figs, peaches, nectarines, grapes, currants, the common gooseberry, quinces, filberts, raspberries, apricots, cherries, and the Cape gooseberry—a wholesome, pleasant fruit, whether raw, cooked, or preserved, which thrives like a weed wherever it

is introduced. The banana, and a few others of an Oriental character, form immense orchards. Many fruits which are annual in England are biennial, or even perennial, in New Zealand; while others which we delicately rear in the hothouse, grow there vigorously in the open air. If the flower-garden be managed well it will shew a fine bloom all the year round. Geraniums, as in Portugal, take the shape of shrubs; hedges even are formed of them; and if the varieties are judiciously mixed, this beautiful fence of verdure will throughout all the season be spangled with bright flowers. Considerable plantations of tobacco have been raised by the natives; but the manufacture of it, even for consumption among themselves, has not yet been attempted by the colonists.

If Australia be poor in the animal creation, New Zealand is still more so. No beasts or reptiles native to its soil, except bats and lizards, are found upon it. In the neighbouring seas, however, abound those mammalia which crowd all parts of the Pacific Ocean—the sperm, the humpback, the fin-back, the pike-headed, the large-tipped, and the black whale, frequent its coasts, and their capture for the valuable oil and bone afforded to the early colonists their most adventurous and profitable occupations. Seals of numerous kinds formerly abounded in Cook's Strait and off the shores of Middle Island, but the sealers since 1827 have nearly exterminated them: this has doubtless been through an inconsiderate plan of fishery; for by judicious arrangements, leaving the seals in breeding seasons unmolested, this source of profit might have been perpetuated. The conger-eel, sole, plaice, and flounder, inhabit the waters, with an infinite variety of others unknown to Europe—a kind of shark or dog-fish, some like the cod, others the dace, others the mullet. Immense fisheries might be established, especially as salt is easily procured by evaporation, and a large and lucrative market is offered among the Roman Catholics of the west coast of America, of Manilla, and of Australia.

Several kinds of birds are indigenous to the woods and neighbouring waters of New Zealand—among them a gigantic albatross, the oystercatcher, the bittern, the kingfisher, cormorant, quail, wild duck, mocking or parson bird, parrots, paroquets, woodhen, pigeon, and others, some of them with superb plumage. There have been introduced peafowl, pheasants, turkeys, geese, ducks, common fowl, Guinea fowl, canaries, and bullfinch. The varieties kept in cages for their song are continually increased by the favourites which emigrant families carry out with them.

A degenerate mongrel breed of dogs exists in the islands. It was probably introduced by the early voyagers and is used by the natives in the chase of the wild-hog. The skins of those with silky white hair are made into garments by some of the wilder Maorie tribes, and tufts from them adorn their spears. Bulldogs, kangaroo dogs—a mixture of greyhound and mastiff—Scottish deer-hounds, German boar-hounds, Scotch collie sheep-dogs, Newfoundlanders, terriers, and spaniels, thrive well, and are rapidly multiplying. It is remarkable that distemper and hydrophobia have been hitherto unknown among the dogs of New Zealand. Horses are already supplied in considerable numbers to New South Wales, and a swift, strong, hardy breed is furnished to the cavalry regiments in India. Cattle have been introduced from Australia and Van Diemen's Land, as well as some Devon bulls and cows. Beef and pork might be cured in great quantities,

to supply the whaling and trading ships. Goats are still few. Sheep will probably furnish at no distant time one of the most important articles of export. The country is peculiarly well adapted to them, even more so than the neighbouring pastures of New Holland. In New South Wales the average weight of a fleece is two pounds and a half; in New Zealand it is from three to four pounds. Few burrs exist, and the wool is silky, long, and fine. The annual increase is from 90 to 100 per cent. Cats, rats, mice, pigs, asses, mules, locusts, caterpillars, ants, centipedes, spiders, flies, mosquitos, and maggots, enter into the animal kingdom of New Zealand. In the native villages or *pahi*, where the people are dirty, vermin abound, as they do in all communities distinguished by habits of uncleanness. Colonisation has introduced also besides some insects not particularly valuable, others extremely useful to the settlers; among the most important are bees. In New Zealand the months make little difference to this valuable insect. The bee-keeper is often overwhelmed by the multitude of swarms. The land may indeed be one day overstocked, but such is not yet the case, and the quantity of honey yielded is amazing. A single swarm was, in the summer of 1843-44, placed in a good situation, near an extensive flowery tract of woodland. In September 1844 it yielded 30 lbs. of honey; in 1845, 205 lbs.; in 1846, 721 lbs.; and in 1847, 1211 lbs.: or altogether, 2167 lbs. in four years. Hollow trees are very numerous in the woods: these are quickly occupied by the industrious little colonists whose industry is so beneficial to the country. With all these natural advantages, without extending our speculations to others still to be discovered, we may without hesitation assert that New Zealand possesses every qualification which it can require to become one of the most prosperous and noble provinces of the British empire.

There is, however, one other important consideration necessary in a view of New Zealand with reference to its capabilities as a field of emigration—the character of the native inhabitants. In many other parts of the world occupied by white men, the aboriginal race has contracted the limits of its dispersion, retreated into the wilds, and is vanishing before the genius of civilisation. In this group, however, they appear as a superior family of men, capable of refinement, willing to associate with the strangers who have located themselves on their shores, and desirous of mingling with them in amicable intercourse. The savages of Australia are among the lowest of humankind; the natives of New Zealand are among the most intelligent of barbarians. Physically they are a fine race of men, well built, with an intellectual expression, possessing considerable powers of conversation, aptness for invention, and easy manners. Their garments are not inelegant or immodest; but sexual immorality strongly prevails among them. Balancing their good and evil qualities, it is difficult to find a general term to characterise them. They are filthy in their persons, bestial in their habits, grasping, bullying, lying, treacherous, cruel, and gross; yet they are good-natured, light-hearted, fond of their children, ready to learn, simple in their deportment, trustworthy and honest, despising fraud or theft as the most contemptible of crimes. Gradually they are improving in their social habits; adopting better clothes, dispensing with shark-oil and ochre, which disfigure their persons, learning to use mirrors, brushes, combs, and clean shirts. They are not indeed a whit inferior in intelligence to the

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uneducated classes of Europeans. A Maori scholar beginning to learn after fifty often becomes extremely proficient. They pay attention to the culture of their lands, eagerly accept improvements, gladly exchange their own rude implements for European tools, sow grain instead of living on roots, hire themselves for fair wages, and put money in the bank. They have acquired ideas of freedom, which is a mighty sign of progress, and are jealous of their rulers. A few have abandoned their ancient customs of polygamy, and those who hold intercourse with the whites have improved in their treatment of the female sex. The women possess numerous qualities, which might be developed to good purpose. Many of the British settlers have Maori wives, who soon acquire the neat habits, the domestic skill, and matronly aptitude necessary to the comfort of a home. Perhaps, however, the most curious indication of their progress is a newspaper, in the full, soft, and flowing Maori language, which is circulated among them. In industry and the useful arts they had indeed, before the arrival of Captain Cook, made considerable progress, which was remarkable in a cannibal race; and even in the fine arts they have long exercised themselves. In one respect, however, they are far below the dwellers on the coast of New Holland and the savage artists of Depuch Island—their carvings are generally representations of the grossest immorality. The immorality, which is one of their national characteristics, was long encouraged and aggravated by the dissolute crews of whaling-ships arriving at the station. They became friends with the people through an intercourse of vice; but year after year as civilisation takes firmer root, reforms are effected in the manners of the people. They formerly carried on their vilest practices in the clear light of day, they now seek the dark, and exhibit shame when detected. In this we perceive a hopeful sign of progress.

In their domestic life, and in their war-practices also, they retain, nevertheless, many savage and uncouth customs. These we need not describe, since details of barbarian manners are of all things the most monotonous to European readers. From all we know, however, and from the testimony of the most eminent writers on the subject, it appears evident the Maories of New Zealand are a superior race, capable of high civilisation, whom we may one day see living peacefully in cities, villages, and hamlets, engaged in all the occupations of industry, and contributing as much to the prosperity of New Zealand as the white settlers themselves. A considerable fusion of the races is already indeed going on. The most cheerful thing the philanthropist can promise himself is to see this state of things continue without the recurrence of those harassing wars, excited by the ambitious chiefs, which have been the curse and the blight of the country. The native population is estimated at about 130,000. These, with about 20,000 settlers, form the tenants of a region capable of supporting 25,000,000 of human beings, besides contributing through the means of commerce to the support of millions more. Whenever civilisation has taught them the value of peace, their numbers may be expected greatly to multiply; while the immigration of settlers, still considerably checked by the ferocity of the natives, will increase in a still larger proportion. We may look to the natives as well as to the colonists for consumers of our manufactured articles; for as soon as they have imbibed a taste for cotton

and cloth, the half million sterling of exports, which at present forms all our commerce with New Zealand, will increase rapidly.

From this general account of the group, we may pass to a sketch of its various divisions, separated into colonial provinces, and indicate the history and actual progress of each settlement which has been formed. Wellington was the first—founded by the association of 1840. The fertility of the districts in its neighbourhood, the excellence of the harbour of Port Nicholson, with its admirable position for communication with all parts of Australasia, and the amount and character of its population, render it the most important European establishment in the group. It comprehends all that part of the North Island which lies south of the 40th parallel of south latitude, forming a tongue of land ninety miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty miles, including about 5400 square miles, or 3,456,000 acres. At least 2,000,000 of these may bear crops or feed flocks and herds. A lofty ridge of hills divides the province into two nearly equal portions. The western slopes down to Cook's Strait, and is watered by many streams. A uniform sandy bank, moderately wide, rims the shore, except at a few places where the hills jut out in prominent bluffs. Thence for four or five miles scarcely any elevation occurs, it being a sweep of grass or fern country, intersected by swamps and morasses easy to drain. Further the land rises in degrees of undulation, covered with woods which continue almost without a break to the highest line of the ridge, which is covered with snow only in the severest days of winter. The hills which shut this district in shelter it from the cold south-east winds; but a warm northern gale, with cool sea-breezes, blow over it, fertilising the soil and refreshing the air. East of the mountains spreads an extensive plain, known in its southern part as the Vale of the Wairarapa—a spacious lake, whose numerous tributaries profusely water the whole province. Near the sea a chain of hills encloses this spacious level, carrying a high plateau which continues to the shore, and there sheers down to the beach in tall majestic cliffs. It is principally open pasture; well-irrigated valleys opening at intervals through this lofty tract afford avenues to the interior, while inferior ranges intersect the country in various directions. In one of the valleys lying between is the mouth of the river Hutt, and the noble harbour of Port Nicholson.

The Valley of the Hutt extends from the sea to the Tararua Range, running between high slopes for fifty miles. It is of extraordinary fertility, irrigated by periodical floods of the stream, which spread over the alluvial tracts on its border a rich deposit from the hills. When the settlement of Wellington was founded, a site for the town was laid out and divided into 1100 sections of one acre each. Round about 1100 sections of 100 acres each were also surveyed. Every purchaser of a right of selection in London, according to an order of choice to be regulated afterwards by lot, could choose one town and one rural section. A hundred lots of the same kind were chosen for the natives with similar regulations, as though they actually purchased the land. The site chosen was close to Lambton Harbour, where a sea-frontage extended along the beach for three miles—comprehending levels known as Thorndon and Te Aro Flats. Some slopes on the contiguous hills were included, and the boundaries were carried south of the harbour two miles from the beach.

At the southern extremity of Lambton Harbour, twenty-one sections formed a private property down to high-water mark. With this exception the public road runs between that line and the houses along the beach. A frontage of 140 feet was allotted as a public wharf, but is occupied by a native village. The sections especially favoured in situation were eagerly sought for by commercial members of the community. Three solid jetties were built, and vessels of seventy tons can unload alongside. Many substantial dwellings and warehouses, some built of bricks made on the spot, stand near at hand. The office of the Union Bank of Australia, the Wesleyan Chapel and Mission-House, the Customhouse and the Exchange, also occupy positions in this eligible part of the town.

Further back from the beach, a crowd of houses, various in size and construction, form a nucleus for the city, which is destined, we believe, to shine conspicuous amid the offspring of Great Britain in those remote seas. Wind-mills for grinding flour, a brewery, and two or three hotels and taverns, have already impressed it with the characteristic stamp of British civilisation. A flat, a hollow, and some charming wooded slopes, are dotted with edifices of different kinds. On a low eminence in the centre, conspicuous above the rest, a jail and barracks stand, reminding the settlers of two among the greatest banes of humanity—the necessity for a permanent military force, and a prison to punish the evil passions of men.

Following the beach-road outward, a continuous street, or single line of taverns, shops, and stores, full of bustle, meet the eye. Prominent among other edifices the Scotch Presbyterian Church attracts by its simple architecture. At the end of this line, near Thorndon Flat, a neat English church and parsonage, with the residences of the principal inhabitants, another set of barracks, the old Company's offices and buildings for the reception of emigrants, the chief hotel, and other buildings, impart to the landscape a lively English aspect, sufficiently curious in a region which has for little more than a decade been included in the recognised possessions of Great Britain. Near this spot the shopkeepers and housebuilders of the neighbourhood have with admirable liberality built a jetty, and given it freely to the public use. Wellington is thus picturesquely situated. Steep, wooded heights rise in the background, with foliage of lively green and open glades in the forest, whence a long sweep of pastures is unrolled towards the sea. A belt of land is reserved all round the town for public purposes; and a wood of fine timber being enclosed, will probably be properly preserved. Streams descend from the western range to irrigate the district; they yield an exhaustless supply of pure water. To ships they are a great convenience, as lying at anchor in three fathoms' depth they can load by hauling their long-boats to and fro along a line stretched from the vessel to the shore—discharging cargo often in the same way.

The Aro Flat is of a poor gravelly soil, partly consisting also of undrained marsh. Near the hills, however, much improvement may be observed; and gardens blooming with fruit-trees and flowers stand in beautiful contrast with the uncleared tracts, still clothed in the ancient drapery of nature. All around, indeed, is perceived the struggle between civilisation and a savage land. Wellington itself, though putting on the aspect of an English town, wears still the raw appearance of an infant settlement. A few main streets only have been built upon, and the roads are far from easy to wheeled

vehicles. Improvements, however, are rapidly taking place, and paths are cut from the harbour to the various dependent settlements: some of these are extremely small and interesting. Labouring families in communities of forty or fifty, with a number of cattle and sheep, settle down, saw up the timber, and carry it for sale to Wellington or its vicinity, while the smaller wood is useful as fuel. The operation of clearing thus pays its own expense. In the Karoir District, an upland valley to the west, a cluster of houses was built in December 1846, and an edifice was erected to serve as chapel and school; and it was remarked that in 1847, on the public ceremony of opening it, when the whole population of 200 gathered, not one death had occurred during the twelvemonth. Another circumstance of this kind, still more curious, was observable at Wanganui. During seven years from its foundation, when the number of inhabitants rose from 200 to 600, not one died. But perhaps the most remarkable evidence of a salubrious climate is the fact that, during a period of twenty-eight years—from 1814 to 1842—the Church of England Missionary Society had not to record the death of a single one among their numerous missionaries and catechists in any of the New Zealand colonies.

In various other parts of Wellington province settlements have been established with more or less success, and patches of barley, wheat, garden and orchard cultivation, enliven the aspect of the country. The natives, in a great number of instances, have been friendly to the strangers; and New Zealand women have been taken to wife by many a British settler. These little promises of civilisation, springing up amid the beautiful wilderness of those remote and romantic islands, suggest the most agreeable ideas. Imagine a steam-engine on the banks of the Mawanutu! A short way up the river an English house of entertainment stands near a cluster of habitations surrounded by cultivated land. Nearly opposite, two brothers named Kebbel settled in 1842, and brought with them from England a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, expecting to derive a good profit from cutting up the timber, which flourished in boundless abundance along the stream on both sides for more than seventy miles. With a perseverance that no difficulty could subdue, a zeal that no disappointment could quench, they made friends of the natives, paid them for a right to occupy land, engaged them to work, and set to to erect buildings. Gable after gable, roof after roof, was constructed. Wooden frames, with simple thatch, constituted the materials. At length a cast-iron chimney, forty feet high, arose amid the pile of edifices; the engine was placed in position, the steam was got up, and the machinery set in motion. Language cannot describe, and fancy can hardly conceive, the wonder and admiration of the New Zealanders. In all that district the fame of the Brothers Kebbel spread, and their engine was regarded as a marvellous invention of the white man's genius. Unfortunately for their speculation, however, timber of admirable quality was abundant in all the districts contiguous to Wellington, and no necessity existed to seek it on the banks of the Mawanutu. In addition to this discouraging circumstance, an accident occurred by which some of the thatched buildings caught fire. The machinery indeed was saved, but great loss occurred. As a timber-mill, therefore, the engine was useless; but it was afterwards adapted to a flour-mill, and with success. Many white settlers came to the neighbourhood,

who, with the numerous native villagers scattered along the river, brought grist to the mill of the Brothers Kebab.

Wellington, by the latest accounts, is thriving. The old rough roads are being replaced by fine highways; cultivation is extending its circle; the aspect of the province is rapidly changing—cottages and gardens multiply in the wilds, while in the town itself a society is becoming distinct; dinners, dances, soirées, and tea-parties are civilising the colonists; polka and Cellarius are tripped to Jullien's tunes; public meetings are held; and the 'Wellington Independent,' an admirable paper, reports of the orators, each in his turn, that 'the honourable gentleman' sat down 'amid loud and long reiterated cheers.'

The district in immediate dependence on Wellington is occupied by about 6500 European settlers, engaged in cattle and sheep-farming, whale-fishing, trade, manufactures of various kinds, and agriculture. In 1848, 2178 acres of land were in cultivation in Wellington itself, while about 50,000 head of live-stock fed on the pastures. Emigrants with cattle will make fortunes there; emigrants with only their labour to offer will find a comfortable home. From 30 to 100 per cent. profit is realised in the farming of stock. One man who settled more than ten years ago, possessed 200 sheep, 15 or 20 horses, and a small sum of money, owns now £10,000, an estate, and a brig of his own. Many others have prospered in a similar degree, and still more may prosper, who in England can scarcely preserve themselves from the Insolvent Court.

Though Wellington is the commercial, Auckland is the political capital of New Zealand, being chosen as the seat of government: it was selected in 1840 by Governor Hobson from a strange caprice of fancy—lying 150 miles from the nearest northern settlement, and several hundreds from the Straits. The district in its vicinity spreads round the shores of an extensive gulf known as the Wairo, or Firth of the Thames—hilly and woody, with valleys of extreme fertility. Numerous harbours and creeks pierce the coast, and these are in many places bordered with vegetation to the water's edge. The surface of the province is curiously varied—undulating tracts, table-lands, and vales, conical hills, small low plains, and rugged sweeps of land; some bare, others covered with pine-forest, others wrapped over with fern-scrub, and others composed of rich red or black loam thinly sprinkled with grass. The town itself presents an uninviting aspect and has never been a favourite with the emigrant, yet a population of more than 2500 has been attracted to it. The resources of the district are of a character somewhat peculiar. It yields the magnificent *kauri* pine, furnishing the navy with noble spars; but on ground where this tree has grown nothing else will thrive for many years. It is a cold, gray clay unfit for cultivation; but in its neighbourhood soils of splendid fecundity occur, on which the vine flourishes abundantly. Other timber-trees are found in Auckland province, many of them very valuable. Copper, tin, sulphur, and manganese may be enumerated among its mineral productions. Its exports, besides these, consist of grain, flax, bark, whale-bone, salt, oil, wool, ropes, hides, and other articles—the whole amounting in 1848 to £15,096, though in 1845 it was £27,239.

Next to Auckland we may notice New Plymouth, described as the garden of New Zealand, known to the Maories as Taranaki. It is a considerable

tract of country, extending more than thirty miles round Mount Egmont, and thence spreading away in ranges and valleys to an indefinite distance inland. It was founded in 1840 by a company. They fixed on a position a little to the east of Cape Egmont, 180 miles from Wellington, where a thriving little settlement is now in existence. Its early progress was much retarded by quarrels with the natives respecting the ownership of land. The company could only secure about 60,000 acres, though the name of their possession appears to cover the district. The land here is remarkably level, covered with ferns, and bordered by beautiful woods. Numerous running streams afford irrigation to the soil, which is a light friable loam, of different kinds, remarkable for its powers of production. Agriculture succeeds to a surprising degree, though the capabilities of the district have hitherto been only partially tested. Wheat, barley, maize, potatoes, turnips, all kinds of garden vegetables, and several grapes, have been introduced, and yield plentiful returns. Cattle and sheep fatten admirably on the natural pastures, though subject to a peculiar disease—probably arising from over-feeding on the *tutu*—which destroys about two and a half per cent. Native labour is cheap; and when the best land in the neighbourhood is cleared, the plains of New Plymouth will undoubtedly be reckoned among the granaries of the Southern Seas. Already the town wears the aspect of prosperity. Churches, chapels, jails, court-houses, private residences, farm-houses, and labourers' cottages, are sprinkled over a block of land—some built of granite, others of sandstone, others of wood, which are abundant in the district. Iron, nickel, coal, and ochre, are also found; and gradually, as enterprising colonists congregate to it, new resources are discovered.

Nelson is the capital of several small settlements on the southern border of Cook's Strait. It was founded in 1841. The province consists of all that part of the Middle Island lying north of the 42d degree of south latitude. Towards the sea it is mountainous, being composed of about seven ranges, terminating in giant bluffs or spurs, which enclose magnificent harbours. Their slopes are densely wooded. Above lie extensive plains, or undulating tracts, covered with deep fertile soil, much of which, however, is matted over with useless vegetation difficult to remove.

The progress made by the colony is not brilliant. About 6000 acres of land have been fenced in, though not all put under cultivation. Where this has been done, a return of twenty-four bushels an acre of wheat, twenty-five of barley, twenty-one of oats, six tons of potatoes, and twenty-four tons of turnips, has been procured. An export trade of about £12,000 sterling is carried on by a population of nearly 3000 persons dwelling in the town, while more than 2000 inhabit the rural plantations, employed in the tillage of the ground.

These numbers will no doubt greatly increase within the next few years, when the knowledge of New Zealand is more familiar to people in this country. What can a man with £200 do in England? He can turn it, indeed, to some account; but he must set great reliance on the favour of fortune if he expect to become wealthy upon such a capital. In Nelson, however, there is a gladdening prospect open. Landing there with that sum in his pocket, the emigrant may collect the materials of future opulence. With a farm of fifty acres, rent free for the first year, he may have

a good wooden house, fence in part of his land, provide household necessities for a twelvemonth—furniture, seed, draught-beasts; a foundation upon which the industrious, frugal man may build a splendid fortune. At the end of one year his farm may be worth a clear £220, and at the end of the second £320, which is an enormous per centage on the outlay. Clearly, therefore, those who have the ability to seek an independence in this, the antipodes of Great Britain, cannot claim compassion if they remain here repining in profitless despair. Nor is life in New Zealand, even in the country far from towns, an uncouth course of labour undiversified by enjoyment. A neat cottage, built of bricks, wood, clay, and wattles, or other cheap materials, with a neat fireplace and homely furniture, should be a paradise to those who have been accustomed to the unwholesome air of some squalid attic in a back street; but with a garden glowing with the bloom of a hundred flowers, and furnished perhaps with a rustic seat made from a whale's backbone, and a pleasant farm spreading around, or a pasture sprinkled with flocks, it appears a grateful sight even to those who have enjoyed competence in the old country. The settlers usually bake their own bread, cure their own bacon, and live, in fact, literally on the produce of their own industry.

The Free Church Scotch colony of Otago was founded in 1847, near the southern end of the Middle Island, in a district well watered, fertile, and excellently adapted for husbandry and pasturage. The worst parts of it afford abundance of food for sheep; while in the best, grain of unequalled quality is yielded at the rate of from sixty to sixty-five bushels per acre—oats, barley, maize, and potatoes being grown in similar proportion. The settlement was planned with admirable judgment, except, perhaps, that the price of lands is somewhat too high. However, conducted as it is with a vigorous spirit, and great general liberality, it can hardly fail of realising a success worthy of the enterprise which established it.

The Otago territory is an oblong tract of land running from north to south about seventy miles, with an average width of twelve. Like all the others, except that of Canterbury, it is composed of alternate hill, vale, and plain, but is covered over its whole extent with evergreen vegetation: this is occasionally devoured by conflagrations, accidental or otherwise. The climate, variable though it be, is mild and very agreeable. Summer is dry and genial, refreshed by occasional showers; winter is unpleasant, from its unsettled character. The soil is, as we have said, fertile; and the settlers who occupy it appear bent on developing its riches with vigour. The last account of the land in cultivation shewed, indeed, only 185 acres laid out in wheat, oats, barley, field-oats, potatoes, and garden culture, while 108 more were in preparation; but the promise of increase is abundant, and every sign of progress is displayed. The live-stock of the colonists consisted in March 1850 of 62 horses, 796 grazing cattle, 26 working bullocks, 4667 sheep, 60 goats, 350 swine, and 451 poultry. In the little infant town of Dunedin there were then 139 houses, composed of clays and poles, of brick, of stone, and other materials; at Port Chalmers, 15; and scattered round about in rural situations, 119. Several good roads have been formed, which are rapidly improved. A population of 1189 inhabited these dwellings—673 men and 516 women—filling the occupations of farmers, stockholders, labourers on the land, traders, innkeepers, boat-

men, and domestic servants—belonging to various religious denominations, but all inspired by a spirit of industry, of good-will, peace, and a common zeal for the common welfare. It is supposed that there are not more than forty natives in the district; so that no fear exists of a massacre such as that of Wairu some years ago. The revenue of Otago for the third quarter of 1850 was £1179. An interesting fact in the economy of the settlement is, that during two years from its foundation only one criminal case occurred, and that of so trifling a nature that a bench of justices might adjudicate upon it. No civil cases occurred, and litigation was unknown, though one lawyer was among the settlers. There is no settlement in New Zealand, or indeed in the world, which offers more advantages to the emigrant. Its soil, climate, and public economy are equally admirable.

We have some private letters which describe the settler's mode of life at Otago. Finding himself there, with £100 he may purchase and stock a farm. Upon this he labours, and it is only on four or five days in the year that the weather is not so warm as to enable him to work in his shirt-sleeves. He spreads his table with the produce of his own land, dressed to his taste by a frugal wife—perhaps a native. When he desires an excursion he starts away to chase the wild hog, and at the farmhouses or sheep-stations is always sure to find a hospitable lodging.

To rival this Presbyterian colony, the Canterbury settlement was, in 1850, founded near Banks' Peninsula, on the east shores of the Middle Island. Every settler paid down £3 for each acre of land: 10s. as the actual purchase-money. £1 to support a hierarchy and educational establishment, and the rest for public purposes—bridges, roads, surveys, &c. It is not absolutely essential that all the Canterbury colonists should be members of the Church of England, but those of other denominations must pay their money to support the institutions of that church. A dissenting body, however, will no doubt arise within the settlement, and procure for itself immunity from this burden.

The country chosen by the Canterbury settlers consists of about 2,500,000 acres, enclosed by a range of hills. It is perfectly level, watered by many rivers and rivulets, and covered with grass. A few swamps, easy of drainage, some stony patches, and other impracticable spots occur; but almost the whole is adapted for pasturage, while a great part may be profitably cultivated. Few native inhabitants exist in this territory; but labourers have been brought down from other parts of the island. The agricultural characteristics of the Canterbury province vary little from those of the other parts of New Zealand, except perhaps that they are of a superior order. We wish well to the association; and though varieties of opinion may exist as to the policy of its particular constitution and designs, we have no doubt the whole country is equally solicitous for its welfare. Whatever may be their peculiar objects or views, those men are worthy of praise who endeavour to transplant from our overcrowded islands men and women to quicken into life the waste places of the New World, to people its solitudes, and give a bloom to its neglected deserts. As one sign of progress, the first number of a newspaper—'The Lyttleton Times'—was lately issued.

Whether, therefore, he choose Wellington, Nelson, Otago, Auckland, or Canterbury as the field of his enterprise, the emigrant will find in New

Zealand all the materials which industry can desire to work upon. He will enjoy a fine climate, a ready soil; a land where coal, iron, copper, stone, and wood are in abundance; where sweet, pure, wholesome water is plentiful; where corn, and all other kinds of grain, may easily be raised in splendid crops; where his labour may be well rewarded; where he will have few taxes to pay, and few of the unnatural restraints imposed by our old society to observe. Shortly, doubtless, he will be admitted to a share in those free institutions which are the peculiar pride of the British people; and thus, with every natural aid to his energies, he may enjoy independence in a region which, of all others on the face of the earth, most nearly resembles his parent country.

The New Zealand settlements have not, up to the present day, presented that spectacle of brilliant progress afforded during recent years in Australia. But those who on this account are induced to despond should remember the early history of the Australian colonies. They should call to mind the long and desperate struggles of New South Wales, the unhealthy infancy of South Australia, the puny childhood of the Swan River Settlement, the misfortunes of Van Diemen's Land—cursed with an overwhelming convict population. In New Zealand, also, we find ample explanation of the broken course of its progress, and a glance at its history since Captain Hobson took possession of it in 1840 will indicate what we mean.

When the colony was formally established there already existed several irregular settlements, governed hitherto by no confirmed laws. There were then three elements of population—the aborigines, whose chiefs incited them to enmity against the British; the old settlers, missionaries, and land speculators, who formed a turbulent, discontented, and mischievous class; and the new emigrants, whose aims were occasionally hostile to those of the other parties. Collisions in consequence arose, and long troubles distracted the group. It would be useless to all but a few, and perfectly wearisome to the general reader, to enter into details respecting all these complications. It would be uninteresting to describe the wars with Rauperaha and Rangihueata, which have at length been terminated; and still more so, to notice the affairs of the New Zealand Company, which bequeathed its functions, its charter, and its debts to the British government in April 1850. Suffice it that these troubles appear at an end. The principal question now remaining to be settled lies between the colonists and the mother country. Being of a political nature, and belonging to the future, it does not fall within our present purpose to treat upon it.

The chief question of interest for the emigrant is the nature of the country as a colonising field. Thousands balance their choice between New Zealand and the more prosperous settlements of Australia. One circumstance has in innumerable instances decided in favour of the latter—the character of the people. Of the Maories many accounts have been circulated, as of a cannibal race—fierce, implacable, fond of blood, to be bound by no treaty of peace. We have all heard of the unfortunate wight who preferred the coast of New Guinea to the shores of the Bay of Plenty, having heard that at the feasts in the native houses there was always a 'cold missionary on the sideboard.' Tales less droll, but little inferior in exaggeration, have been circulated by very serious travellers. None can deny that the New Zealanders have been cannibals, or that many

of their chiefs have until recently displayed an inveterate hostility towards the British settlers. The terrible massacre of Wairu, and several wholesale murders perpetrated upon children and women, have proved the fact. In this, however, as in many other circumstances, the aspect of New Zealand appears to have considerably changed.

We now find thousands of the Maories collecting in schools and chapels, reading the New Testament, learning the elementary arts of civilisation, entering into the most cordial and friendly intercourse with their white teachers, and evincing a desire as well as an aptitude to receive instruction which forbids us to despond of their ultimate complete conversion. It is only recently that white men have adopted a humane philosophy in their dealings with the savage; formerly the rifle and the powder-horn, the cutlass and the pike, were the instruments employed to impress him with respect for his civilised brethren. To hunt and shoot down the savage has been a favourite occupation with many adventurers, and it is still a doctrine maintained by some, that the sword must utterly root up the ancient barbarians, the original possessors of those distant regions, before the soil can be made ready to receive the seeds of civilisation. That idea is now, however, exploded in the mind of Great Britain, and to conciliate is found a better and wiser policy than to coerce or destroy. Anecdotes might be multiplied to shew that among many of the New Zealanders there exists a feeling friendly to the British people; that they appreciate the advantages of the new government, which secures their peace and defends their property. Even so early as the death of Governor Hobson in September 1848, the chief Werowero wrote thus to the Queen of the British Islands:—

'GOOD LADY VICTORIA—How farost thou? Great is my love to you, who are residing in your country. My subject is a governor for us and the foreigners of this island. Let him be a good man. Look out for a good man—a man of judgment. Let not a troubler come here. Let not a boy come, or one puffed up with pride we, the New Zealanders, shall be afraid. Let him be as good as the governor who has just died. Mother Victoria! let your instructions to the governor be good. Let him be kind. Let him not come here to kill us, seeing that we are peaceable. Formerly we were a bad people, a murdering people, now we are sitting peaceably. We have left off the evil. It was you who appointed this line of conduct, and therefore it is good to us. Mother, be kind!'

No doubt the terms of this letter were dictated by the missionaries; but the spirit of it, among a large number of the people at Waikato, was most happily diffused. Little more than a year ago there were 24 missions in the country, 180 missionaries, 303 European and native teachers, and 4826 absolute converts, while thousands of others are in different stages of enlightenment. In another address to the Queen the New Zealanders expressed a desire to receive many white men into their country; but, instructed by their teachers, joined in the protest against rendering the islands a depôt of crime from the mother country. 'Oh, Lady,' they said, 'we shall be perplexed if the convicts come here. They would steal the property of the Europeans, and the natives would be accused of the theft, and we should be very much displeased. Rather let gentlemen, men of peaceful life, come out. We like such men. Let them be numerous, for our country is large.' Hitherto these arguments have

prevailed on the Colonial Office to abandon a design it once formed of sending convicts to New Zealand. Should such a project be revived, a powerful opposition will be made, and we trust with success. Many as have been the struggles to which those young colonies have been forced, none of their past obstacles to progress will have been more destructive than the curse of a convict population. It will have a demoralising influence upon the Maories as well as upon the settlers. This is above all things to be dreaded; for they are approaching the threshold of civilisation, and a breath might turn them back.

As it is, many convicts have escaped from Australia and Van Diemen's Land to New Zealand. Some of them continue to carry on depredations, in imitation of the bushrangers in New South Wales. Others lead a life of unchanging solitude, rarely exchanging a word with any of the race which has cast him out from its society. In picturesque creeks and bays along the more lonely parts of the coast, you may fall in with a rude hut, situated at the opening of a rocky glen, and partly concealed from view by hillocks and trees: there the recluse lives almost idle, and possibly very harmless. His patch of garden-ground is easily cultivated, and supplies him with a store of potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables; his Maori neighbours bring him ample provisions of pork; his Maori wife perpetuates comfort in the dwelling, and his half-dozen children of mingled blood afford him abundance of society; they paddle out in canoes, fish, catch pigeons and wild-fowl, or aid in the tillage of the little patch of ground, which is to them an inheritance of plenty. Year after year the escaped criminal inhabits the same spot unmolested, until he becomes a patriarch among the tribe. So long as he remains at peace, molesting no one, and practising honesty, few would be inclined to deliver him again into the bondage from which he has broken. Retired whalers, and a few runaway sailors, may also be found following the same plan of life.

Such individuals are readily welcomed by the natives into their communities, and so indeed are all Europeans, unless they endeavour to encroach on their grounds and enclose the land. Formerly the idea of property was a fiction among the Maories, now it is of all ideas the most distinct. From a people without regular government, living in savage ignorance of polite institutions, they have become extravagantly litigious, and often struggle among themselves for the possession of a tract apparently altogether without value. Tribes have fought tribes with the bitterest animosity in consequence of a disputed title to a piece of land, which, to the superficial observer, would seem perfectly useless to man. It appears curious also how that, in a region so thinly peopled, with immense provinces utterly desert, the natives can shed their blood for the possession of mountains covered with brushwood, swamps impracticable to the traveller, or forests impassable from the dense growth of underwood. On examination, however, the reason appears; on the side of the disputed mountain, amid a wilderness of vegetation, there is a patch of ground admirably sheltered and suited for the cultivation of the *kumera*—one of the choicest native delicacies. This little oasis in the verdant desert gives a name and a value to the mountain. Again, in a vast swamp there may be a pond abounding with excellent eels; or in a huge forest, small clearings adapted for the culture of potatoes and Indian corn; or brakes where pigeons and other

birds are numerous; or a few *karaka* and *kahikatea* interspersed with thousands of others; or places where wild pigs congregate: these are the circumstances conferring value on the forest and the swamp. Facts of this kind have imposed on the colonists the necessity of strict justice in their dealings with the natives. A neglect of this, oftener perhaps through ignorance and carelessness than through deliberate dishonesty, has involved the British settlements in many troubles.

Disastrous, however, as many episodes in their history have been, the New Zealand colonies have, on the whole, steadily progressed ever since the period of their foundation: every obstacle, indeed, to their advancement has been of a temporary or artificial character. Nature has been liberal to the country. There are now about ten European settlements, with several other small communities dependent on them—the largest with more than 7000, the smallest with a few hundred inhabitants. Of these every individual enjoys prosperity—some in humble but happy comfort, others in easy competence, others in brilliant fortune, but all raised above poverty. 'You could not,' says a private letter, 'find a beggar in the whole of New Zealand.' Many, however, who were all but beggars when they landed, are enjoying independence now. We know an instance of one man, a Scotch gardener, who arrived at Otago without a shilling, and has now a little fortune. Altogether the European population may number a little more than 20,000, scattered over an extensive region, and separated into sections by large intervals of wild country. These have at length established peace with the native population. We are assured by the governor, that probably in no part of the world are life and property more secure than in New Zealand. So pacific indeed are the prospects of the picture, that a considerable reduction of the military force is in contemplation. War, we hope, is there at an end; for the Maories appear to have adopted the philosophy of one of their chiefs, who may be styled the Elihu Burritt of New Zealand. There was a great meeting in the open air, and the sister of Ranghiheata the rebel harangued her countrymen. She declaimed on the aggressions of the white men, and upbraided the warriors of her tribe for listening to offers of peace. An old chief then started up, desired this Amazonian orator to resume her seat, informed her that she was 'the silly sister of a sillier brother, and no better than a dog's daughter.' He then addressed the crowded assemblage, and put it to them 'whether pigs and potatoes, warm fires and plenty of tobacco, were not better things than leaden bullets, edges of tomahawks, snow-rain, and empty stomachs.' The former were to be enjoyed, he said, in the plains, by preserving friendship with the white men: but the latter must be suffered in the mountains if they maintained war with those invincible strangers. Thunders of applause greeted the old man's oration, and the close of the war was determined upon. Two hundred hogs roasted, three hundred baskets of stewed eels, and mountains of baked potatoes, were then brought forward to inaugurate the treaty with a feast of peace. The voyage to New Zealand remains to be considered. The length of the sea-journey is of course greater than that to British America, the United States, and the Cape of Good Hope. It is, however, safer. Only one vessel was ever wrecked while proceeding to these colonies, and no crew was ever lost. The expense is not by any means great; for a hardy

man, who will consent to be satisfied with rough comfort, may reach Otago, for example, for £15.

Containing as it does, therefore, extensive tracts of unpeopled country, only wanting moderate labour to cover it with the materials of wealth, New Zealand offers home and fortune, health and happiness, to the emigrant. His anticipations, however, must be reasonable, and his resolve must be to prosper by the labour of his hands. Perhaps a few words of advice may not here be out of place. They are offered from a writer who held the position of magistrate in the colony, and derived his knowledge from a residence of four years.

In the first place, the emigrant should educate himself for the object he has in view. A little knowledge of European languages, of mathematics, of land-surveying, of mechanics, architecture, geology, botany, chemistry, and veterinary surgery, will be most useful to those who desire to attain superior success. More practical accomplishments, however, will suffice for those of the humbler order. As to the outfit they require, it is impossible to lay down a plan. Clothes of a strong durable kind, useful tools and implements, — nothing tawdry or fanciful, but all strong, plain, and durable; seed of all varieties, plants, a few serviceable books, and strictly such things as will be necessary to your absolute comfort. Arrived in New Zealand, listen to no grumblers, and be careful how you accept the service of strangers. Waste no time in the towns, but proceed at once to the scene of your future labours. There, if the choice of situation be tolerably prudent, industry, frugality, and thrift will certainly bring independence and fortune in their train. It should be remarked, also, that young women of good character and habits are invariably well married in the colonies. But their views must be temperate, and their notions of happiness such as are consistent with vigorous application to the duty which settlers owe to the society of which she forms a part—that of speedily acquiring the means to become independent, prosperous, and serviceable to the young state growing up before her eyes. If this caution applies to the women, equally so does it apply to their husbands; for New Zealand, like every other colony, only promises fortune to those who have the courage and the principle to seek it, by means of persevering exertion.

Men emigrating with these ideas, and following their object in this manner, will contribute as much to their own welfare as to that of the colony they inhabit. When such settlers are multiplied, even in a moderate degree, we may expect New Zealand to realise the anticipations which on every side have been formed of its success. A few travellers who have lounged a mile or two inland, and spent three or four days in the outskirts of some settlement, or amid the dirt of a seaport town, bring us discouraging accounts of the land; but from the trustworthy, able, and intelligent travellers, without exception we derive only corroboration of the views embodied in this Paper. The country offers a combination of advantages presented by few other regions in the world. It is admirably situated for purposes of commerce; its configuration, and the nature of its coast, afford equal facilities for trade; its climate is all that a native of Great Britain can desire; its soil, with some inconvenient characteristics, is abundantly fertile; it abounds with timber, with many important minerals, with coal and water; it produces all the grains and

vegetables known in these islands; it is in the neighbourhood of great fishing-grounds; it is the natural metropolis of the Southern Ocean; and thus, with every natural advantage, there only remains to crown it with prosperity the continued application of British energy. In the colonies already formed we find a population equal in every way to that of the mother country; and we are assured by a recent traveller, that nowhere during his wanderings did he find communities more truly sociable, more addicted to hospitality, or more generally deserving of success, than the founders of what Lord John Russell believes will be the capital of the British empire in Australasia. That opinion or prophecy of our minister may point to a remote period; but we anticipate beholding in New Zealand, at no distant day, a colony enjoying the institutions which are especially dear to the children of this soil. The settlers belong to a superior class—if intelligence, energy, and perseverance constitute superiority; and they would doubtless employ those qualities as honestly and as ably in promoting their public as in cultivating their private interests. There is no reason, therefore, why an intemperate pedantry on the part of a governor should foster bitter feelings in New Zealand. The colonists have never asked for more than they have a right to possess.*

* The reader is referred to the 'Emigrant's Manual' (recently published by W & R. Chambers) as containing a less highly-coloured, but still favourable statement of the claims of New Zealand as a field of emigration.

THE TOWER OF FONTENAY.

WHOEVER would seek now for the Castle of Fontenay sous Brie, once so proud and powerful, would find only a mass of ruin, which is every year by degrees vanishing away. The keep, as is always the case, is the most entire; and a few scattered towers and mouldering walls, covered with a drapery of ivy, serve to indicate how extensive the building once was. The castle stands on an elevated spot overlooking the neighbouring country, which is covered with rich woods, pastures, and corn-fields, a bright river running through the landscape, and gently-rising hills forming the background of the picture.

One of the least decayed of the towers is called *La Tour de la Reine Anna*: it stands a little lower than the rest, on the decline of the hill, and commands a charming view down a valley, beautifully varied with foliage of all descriptions, through which a brawling stream runs glittering among the verdure and flowers. There are few persons left who can explain why the tower has this name, and most strangers are content to leave the spot without inquiring farther; but to an English person the place would have infinitely more interest if the fact were known of its connection with our own country, through one whose fate can never cease to excite commiseration.

When the beautiful Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII., arrived in France as the bride of the good old King Louis XII., called the Father of his People, she had in her train a little girl of about five years of age, confided to her charge by one whom she looked upon as her dearest friend. The child was to be brought up by the Lord of Fontenay, her father's near relation, for it was at that period the custom—a bad and unnatural one—for every family of rank to send away their children to be educated in another house, and a constant exchange was thus made, which after-events frequently proved to be a most injudicious proceeding, calculated to weaken the ties of parentage and affection.

When Mary of England kissed and took leave of her little charge at Abbeville, before she delivered her to her new protector, the Lord of Fontenay, the child's tears flowed so fast, and she clung so fondly to the young queen, that she was with difficulty pacified. Mary took her on her knees, and with caresses and soothing words endeavoured to quiet her infantine grief.

'Why do you weep, my pretty Anna?' said she; 'you are going to kind friends, and will have many to love you as I do. Smile again, dear child, as you used to do: see, you shall have a crown on your head, and be a queen as well as myself. Oh how lovely she looks with this golden circlet over her fine silken curls!'

As the queen spoke, she playfully placed a jewelled crown, which was lying on her table among a heap of gorgeous ornaments just presented to her by her admiring bridegroom, on the head of the weeping child; but the action, far from soothing, only seemed to irritate her grief; and as she continued to sob and hide her face in the bosom of her friend, the glittering crown fell heavily to the ground at her feet.

'No, no,' murmured the petted and sorrowing little favourite; 'Anna hates it—Anna will not wear it.'

Mary laughed good humouredly, and said to her royal husband, who stood by amused with the scene, 'Though your majesty sees that I have not taught my little friend wisdom, do not suppose we are all in England so silly or so ungrateful.'

'You are all charming,' sighed the enamoured king; 'everything you do becomes you. I love this pretty tyrant for your sake, Mary; and I predict a happy fortune for her, in spite of her tears.'

'How indulgent you are!' returned Mary in a subdued voice. 'How happy I must think myself. I trust I shall deserve your goodness!'

'It is you who are kind,' he replied; 'with all your beauty and youth, to devote them to an old man such as I.'

'The Father of his People!' exclaimed the queen. 'I would rather hear that title given to my husband than any other; and if you were *very* young, it could scarcely be yours. It is the freshness of the mind that gives youth; it were vain to count by years.'

Meantime little Anna had forgotten her tears, and had fallen asleep in the young queen's arms. She was gently removed, and gently caressed, and her friend stole away before she awoke. When she did awake, she found herself placed before a cavalier on horseback, whose arms supported her nearly as tenderly as those of the queen. Her bright eyes opened and met his, that were bent upon her beautiful face with a smile which childhood never mistakes, and they were friends in an instant.

The Lady of Fontenay received her charge with delight, and the lovely child was soon all gaiety and buoyancy, her transient sorrows forgotten amid all that was brilliant and joyous.

She grew up with the children of her hosts, who were nearly of her age, and was the favourite and delight of all. She was quick in her studies, and rapid in the acquirement of accomplishments: she danced with a grace which made her a little wonder to those who crowded to see her execute the intricate figures of the day with her cousins, who endeavoured, without envy, to emulate her acquisitions. Her voice possessed remarkable sweetness, and a pathos which was peculiarly attractive; even at a very early age it had a charm which troubled all hearts, and as she grew in years, the sensibility of her soul imparted to it an additional beauty. She would sit sometimes for hours with her companions in the garden of the tower appropriated to her use, imitating the song of the birds in such perfection, that her amused and admiring auditors, in their childish glee,

insisted that Anna sang better and sweeter than the nightingale and the thrush, who strained their throats in reply to her melody.

'I will tell you what the birds say,' she playfully exclaimed to her cousin Marguerite, to whom she was even more attached than to the others; 'I sometimes fancy I hear words as they sing, and can form them into sentences and verses. Hear what the nightingale said to me yesterday evening, as he sat singing on the boughs just at my chamber window:—

Dost thou sleep when stars are bright?
 Dreamer, wake and watch with me:
 I am singing all the night,
 Rocking on the highest tree;
 As the branches gently move,
 Telling thee, "I love—I love!"

Yonder glides a gentle fay,
 Clad in silver robes and green;
 She was hidden from the day
 These thick sighing leaves between.
 See her in the moonlight rove,
 Listening, while I tell my love.

Troops come forth as fair as she;
 Come thou, too, and join the throng;
 Heavy sleep and day agree,
 Night was made for dance and song:
 Echoes fill the charmed grove
 With the chorus of my love.'

'Ah,' said Marguerite, 'I have heard of nothing but love lately. For my brother is to be married soon, though he is so young; and my father has only now told me that I am to be a bride next year. What is it to be in love, Anna? Do you know?'

'I believe,' answered Anna gravely, 'it is a feeling almost divine—something like that we think of Heaven—something like that we have to our mothers, and fathers, and brothers—but not quite.'

'Don't you think it is like that you feel for Henry Percy?' said Marguerite shyly. A blush rose in the cheek of Anna, and she turned her eyes on the ground, but did not answer.

'I should think,' said Marguerite, 'he could explain it himself, for it was but this morning I heard him telling my brother Louis that he thought you formed for love.'

'Did he really say so?' exclaimed Anna; 'I was afraid he never thought of me at all.' But as she raised her flashing eyes, an object immediately before them caused the blushes in her cheeks to become crimson, for Henry Percy himself was standing gazing at her with a look of admiration which it was impossible to mistake for indifference.

'I heard your song,' said he quickly, 'and dared to approach unbidden; yet I should not have ventured but as the bearer of news. Sir Thomas Boleyn will be here in an hour—his messenger is but now arrived.'

'My father!' cried Anna starting; 'he is not surely come to take me home?'

'Oh no, no,' said Marguerite, 'we will not part with you, dearest Anna; you must never leave us. Are you not at home here at Fontenay? Oh, Lord Percy, what ill news you tell us!'

'Be not alarmed,' replied he; 'I have heard of no such intention; but, selfish as I am, it would not pain me if Sir Thomas took his daughter to the court, which is more than likely; and when once there, she is too bright a star to be allowed to return again to obscurity.'

'You are so courtly, my lord,' said Anna smiling, 'you teach us rustics what to wish. If Marguerite may go with me, I should delight in seeing the court. Is it not grand and beautiful?—and is not Queen Claude amiable? How gay it must be!—what dresses, what pageants! Oh I hope my father is really come to take us there!'

'How light is woman's fancy!' said Percy with a philosophic air; 'but now in tears at the idea of change, now all delight at the thoughts of the world's vanities!'

'But we know nothing yet of those vanities and dangers which you have so well passed through,' replied Anna archly; 'and perhaps we shall not want a sage guide to be our support.'

Much lively conversation ensued, and the picture which Percy drew of the court of France was indeed calculated to excite considerable interest in the minds of his friends. He spoke of the admired and brilliant king, Francis I., and his gallant nobles, of the gentle, amiable, and beneficent queen, then in her twentieth year—the pattern of goodness, though the least attractive in person of any lady of the court; of the gorgeous Louise of Savoy, witty, brilliant, and profuse; of her learned, beautiful, and accomplished daughter, Marguerite de Valois; of the gay, bold, handsome, and impetuous Bourbon. He told them of tournaments and festivals, of processions and hunting-parties, and dwelt on the round of gaieties and pleasures which awaited them.

'A court must be indeed a sort of paradise,' exclaimed Anna, her eyes dancing with delight. 'I should think no one could ever be unhappy there; but unhappiness is to me only a word, for I never knew it.'

'May it be always so to you, beloved child!' said a voice near; and Anna was clasped in the arms of her father. Sir Thomas Boleyn now, for the first time for eight years, saw his daughter; and her beauty and grace so astonished and delighted him, that he could scarcely restrain his pleasure; and his exclamations of gratitude to his relations, the lord and lady of Fontenay, were warm and sincere. Neither was he sorry to hear of the admiration she had inspired in the breast of the son of the Earl of Northumberland, and his paternal heart bounded with exultation as he hastily sketched out a flattering picture of her future life. He immediately resolved to keep so fair a treasure from the world no longer, and though his lovely daughter was little more than fifteen, he determined to carry her to Blois, and introduce her at court. All preparations were made, and it was agreed that the lady of Fontenay should accompany Anna and her own eldest daughter, who was the godchild of Marguerite de Valois, and present them to Queen Claude.

The evening before their departure from the castle of Fontenay, as Anna stood, somewhat pensively, beneath that favourite tree where the nightingale was wont to serenade her every evening, her eyes were suddenly attracted by observing letters on the bark, which she discovered to be her initials, A. B. The manner in which she contemplated this sign of secret attachment, traced by an unknown hand, indicated no resentment; almost

involuntarily she drew a pin from her hair, and leaning against the tree, began to imitate the writing; but as she did so, by apparent mistake, the A became an H, and the B a P; and then blushing at what she had done, she endeavoured to efface her work, when she found her hand arrested, and turning quickly, was aware that Henry Percy was at her side. A very little explanation was necessary to account for the letters of her name being found there, but they could neither of them ever afterwards exactly explain how it happened that before they parted that evening Anna Boleyn had given her promise to Henry Percy never to become the bride of another, and he had vowed to be hers alone.

'You are very young, Anna,' said he, 'and very beautiful: you will be admired, adored, wherever you appear, and it will be more difficult for you to keep your word than for me; for never can I behold, amid a thousand beauties, one who can compare with you for a single instant. I have, besides, already seen the world, while to you it is entirely new. Yet will I rely upon your faith, for I will judge it by my own.'

'Henry,' said Anna solemnly, 'you know I am apt to jest and say light words, but though I am indeed young and inexperienced, I know well the value of affection. I have told you I love you, and this my first, will, I am convinced, be the last attachment I can ever feel. I once, when an infant, threw a crown from me, and have been rallied about it ever since: but I would reject a crown to-morrow for your sake. I would rather the axe fell on this little neck, Henry, than betray your confidence in me. But,' she added gaily, 'no king will ask my hand, for King Francis, gallant as he is, is a married man, and so is fat King Henry of England, so I am perfectly secure from either.'

As she spoke, a large drop fell on her hand, which was clasped in that of Percy. 'We must go in,' she said, rising; 'the rain is beginning to fall; we shall have a storm.' The lovers parted at the low door of the tower, and Anna hastened to her chamber. The moon had been suddenly obscured, and her beams no longer poured in through the loopholes of the turrets, as the young girl groped her way up the winding-stair. The door at the top opened to welcome her, and Marguerite came forward with a lamp. As its rays flashed upon her as she entered, her cousin uttered a cry.

'What is the matter, Anna?' exclaimed she. 'Are you hurt? How did this happen? Here is blood!' The white dress of Anna was stained all down from her neck, and a mark was on her hand—for that which she took for a drop of rain, 'the first of a thunder shower,' was blood—from whence she knew not, nor could ever discover.

Whatever impression this singular incident might make on the two young friends that evening, it was quite forgotten the next morning when they mounted their palfreys in the castle court, and full of life, youth, and expectation, began their journey towards Blois, where Francis I. then kept his court. Never had the waters of the beautiful Loire looked more sparkling; never did the vine-covered coteaux which they bathed appear more luxuriant. Although the spring had not yet given place to summer, and the vines were still young, the tender green of their leaves delighted the eye, and the fragrance of their delicate blossoms perfumed the air on

all sides; and the whole scene was full of gaiety and freshness as the lively party pursued their route, pleased with everything, and beholding beauties in the commonest objects. All was now to them, and all was drest in rainbow colours. Anna and Marguerite never ceased their exclamations of wonder and admiration at every fresh object of interest, and on this charmed ground there is no want of such, particularly when a brilliant sun and animating air give lustre to that which is already charming. Percy rode by the side of the young ladies, with Sir Thomas Boleyn, while the lord and lady of Fontenay proceeded at a slower pace in their ponderous travelling-coach, in more state than convenience. The nearer they approached Blois, the more wild became the spirits of the two friends, and their ringing merry laughter sounded sweet in the ears of the father and lover of Anna, who both regarded her with pride and admiration as she managed her steed with exquisite grace, and at every word and movement showed some new charm of manner and vivacity.

'Is it true, dear father,' said she, suddenly becoming grave as the lofty battlements of the castle of Blois began to grow more distant on their sight — 'is it true that Queen Claude is not handsome? I cannot imagine a queen being otherwise. I hope I shall like her, and she will like me.'

'As to her person,' answered Sir Thomas, 'she has a soft, pleasing countenance, but is by no means what is called handsome at court: her goodness, however, makes up for that: for the reflection of her mind shines over all, and when her gentle voice has been once heard, no one ever thinks of asking about her beauty.'

'She is,' added Percy, 'called the flower and pearl of the ladies of her age, superior to all in modesty, purity, piety, and courtesy. Her charity is great, and her sole aim is to make her subjects happy, and please her husband.'

'But he, the handsome King Francis,' observed Sir Thomas, 'though the most accomplished cavalier in Europe, is by no means such a pattern husband as our own King Henry, who sets a bright example of conjugal tenderness to all the world.' Anna burst into an uncontrollable fit of gaiety at these words.

'What is it amuses you so much?' asked her father. 'Do you think that quality so slight a merit?'

'Oh no,' replied Anna; 'but I was thinking what an amusing thing it must be to see so fat a man make love, and how ridiculous it would be in him to suppose he could please any one but his wife, who is much older than he, and very grave, they say! Is it not so, father?'

'King Henry,' said Sir Thomas rather gravely, 'though certainly very portly, is one of the handsomest men of his court: and pray observe, my fair critic, it does not become young girls to talk quite so freely of kings and queens: you must restrain your lively sallies when you get to court, for there wit is dangerous.'

'Oh no, no—that cannot be the case!' exclaimed Anna; 'for is not Marguerite's godmother, the charming princess, the most witty and lively person in the world? and has not Lord Percy told us how they laugh, and sing, and jest, and play at court from morning till night? I mean to enjoy myself so much! Oh what a delightful life it will be!'

Anna's expectations were more than realised when she really found her-

self in the midst of the most brilliant assemblage of all that France could produce of genius, beauty, and grace. She soon became a great favourite with all the princesses. The quiet and amiable queen, to whom she was, immediately on her arrival, appointed maid of honour, delighted in her gaiety, and found solace in her agreeable and witty conversation; while the learned, and accomplished, and charming Marguerite d'Alençon took infinite pleasure in hearing her *naïve* remarks, and observing the rapid development of her mind. But with the king's mother, Louise de Savoy, she was an especial favourite: too young to be a rival, she found her a most amusing companion, whose simplicity, she imagined, prevented her from altogether understanding the position in which her ill-disguised passion for the Duke de Bourbon placed her. She preferred Anna to attendants of more advanced age whose experience had been gained in courts; and thus, without affording food for scandal, and yet avoiding a spy on her actions, she could receive the Constable, and enjoy his society with no other witness than the amusing child, whose gay remarks served only to give piquancy to their interviews. But it showed small knowledge of human nature in Louise, when she trusted to the ignorance of a young girl just entering life, whose curiosity and anxious wish for knowledge of all kinds developed those powers of observation which her hitherto secluded life had only retarded.

'Marguerite,' said Anna one day to her cousin, 'I have found out a great secret. Madame More is in love with the Constable!'

'Impossible!' replied Marguerite. 'Why, he is a married man.'

'True,' said Anna; 'yet I am sure of what I say, odd as it seems, and wicked as it must be. But, what is more, I see plainly enough that he tries to escape her society. Does it not appear to you strange to be in love with a married man? Till we came to court, I thought it impossible, as you do even now; but I never let anything pass me; and when they think I am occupied with mere childish things, I am observing all around me, and there is not a person at court whose secret could long be kept from me. There is the pretty Countess de Foix, I saw her blush so when the king kissed her hand the other night. the queen saw it too, and sighed so heavily. I hope she does not see as clearly as I do. How miserable a wife must be whose husband loves another! I am sure dear Percy would be true to me, or I should indeed be unhappy. As for me, I would not encourage the admiration of a married man for all the world, pleasant as it is to be admired. I heard the king say yesterday that you and I were twins of beauty, and he thanked Monsieur de Fontenay for adding two such fresh flowers to his summer. You know his favourite phrase—"A court without women is like a summer without flowers?"'

'Oh, Anna,' exclaimed Marguerite laughing, 'King Francis is a married man, remember!'

'Oh, as for kings, you know,' returned Anna, 'neither you nor I can have anything to say to them as lovers: we have only to make our curtsy, and reverence them, as in duty bound. I have another secret to tell you, cousin,' she added mysteriously: 'Madame Louise is going to-night to consult her wise physician Cornelius Agrippa about her future destiny, and has promised to take me with her to hear mine!'

'I should like to go too!' sighed Marguerite; 'but I dare not, even if

invited, for my godmother holds such predictions in contempt; besides, she often blames her mother for trifling with the learning of the great physician, who does not like to be taken for an astrologer.'

'Ay, so he says,' answered Anna; 'but he likes, nevertheless, to be looked up to as a mysterious character. I will tell you what he shows us to-night.'

It was early the following morning that the two young friends again met, and, according to her promise, Anna recounted to her cousin the result of the interview which she had shared with Louise of Savoy when she consulted her celebrated physician, hoping to hear the secrets of her future life.

'I had never,' said Anna, 'seen the great Agrippa before; and as I thought all astrologers must be old men with beards, I was surprised to see a man still quite young and remarkably handsome, although his cheeks are rather hollow. His eyes are very sparkling and piercing, and his forehead is extremely high, broad, and white, his hair curls over his shoulders, and his air and gait are very striking and graceful. Madame Louise begged him to show her, at length, her wish and her destiny, as regarded a particular person, in the magic glass which he had been so long perfecting. He hesitated, and replied that it yet required several minutes before the exact time was come to gratify her. "In the meantime, then," said she, "pray oblige me by letting this inquisitive young lady know a little of her future fate. As for her wishes, she has so many, that your glass will, I fear, be so covered with them, as never to be clear again." Agrippa fixed his eyes, as she spoke, on me, and appeared to start. "You have brought here a person," he said, as he took my hand, and looked on the palm, "whose destiny is somewhat complicated, as I see at once in these lines. If you have any formed wish, young lady," he added, rather contemptuously I thought, "it will appear in this glass." As he spoke, he held before me a mirror, in which I saw a great number of persons pass along, among whom was Percy, who looked at me reproachfully, and hid his face with his hand as he hurried rapidly forward, leaving several of those young courtiers who are always complimenting me, but whom I do not care for at all—some kneeling, some writing verses to me, some singing to a lute—so many, that I could hardly count them. Madame Louise laughed as she looked over my shoulder, and exclaimed that I must be a sad coquette to wish for so many lovers; but presently they all disappeared, and the mirror was clear. "Oh tell me, pray," I exclaimed to Agrippa, "who among all these is, after all, to be my husband?" "None of all these," he answered gravely. "you are too light and volatile for such gossamer adorers; you would both fly off together at the first breath of a summer wind. Here is the suitor who will gain your hand, if not your heart!" As he spoke, I saw pass along the surface of the glass a tall portly man of a very commanding figure and majestic air, who paused suddenly, and bowed very humbly; he held a mask to his face, and wore a masker's dress, so that I could not clearly discern either his shape or his features. Madame Louise suddenly uttered an exclamation of astonishment. "Why, whom have we here?" cried she; "some gallant in the character of Henry of England—rather a venerable suitor for our little friend. Let us see his face, I intreat;" but while she spoke, the shade faded away, and Agrippa called out that the moment was come for Madame Louise to take her turn.

I continued to look on, although she now stood forward, gazing in the magic mirror; and in an instant a scene was represented like a picture. There was a fine chamber, on a sofa in which sat a very fair lady reading a letter, and in tears; a moment afterwards a door opened, and a cavalier entered hastily, and throwing himself on his knees before the lady, embraced her tenderly, and snatching the paper from her, tore it in pieces, and stamped vehemently on the fragments. I recognised instantly the Constable de Bourbon, and the lady was not Madame Louise, but his own wife. Madame Louise started up angrily as she gazed, and commanded the astrologer to change the scene. She also, rather sharply, ordered me to retire; therefore, as I saw no more of the vision in the glass, I know not what besides it was that greatly moved her, and caused her to chide Agrippa as she withdrew, in a singularly cross manner, to her chamber. For my own part I have not slept all night, so troubled have I been with the reproachful looks of Percy, and the appearance of that grand-looking stranger who, it seems, is to be my husband.

It was soon after this conversation that Sir Thomas Boleyn one morning desired his daughter to attend him, and made to her the following communication — ‘Anna,’ said he, ‘the welfare of our family has always been a kind consideration of King Henry, and I have just received another proof of it in the care he has taken of our interest. You are not aware of the distressing contentions which have for many years existed between our house and that of Ormonde. I have long wished them at rest, and a proposal of the king’s has given me the desired opportunity. You, my pretty Anna, are destined to be the peacemaker, and I am come now to announce to you that you may henceforth consider yourself the affianced bride of Piers Butler, a youth gifted by nature with great qualities’——

‘My father!’ exclaimed Anna, bursting into tears, and giving way at once to the feelings of the moment, ‘that cannot be; I have already given my promise to Henry Percy, and I thought you approved of our attachment.’

‘You have done wrong, Anna,’ answered her father without emotion: ‘a daughter so young as you has no right to act so independently; but the promises of a child are of little consequence, particularly as Lord Henry Percy’s hand was no longer in his power when he received your vows. He is shortly to be married to Lady Mary Talbot, the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury. All is prepared for the wedding, at which the king himself and the cardinal are to be present.’

‘What!’ cried Anna, ‘has Percy consented so readily to give me up?’

‘When you are older, my dear child,’ said Sir Thomas, ‘you will cease to be surprised at such events. Lord Henry of course looked upon you as an inexperienced country girl, with whom a courtly cavalier might be permitted for a time to amuse himself—nothing more. My daughter will have too much pride to regret her first unfaithful lover; probably she would have had many more but for this timely marriage, which will be solemnised almost, I flatter myself, as soon as his own.’ Anna dried her tears as she listened to her father’s quiet, determined, and rather sneering mode of acquainting her with a circumstance of such importance to herself. She made no reply, and he quitted her, desiring her to prepare shortly for their

return to England with the dowager Queen Mary, and her husband the Earl of Suffolk.

Anna, as usual, sought her cousin, to whom she related what had occurred, and in her arms she shed the first bitter tears which had ever dimmed her eyes.

'Alas!' she said, 'it is true that Percy has not kept his promise of writing to me since he left France; and of late I have been much disturbed by his long silence; but when he placed this turquoise on my finger at parting, he told me, in spite of all appearances, to rely on his truth; for should he be unfaithful to me, or should any misfortune overtake him, the stone would at once become white. I have looked at it every day, and it is still as blue as the sky, therefore I have been still content; and see,' she continued, as she held up her hand, 'it looks as pure as ever— Ah! What do I see! the stone is white—not a vestige of the hue of heaven in it!' Both friends looked with amazement on the ring, which was indeed no longer blue, and was strangely discoloured and spotted, and the intertwined letters, A. B. and H. P., joined by a true-love knot, were disunited, and the knot effaced.

When Sir Thomas Boleyn found that his fair daughter gave herself up to passionate tears, and refused to listen to his representations of the advantages of her near connection with the family of Ormonde, whose property he had long disputed and contended for, he was strangely perplexed, and was at first at a loss how to proceed. He communicated to Cardinal Wolsey the temporary delay which he foresaw in his compliance with the king's wishes, and in return received a letter addressed to his daughter, purporting to be from her late lover, which he was directed to deliver into her hands. It merely contained a few cold words releasing her from her engagement to him. When this letter was given to Anna she was overcome with surprise at her lover's perfidy. When assured, however, by her father that Percy had been readily induced to relinquish her in consequence of the opposition of his family to his contracting an alliance with one of meaner birth than his own—for so they affected to consider the Boleyns—her pride rose against such an unexpected insult, and her confidence gave way. She was little aware of the arts that had been practised to induce Percy to write this fatal letter; little did she imagine that at the time she was indignantly commenting on his unworthiness, he was reading and re-reading a letter as similar as possible to the one she had received, which the too-zealous cardinal, ever ready to indulge the king even in his most trifling wishes, had caused to be written in her name to the unsuspecting object of her affections.

The pride of Percy was equal to that of Anna, and when from interested persons he heard accounts of the lightness and levity of her he had so much confided in, and was assured that she had willingly acceded to her father's desire, that she should become the wife of Piers Butler, he resolved no longer to oppose the wish of his family, and the desire expressed by King Henry, that he should espouse Lady Mary Talbot.

When Wolsey, to further a plan of his own, took so much trouble to prevent the marriage of Anna Boleyn and Percy, his guardian angel slept; for if the natural course of events had been allowed to flow on without interruption, his own downfall would not have been brought about by means of the 'spleeny Lutheran,' whose happiness he thus heartlessly destroyed. But though the marriage of Lord Henry Percy with Lady

Mary Talbot was accomplished, and a bar thus placed between the lovers for ever, Sir Thomas Boleyn was not prepared for the determined opposition to the match he proposed on the part of his daughter, whose character seemed suddenly to have acquired a degree of force and resolution hitherto dormant. She proclaimed to her father her resolve never to become the wife of Butler, and appealed to all her friends in the French court to protect her from the threatened tyranny which would force her into a union she detested. Finding that he could not contend against such a powerful combination, Sir Thomas was induced to yield, at least for the present, and Anna was left some time longer in France. Her health, however, having suffered from the violence of her feelings, she returned with her cousin to Fontenay; and there, amid the shades where she had first listened to the vows of Percy, she indulged in a temporary gloom, foreign to her nature, but not unusual in times of sorrow with persons of her ardent temperament.

It was late one evening in autumn, when the mournful sighing of the wind amongst the dry leaves whispered sad tales of decayed hopes, that Anna was sitting alone under the tree where she had carved her lover's name, when, as the moon rose crowned with clouds, her faint light disclosed an object moving along a neighbouring avenue. She watched it for a time, and then became aware that it was a deer which had apparently been startled from the wood, and was with uncertain steps pacing the glade, down which it at length disappeared with a swift bound, and was seen no more. Anna shuddered.

'Strange,' she mused; 'the last time I sat in this spot, when I beheld the unworthy Percy for the last time, that same apparition of the deer startled me: it is said to be no creature of earth, but the spirit of one of the ancestors of this family—a wife murdered by a jealous husband and that whoever beholds it will share the same fate. It might have been mine had I indeed wedded a man whose love for me could cease so soon; but these predictions are little worthy of note, for now I shall never be a wife. I know too well how frail is man's affection, and will never place my trust again to be again deceived.' She remained so much absorbed in reflection, that she had not observed the approach of a person who had advanced within a few paces of her before he himself seemed aware that he was not alone. He uttered an exclamation as she suddenly rose; and the light of the moon falling on them, Anna and Percy recognised each other.

'My lord,' said Anna when her emotion allowed her to speak, 'why are you here? What can be the meaning of your visit to this place, which your desertion of all honour has rendered a desert to me, as much as it was once endeared by those rash and empty vows which had the power of deceiving an unpractised heart?'

'I was ignorant that you were at Fontenay,' replied Percy in an agitated voice; 'and I merely came here to behold once again a spot too dear to me. Yet it was my purpose to seek you, and I rejoice to see you here. All explanation, I feel, is now too late; but it may not be yet so to satisfy the doubts of a heart broken by misfortune, and reduced to one miserable hope—the only ray of joy that can henceforth shine upon my dismal pathway through life. Look on this letter, Anna, and tell me if it be really written or not by you?'

As he spoke, he held forth the letter supposed to be addressed to him by Anna Boleyn. She caught it from him, glanced hastily over it, and uttering one word, 'No!' in piercing accents, fell fainting on the ground. With a wild cry Percy raised her in his arms; and using every method he could imagine to restore her, bore her to the brink of a little fountain near; and having bathed her hands and face with the cool water, she presently recovered, and looking up, found herself supported by her weeping lover. Sad was the scene of explanation which followed. Anna related all that her father had represented to her of Percy's unfaithfulness, and he recounted to her the arts which had been used to induce him to renounce her.

'Percy,' said Anna, when the first burst of her grief was over, 'we must now part, and our fates decree that it should be for ever. The gulf that separates us is too deep to be closed, and both must wander henceforth on either side at a distance from what we hold dearest. I renounce the hopes with which I began life, and shall look no more for affection beyond the ordinary portion which falls to the lot of most of us. I have never known the happiness of my parents' love since infancy, for happiness was not to be mine. I had fixed my whole heart upon your affection, and that I may not now share. Take back the ring I have so much prized: with it I give you my promise never to be the wife of another—that is all I now have in my power.' Percy took the ring, and pressed it to his heart with the hand that offered it.

'Farewell, Anna!' he exclaimed, 'ours is a hard fate, and to submit is our only course. I shall not return to England for many years, but I shall quit France at once, for both countries are now odious to me. You will not hear of me till time shall have softened the bitterness of my grief and self-reproach. I take your ring, and I absolve you of your promise: you are too fair, too good, too young, to permit hope and happiness to be at once extinguished. Think of me only as one unworthy of you, and strive to do what I never can—forget.'

When Percy and Anna quitted the garden that night, they left the joyousness of youth behind them. The character of the fair, susceptible girl, whose feelings had received so severe a shock, was changed from that moment. She became reckless and careless of the opinion of the world, and gave herself up altogether to its amusements. She returned to the court, which was soon after saddened by the death of the amiable Queen Claude; and she then entered into the service of Marguerite de Valois, Duchess d'Alençon, in whose refined society she enjoyed intellectual pleasures, which for a time prevented her from dwelling on her early disappointment. But the duchess, although a woman of great mind and powerful genius, was by no means strict in her principles; and Anna found her rustic notions of propriety, her enthusiasm for virtue, and her delicacy of thought, treated as romance, and spoken of with levity. By degrees she began to feel ashamed of the importance she had formerly attached to constancy and pure affection—chimeras at which the witty Marguerite laughed.

'My fair Anna,' said the duchess, 'do you not yet know, though you have been at court so long, that the constancy you are always talking of is only an idea—it is like the Arabian bird, which has been looked for from the beginning of time, and never yet found? The only way to enjoy life

is to take whatever of amusement the present offers, never to reject an opportunity of driving away unpleasant thought, and never to trouble yourself with dreams of the future or recollections of the past: neither are of any avail, and why should we cloud our little day with that which we know is altogether vain?

*"Faut prendre le tems comme il vient,
Car inconstant est la fortune."*

Pray follow the advice of our good friend Froissart, and cease to tease yourself with visions of what can never be.'

The philosophy of Marguerite had its effect on Anna's mind, and, surrounded by a host of flatterers and admirers in the most brilliant court of Europe, the image of Percy insensibly faded from her thoughts. She could not, however, resolve to accept the hand of any one of her numerous lovers, for her heart was never touched again. Her fondness for admiration increased with what it fed on, and the timid and retiring Anna Boleyn became by degrees one of the gayest coquettes, as well as the most acknowledged beauties, of the court of Francis I. But that at this period the king was altogether engrossed by his passion for the lovely Countess de Foix, his volatile fancy would scarcely have allowed him to pass over so beautiful an object of regard as the charming Englishwoman. His admiration of her beauty was, however, loudly expressed; and as his taste was undeniable, and his sister Marguerite, whose judgment gave the tone to all society around her, pronounced that nothing was to be compared to the loveliness of her young friend, it became a fashion to adore her as a divinity; and no young nobleman attempted to escape the snare, for the reputation of an attachment to the reigning beauty, the more hopeless it was, the more advantageous to the character of a gallant à la mode. Anna was gratified by all this homage, and her vanity delighted in the number of her admirers, among whom she detected so few who deserved the name of lovers, that her conscience was quite free when she played with all alike, herself entirely 'faucy free.'

The renown of the beauty of Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter was not confined to France; it began to be much talked of at the English court, which was but dull and sombre in comparison with the brilliant one over which the most graceful monarch in Europe presided. Henry of England heard, not without a certain degree of envy, of his rival's magnificence, and the successes that attended him in every way. His queen was grave and dignified, and the ladies who surrounded her were as dull and demure as the severity of her manners required. It was only at the palace of the cardinal that Henry found the quiet and ease of foreign manners, and there the most agreeable hours of his life were spent. All that was most brilliant and attractive from abroad was sure to be found under his roof. Talent of all description was fostered; visitors of rank and high refinement and accomplishment from time to time arrived from the French court; and, as a theme likely to flatter the English monarch, the charms and fascinations of the beautiful Anna were frequently alluded to. At length Henry's curiosity was roused, and he wrote to Marguerite of Valois, with whom he was in the habit of corresponding, and from whose lively and

witty letters he derived infinite amusement, to reproach her with keeping away from her natural sphere a being whose grace would enliven his dull court, and shed a lustre over the gloom of his English sky. Marguerite replied jestingly that she would be generous enough to spare her favourite for a time, on condition of her returning at the end of a few months; and Anna, not displeased at the compliment, and not unwilling to obtain new amusement, having, besides, heard that the court of the cardinal had numerous attractions, was by no means annoyed when a summons from her father, and his prompt appearance to be her escort home to England, caused her to prepare to quit one scene of her triumph for another, which in anticipation was even more attractive.

No sooner did Anna Boleyn appear at a grand fête, given by the powerful prelate who at that time ruled both England and the king, than it was confessed that rumour had not exaggerated her fascinations. There were masks, and music, and revels of all kinds on this occasion; but the cardinal observed with vexation that the night was far spent before the expected announcement of the arrival of the king crowned the glory of the festal scene. It happened that a fit of contradiction had taken possession of Henry's mind, and when the time arrived for him to repair to the cardinal's palace, he was sitting gloomily in his closet, wrapped in a reverie quite unusual to him. His thoughts took a novel direction, and his usually boisterous spirits were singularly depressed.

'Why should I,' he mused, 'care to receive pleasure from gaieties provided from the court of Francis? Is there not treasure in my own rich kingdom capable of comparing with the tinsel of his? He overcomes me in everything—even in person, for I am told that he retains the slowness of youth, and has the appearance still of a boy, while I am becoming every day more portly, and look older than I really am. I shall not go to these revels—they distract and amuse me not.' Instead, therefore, of proceeding, as he had proposed, to Wolsey's entertainment, he commanded the attendance of his secretary, and for some hours busied himself in serious occupations.

Meanwhile the cardinal's anxiety became very great, and knowing the capricious temper of his master, he began to fear that he had fallen into some unexpected disgrace; he resolved, therefore, on a scheme which should bring the king to his palace if it were possible; and accordingly, leaving his guests silently, and unperceived, he threw on a domino, and entered a boat, which glided swiftly from York House to the steps which led from the river to the king's palace at Westminster. He ordered his people to remain there till his return, and proceeded alone to the king's apartments of which he possessed the secret of a private entry.

Meantime the beautiful Anna was but little amused with the gay scene around her: she had expected that the king, whom she had as yet never seen, would have shown the curiosity he had expressed to the Duke d'Alençon, and hastened to a spot where he was sure of beholding her. She had been particularly careful of her dress and appearance that night, and her glass, as well as her attendants, had told her that she had never looked more attractive. Her costume was singularly becoming and graceful; and as it was made according to the newest fashion introduced by the tasteful Marguerite, and was a present from her, it had attracted universal admiration. Her under-robe was of rich white satin, embroidered

with silver flowers and knots, between which, on scrolls, were letters in small coloured stones, forming mottoes taken from the works of Italian, Latin, and French poets, worked with great minuteness. Over this she wore a long dress of pale rose-coloured velvet, with a broad border of pearls disposed in wreaths, every one finished with one large depending pearl. Her waist was clasped with a belt of gold, with one long end studded with precious stones, and finished with a square tassel of pearls which reached to her feet. Her neck was adorned with a massive jewelled chain, the links having medallions encircled with mottoes in diamonds, a parting gift from Louise of Savoy; and her head-dress, which was the first of the kind ever introduced into England, was composed of a worked gold caul, which confined her luxuriant hair, over which was a curiously-cut rose-coloured velvet cap, depressed on the forehead, and open at the sides, the long ends turned back, and nearly meeting in front, being richly embroidered with pearls and jewels, and leaving a space between for a pendant of great brilliancy. Another jewel confined a delicate white feather, which, turning outwards, nodded with the weight of several tassels of jewels disposed at its edge.

She had already trodden several measures with a grace which charmed all beholders, and had re-seated herself, and was listening to the admiring encomiums of her partner, when a figure in a dark domino, which had been for some time standing near, approached, and somewhat unceremoniously took the place of her cavalier, at that moment beckoned away by the cardinal, who had re-entered the hall after a brief absence. The domino addressed her in French with an excellent accent and a voice of considerable sweetness, and paid her some compliment on the conquest she had made of every heart in the room, his own among the number. 'But,' said he, 'you are so accustomed to this success, that one more or less of course is uncounted by so fair a sorceress in her spells.'

'Oh,' said Anna, smiling somewhat amused at the stranger's ease of manner and want of ceremony, which she found uncommon in the new society she had so lately become acquainted with, 'English hearts are precious things, not readily thrown away, and are strictly guarded. For instance, your gallant monarch shows an example of highly commendable prudence in avoiding danger to-night, for the beauty of the fair ladies at the cardinal's court is truly a perilous attraction.' As she spoke, she turned her laughing eyes on the domino, and started, for she recognised at once the figure which she had seen pass over the glass in Cornelius Agrippa's chamber, the face of which she had not seen.

The domino appeared to observe her emotion, and attributing it to some other cause than the real one—probably one flattering to himself—became extremely animated; and Anna soon found his conversation so much more agreeable and sprightly than that of any person she had before conversed with, that she allowed herself to be entirely engrossed by him, till in a short time she discovered to her surprise that that part of the hall in which they were seated was quite deserted, and no one attempted to approach the spot. She then rose, and laughingly remarked—'I have been so occupied with our conversation, that I have offended every one. Do you observe that all my adorers, as you term the gallant swains around, have entirely deserted me for kinder nymphs; and behold I am now forlorn? Let me

resume my sway before it is too late, for you must know that I am extremely ambitious, and will be queen or nothing.'

The domino, catching her hand with a passionate gesture, exclaimed, as he pressed it to his lips—'Queen! would you were so indeed! None could wear a diadem with so much grace! You are already empress of my heart!'

'But you are a stranger, and a disguised one,' replied Anna gaily. 'How can I tell if I have any glory in my conquest? I care not for undistinguished lovers.'

'I am the very meanest of those who dare to love you,' replied the stranger, 'and have no dignity but what your eyes can confer. You are the sun which has drawn me from the earth, where I have hitherto been rooted in darkness; but while you shine, I shall continue to bloom, and you will, you must prize the flower whose fragrance you have yourself created.' At that moment the cardinal advanced towards them, and taking the hand of Anna from the stranger, said with peculiar meaning, 'Sir Donmino, the moment is come when all disguise ceases in these halls, and when my illustrious guests are known for what they really are, and receive the homage which is their due.' The domino laughed; and with one hand resuming that of Anna's, which the cardinal had taken from him, with the other he removed his mask.

'My Lord Cardinal,' he said, 'I cannot consent to this usurpation, in spite of all I owe you this night. This fair lady will be the cause of dissension between us; for though I see you intend to take possession of her, I claim her as my own.' So saying, he led the astonished Anna, who had not paused to reflect on the possibility of her unknown admirer being beyond the rank of an esquire, into another hall, where a banquet was prepared. All the guests fell back as the pair, followed by the cardinal, advanced, and a whisper of admiration, felt or feigned, accompanied their steps. Anna's heart beat quick with a thousand emotions as she recognised King Henry in the stranger, and as she rapidly reviewed the events which so short a time had produced. She had conversed unconsciously with the first personage in the kingdom; she had felt flattered, she scarcely knew why, at his evident admiration; she had said anything and everything that had occurred to her mind, had criticised courts and courtiers, drawn characters, and commented on passing circumstances, conceiving that she was talking to a stranger whom she might never meet again, and who, although a most agreeable and intelligent person, was probably her inferior in rank, and could never have an opportunity of challenging her opinions.

Henry, on his side, was in a state of extraordinary excitement: he had been forced to the fête against his will, he had avoided the sight of this dangerous beauty, and had been drawn into the vortex of her power in spite of all his struggles. She had spoken to him naturally, ignorantly, and with a charm and simplicity heightened by her native wit and spirit: never had he met with anything so *piquante*, so surprising, so novel, so out of the common way: never had he beheld any one he thought so fascinating, and at once he yielded to the delight of her society.

What that night begun, frequent interviews confirmed, and his passion increased from day to day, till he at length conceived no sacrifice too great for so divine an object. At first, startled by his ardour, Anna endeavoured

to regain the ground she had lost by the encouragement her vanity had given him. She reflected on her position and his own: she thought on all her experience at the court of Francis I., on her early horror for the woman who ventured to receive the addresses of a married man, on Louise de Savoy and Bourbon, on King Francis and the fair De Foix, and she shuddered at the position in which she stood. But the more resolute she became in her refusals to receive the king after he had openly avowed to her the passion which he could not resist, the more that passion increased; and with his protestations, his tears, his intreaties, his promises, and his assurances that no power on earth should prevent his annulling his marriage, and making her his wife, her scruples by degrees vanished, and the last faint gleam of probity and honour faded from her mind.

The cardinal was disgraced, Queen Catherine was divorced—and Anna Boleyn was crowned queen of England.

It was on the day after the fatal 1st of June 1533, when the public ceremony of her marriage had been performed, that Queen Anna entered her private apartment, and there seated herself in a recess of a large window, her mind bewildered with the excess of her prosperity and the rapid rise of her fortunes. She was agitated and pale, and had commanded all her attendants to withdraw, that she might be left for a few brief moments alone to commune with her own thoughts.

In spite of all her efforts to the contrary, throughout the gorgeous ceremonies which had attended her marriage, one form was constantly present to her view, one voice sounded constantly in her ear; and when she felt an unknown hand press into hers a small packet, as she extended it to receive the salutations offered by hundreds of her subjects, she had an instinctive knowledge from whom that missive must have arrived.

She looked fearfully round the chamber in which she sat, as she opened the packet which she still held, and her trembling fingers with difficulty broke the seal which disclosed to her the ring she had restored to Percy on the night they parted in the garden of the tower of Fontenay.

THE HEIRESS OF THE VAUGHANS.

VAUGHAN HALL was a stately but cold-looking mansion, and seemed to spread a chilling influence over its immediate vicinity, although the county in which it was situated was richly wooded, with verdant pasture lands and shining water intersecting hill and dale. But the land just around the Hall was flat and uninteresting, and formed an oasis in a picturesque wilderness of sylvan sweets. There were park-like grounds, and shrubberies, and lawns; and the house itself was a substantial, huge mass of brick and mortar, with windows in abundance glittering in the dazzling rays of every splendid sunset. But here was no joy, no festooning greenery for the flickering rays of gold, and purple, and vermillion, to disport among and coquet with ere saying adieu for the night. No: all was cold and stern propriety at Vaughan Hall; the very sunset itself was kept in order. And never surely did mansion typify more clearly the character and disposition of its head — formal and uninteresting, yet standing forth conspicuously with perfect self-satisfaction. Not, as is usually the case, had the dowager lady of Vaughan gracefully vacated her place to an only son's wife she had continued to reside with her son during the period of his first marriage, when at her instigation he had espoused a well-born but penniless girl, a near relative, and dependent on his mother. People said that this mother had chosen such a daughter-in-law on purpose to gratify her love of rule. However, there was not time given to prove how right or wrong the judgment might be, for the young wife died within a twelvemonth of her marriage, leaving behind her a baby girl, to be brought up by the all important dowager, who had perfectly succeeded in impressing her son with the notion that 'no one could manage like his own mother.' Affairs, whether of the head or heart, were best beneath *her* rule; her will was law and the fidgety, exacting Madam Vaughan reigned supreme at the Hall, governing her son, and striving to govern every one else. Truth to tell, she generally succeeded, and in the particular of having her own way, by dint of scolding or cajoling, Madam Vaughan deserved to be called a clever woman.

At a very tender age it became evident that the little motherless Gertrude also possessed a strong will of her own; and even the dowager, used to command and to be obeyed, had a task almost beyond her powers in bending the high-spirited and beautiful child to her will. Perhaps she did not find out the secret in time, that a kind word, a persuasive look, would

effect more than all the peremptory or harsh dictates she was so fond of trying; the old lady had managed her own son, only child as he was; he had obeyed and feared her—why was it that the same rule did not succeed with her son's child?

It did not, however; and the dowager was puzzled, wondering 'who the girl took after?' As years progressed, the bickerings between the heiress and her grandmother became more frequent; and Mr Vaughan, who stood in awe of his mother, and loved his daughter as well as he could love anything, found his situation between them a rather difficult one. Gertrude was generous, affectionate, and full of youthful animation; her grandmother was penurious, narrow-minded, and an enemy to 'innocent fun and frolic of all kinds. Gertrude almost hated the snuffy dowager for grinding the poor, and doling out scanty aid to the needy; and this was the first occasion of open war, and of the young lady asserting her right to be treated at least on a footing of equality. The domestics of course all sided with her; but Gertrude was too delicate and refined to encourage domestic division or disrespect towards her grandmother; nevertheless, at fifteen she asserted her own power and will with rather more decision than was becoming; not because she was ungentle, but because she was intolerant of oppression and meanness in all their forms.

It might be that Mr Vaughan was glad to escape from the responsibility of directing a daughter whose strength of mind and intellect so far surpassed his own; and indeed he was dimly conscious of this himself—jealous of his prerogative, yet proud of his fair child, the most rare and precious treasure he possessed, though his wealth was abundant, and entirely at his own disposal, subject only to his mother's jointure, and left to him by father and grandfather, both lucky speculators in merchandise to the East. On the plea of failing health, and with his mother's approbation, Mr Vaughan determined on visiting the continent alone. The dowager was induced to consent to this step, in the hope that when her refractory grandchild was left alone with her, a series of lectures, enforced if necessary by punishment, might yet break her stubborn spirit. Vain hope—rash permission! In a year after his departure Mr Vaughan wrote to his astounded and incensed mother, conveying the tidings of his second marriage with a widow lady, who likewise was blessed with an only daughter; also notifying his intention of bringing his bride home immediately, accompanied by her little girl, who, he mentioned, was named Aliz, and was three years younger than Gertrude. Whether it was that Gertrude was delighted because her grandmother was so furiously enraged or that she really rejoiced at the prospect of a companion, her joy was open and unbounded; and when Mr Tresham arrived at Vaughan Hall to console with the afflicted dowager, she set him at defiance, and laughed in his face, although this gentleman was her father's contemporary and friend, and she had ever before treated him with respect despite his ill temper and eccentricities.

'Take my word for it, Miss Gertrude,' said Mr Tresham, helping himself to a huge pinch of snuff out of the dowager's box—'take my word for it, you'll be punished for these highly-improper demonstrations. This Miss Aliz, the new Mrs Vaughan's hopeful daughter, she'll work you some mischief. I prophesy it; remember my words. As for me, I wash my

hands of womankind in the lump; wherever they are there is mischief, unless, indeed, they have arrived at *your* years of grave discretion, madam'—bowing to the dowager.

Mr Tresham was a favourite of hers because he took snuff copiously, and rebuked Gertrude, and snapped and snarled like a quarrelsome cur. Why Mr Vaughan and Mr Tresham were friends, or were called such, no one could tell; they had been at school and college together, always intimate, Mr Vaughan peacefully bearing Mr Tresham's ill-humours, and Mr Tresham always seeking Mr Vaughan, as if for the sole purpose of venting them at leisure. Mr Tresham was a professed woman-hater, derided the whole sex, railed at matrimony and pretty faces, and was, in short, one of those peculiarly-privileged, disagreeable people who are tolerated in society because they are so 'very odd and eccentric.' Mr Tresham had scarcely been civil on the occasion of the first marriage made by his friend at his mother's express desire; but now the mother herself was his ally, and two to one being too many, poor Gertrude retired in tears. She was subdued at length, and trembled for her father's future peace and happiness when she listened to Mr Tresham's direful prognostications and her grandmother's vengeful tirades.

'What a home we shall have!' thought Gertrude as she retired to rest. 'If my new mother and sister have any spirits to break, the war will rage fierce and thick; if not—poor, poor things, I don't envy them. I wonder what little Aliz is like, and if I shall love her? At anyrate, I can protect her from grandmamma if she cannot protect herself. Aliz is to work mischief for me, says Mr Tresham. I wonder if Miss Clifford will approve of papa's second marriage, and what Mr Clifford will say when he hears of it?'

Gertrude Vaughan, young as she was, had formed an ideal standard of perfection, which, strange to say, had been permitted a realisation: strange, because Gertrude Vaughan's standard approached the highest of religious and moral beauty. In Mr and Miss Clifford she found the realisation of her dreams; and well had it been for the motherless girl, so unnappily placed, that so gentle and amiable a being as Miss Clifford in a great measure checked and kept in abeyance those exuberant outbreaks which might otherwise have degenerated into absolute violence. Miss Clifford was what the young denominate an 'old maid;' certainly a lady on the wrong side of forty, looking even older than she really was, notwithstanding the placid and resigned expression of her sweet countenance—a countenance which betokened sorrow and suffering, past, indeed, but not forgotten. Mr Clifford was his sister's junior by nearly twenty years; he was her sole remaining brother out of four. They had been absent from St Cuthbert's Priory (their ancestral seat, distant a few miles from Vaughan Hall) for six months in quest of health for Mr Clifford, in whom symptoms of incipient consumption had appeared—the fatal malady which had carried off his brothers.

Although detested secretly for their superiority, the brother and sister were openly tolerated—nay, even courted—by the dowager, Mrs Vaughan; for they were of an ancient and proud race, and it was the old lady's boast that she claimed kin with the noble Cliffords, impoverished though

they were. St Cuthbert's alone was left to them. Various causes had conspired to effect the downfall of the once powerful family: persecuted for their religion, for their loyalty, for their heroism and devotion—they had paid the penalty of being true and staunch when the reformers worked ruin around. Cyril Clifford, the present representative, had been designed for holy orders; but delicate health, and the decease of his three elder brothers, changed the aspect of affairs materially. He was the only protector of his sister, Miss Clifford: she had been to him both mother and sister combined, and he gave way to her earnest wishes, at the suggestion of their medical advisers, for a temporary change of scene and climate, and suspension from all intellectual labours—for Cyril was a devoted student.

Mr Tresham, so snappish and rude to all others, when in the presence of the gentle Miss Clifford invariably became tame and subdued: but there was nothing like admiration or gallantry in his demeanour towards her, which was simply more silent and respectful when in her presence; and it might also be observed with what covert interest he watched over the health and conduct of young Cyril Clifford, though often downright bearish towards him in manner. Cyril's refinement he termed 'effeminary,' his high and courteous bearing 'puppyism' and his erudition 'pedantry.' 'He endured the lad,' he said, 'for his good sister's sake, who was a wise woman, and eschewed matrimony.' So tenderly attached as this brother and sister were to each other, left alone in the world together with reduced fortunes, and noble, generous hearts (the liberal hand and empty purse), it is not surprising that their position had rendered them somewhat averse to general society. Their disposition inclined to solitude and retirement, fostered, doubtless, by their peculiar circumstances; and it was possibly only the claim of kin on the dowager, Mrs Vaughan's part, which had induced them to cultivate the acquaintance of the inmates of Vaughan Hall. By degrees Miss Clifford's interest in the lovely and affectionate Gertrude ripened into warm affection, most fully returned by her youthful friend. Into Miss Clifford's ear she poured all her joys and sorrows, listened meekly to her pious admonitions, and strenuously endeavoured to profit by them; for there was this good in the high-spirited girl—she knew when she did wrong, and always repented her errors; sinned, and repented again; wept, and smiled, and threw herself on Miss Clifford's neck, exclaiming: 'Oh it is impossible you can care for me, you who are yourself so perfect!'

Miss Clifford had written to Gertrude according to promise, and the latter with proud delight hailed the welcome letter; her heart throbbed and her eyes filled with tears when she came to the words 'my beloved Cyril is certainly improving in health.' Gertrude was astonished at her own emotion; she did not understand why the very mention of Mr Clifford's name should cause her heart to beat faster. In his presence she felt a kind of awe, yet he was tender and considerate towards her as to a foolish spoiled child. A glance of reproof from his lustrous dark eyes overwhelmed Gertrude with contrition and even dismay; and when his cheek became pale, and his slight form more attenuated, often she had rushed away from the contemplation of the gradual change, seeking the solitude of her chamber to find relief in tears. Poor child! she had early begun

her idol worship, unknowing it to be such: innocent, pure, and confiding, Gertrude believed, if she thought about it at all, that all her feelings were sisterly, and that Cyril Clifford never could be more or less to her. At sixteen, she was a novice in the dangerous love which romances teach; works of fiction were sealed books to her, for Mr Vaughan was no reader, the dowager still less so, and the library at St Cuthbert's Priory, to which she had free access, was stored with volumes likely to strengthen, not weaken or corrupt the youthful mind. Cyril was now improving in health, the world was becoming bright again, and oh, she would strive to remember his precepts, and dear Miss Clifford's; and when they returned, she would be a woman grown, and perhaps, perhaps they might find her improved. She would strive at any rate to be more worthy of their friendship. They were to be absent for three or four long years; but then it was to save Cyril, and Gertrude had a true woman's heart, devoid of selfish considerations where the beloved was concerned. If it was good for him, could she repine?

It had been a stormy day—gusts of wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning—when Gertrude stood in the cold, large hall to welcome the travellers alighting at the door. The last rays of a watery summer sunset illuminated but failed to render cheerful the bare expanse, so chilling in its magnificence. Gertrude was in her father's arms, clasped to his bosom, and dizzy with emotion, ere she regained self command sufficient to bestow a calm regard on the two female forms beside her: they were those of her father's wife and her father's step daughter, the little Aliz. A very young girl, with a profusion of golden ringlets, and large blue eyes, soft and holy as a Madonna's, clung to a lady whose strong resemblance at once proclaimed her to be little Aliz's mamma.

Mr Vaughan's bride was still a young woman, and the extreme loveliness of both mother and daughter was absolutely startling, there was such a character of sadness about it—such a sweet, pensive melancholy, which in Mrs Vaughan assumed a more serious aspect. Her cheeks were wan, her beautiful lips compressed, and an expression of suffering dwelt on her brow; but she smiled as Gertrude turned towards her, such a smile as Gertrude had never beheld before. Few words she spoke; but her musical voice made Gertrude thrill as she placed the hand of the fair, trembling Aliz in that of her new sister.

Aliz looked into Gertrude's speaking eyes, and from that moment Gertrude knew that Aliz was to be her care. 'My gentle darling,' she exclaimed, 'welcome to Vaughan! My sweet little sister Aliz, what a joy you will be to me!'

'And will you not welcome me, dear Gertrude?' said her stepmother timidly, her eyes full of grateful tears as she contemplated the two beautiful creatures.

'Ah, mamma,' replied Gertrude blushing, 'I had almost forgotten you in my delight to find such a sister; but you are papa's care, Aliz is mine.'

Prophetic words! Mrs Vaughan felt them to be so, for with a heavy sigh she turned away, and followed her husband to the dowager's presence. There was a terrific scene: his aged mother's tears unmanned Mr Vaughan, and her upbraidings cut him to the heart. She was his mother, and he

her only child. She put back his bride with her withered hand, shaking her head, and muttering: 'The fair face and the cold heart: cold to my son, but warm to his gold—warm to his gold!'

Mrs Vaughan blushed scarlet, and her husband turned pale, and looked angry. 'Mother, what do you mean?—why do you talk so?' he cried. 'Why do you not welcome the daughter I have brought you?'

'I welcome her!—I welcome her! Nay, nay, my son; her fair face won't whoedle me: she hears me say it too. She'll get none of my gold, neither she nor her bonny daughter Aliz. And you think she loves you, foolish boy?' she exclaimed suddenly; for Mr Vaughan was often a boy with her.

'Well, mother, I hope so,' he answered seriously, at the same time drawing his pale wife to his side, and whispering words which none could hear. But she turned away weeping; and his mother cried triumphantly: 'She dares not face you, my son, before me, or declare that she married you for love!' Mrs Vaughan only wept hysterically, and the first seeds of suspicion were sown in her husband's breast.

The dowager had been successful beyond her hopes. She watched the pair with a scowling eye, which gradually became more tame and satisfied. 'Ah, my fine bride, we shall see which is strongest—a mother's influence or yours. I hate you because you have stolen my son's heart from me, but only for awhile—only for awhile,' muttered the dowager to herself as she took an unusually large pinch of snuff, tapping her gold box vehemently.

Never once did the second Mrs Vaughan make the slightest effort to obtain the mastery, or even her proper footing at Vaughan Hall. She retired in dismay and terror from the presence of the irritated dowager; and her quiet, subdued manner became even more subdued. Well had it been if any kindness and respect on the part of her husband had nerved the poor lady to sustain her lot. The poison, however, had been infused into Mr Vaughan's ear. It spread and grew, and at length he became convinced that his melancholy bride had married him for a home for herself and the child on whom her best affections were centred. She had been very poor, when Mr Vaughan, struck by her fascinations and beauty, 'made a fool of himself,' as Mr Trisham said. The novelty wore off, passion evaporated, and, alas! 'tis an old tale, and often told,' Mr Vaughan repented the step he had taken, and wearied of his wife. She patiently bore all his harshness and coldness. But the more patient and resigned the wife, the more overbearing and intolerant became the dowager lady. As for Gertrude, she was always respectful and affectionate to her stepmother; but she studiously avoided noticing by outward demonstration the line of conduct which her father pursued towards the hapless lady so completely in his power. Far different was it where Aliz was concerned. Her she took completely beneath her wing, shielded her from every blast, protected her from blame, and fostered the golden-haired nursling even like some rare exotic. And well did Aliz Lee repay for Gertrude Vaughan's love and care—with silent gratitude and warm affection, yearning tenderness, and a depth of truth and thoughtfulness far beyond her years.

Early sorrows, privations, and self-denial, together with a most self-denying, sweet disposition, and a knowledge of that 'better part' which

sorrows often teach the young, had conspired to render Aliz Lee not undeserving the high encomiums so enthusiastically passed upon her by the generous Gertrude. A soft and gentle nature, sensitive and shrinking to the last degree, seemed to demand a prop whereon to lean: this stay Aliz found in Gertrude; and the more she leaned, the more Gertrude loved and fostered her. Never had Gertrude had any one to love before like her beautiful, winning, little sister Aliz, as she fondly called her. What in comparison to this pet was the curly-eared spaniel or the cooing doves? It was a strong human passion compared with the poetry of a day-dream, and Gertrude, who never did anything by halves, felt that for Aliz Lee she could lay down her life. Mrs Vaughan the younger looked on in silence; but a placid smile might be observed to illumine her features as her eyes followed the movements of the two fair girls—Gertrude with her arms twined round Aliz, whose head rested lovingly on the other's shoulder. It was a strange, ominous smile, and to those versed in such readings betrayed presages of what was to come. The shadow of death rested on the poor lady: she alone saw it afar off, and weary as she was of the world, which to her had brought nothing but disappointment and bitterness, she was quite ready to depart. At length the death-angel shook his wings so loudly that the dim-sighted and dull of hearing both saw and heard; then indeed the dowager relaxed her persecutions, and her son laid aside his coldness for a show of interest and tenderness. But the sufferer saw through the flimsy veil; she knew she had no place at Vaughan Hall, and that they were aware she would soon pass away. In two years from the period when she came there as a bride, Mrs Vaughan felt that her end approached, and that she must leave that stately mansion no more, save for the last dismal journey.

Mrs Vaughan one autumn evening was stretched on a couch beside the casement, gazing on the fading rainbow tints of the autumnal sunset, she was strikingly altered even within the last few hours. There was death in her eyes. She faintly beckoned Gertrude to her; and when Gertrude's tears fell thick and fast, the dying woman took her hand and whispered words of comfort. 'Do not weep, dear girl; I am going home, and I am happy. I have not much time, and I must hasten to say all that is passing in my heart. It is about Aliz I would speak. Listen, Gertrude Vaughan! listen! for in an hour hence I shall be beyond that setting sun, beyond human ken, and Aliz will be motherless. Never forsake her, never leave her. To you I bequeath my child, my angel-child, who has never caused me one moment's pang since her birth, who has been to me what never child was to mother before. She is yours now, Gertrude. It is enough; I need say no more; I know your noble nature, and I leave the world in peace.'

Mr Vaughan was troubled in conscience after his second wife's decease, but allowed himself to be soon comforted by his mother and Mr Tresham. Vainly the old lady strove to persuade her son to send Aliz away—to school, to a foreign convent, anywhere to get rid of her decently. Vainly, for Gertrude's strong will overpowered her father's weak one. If Aliz went, she went too; and Gertrude was her father's pride and joy. He could not part with her.

As Gertrude attained to woman's estate, she completely outgrew those

outbursts of temper which had once rendered Vaughan Hall anything but a seat of peace, the contentions between the dowager and her granddaughter frequently waxing loud and turbulent. Still they were opposed to each other—opposed in character, disposition, and action; but with quiet sway Gertrude had by imperceptible degrees asserted her right, and after her stepmother's death she took her place as the mistress of the household. Everywhere her influence was felt and acknowledged, and with impotent passion the dethroned old lady witnessed the advent of her queenly descendant. Strikingly beautiful and gracious in deportment, the contrast was remarkable between Gertrude Vaughan and Aliz Lee; the latter clinging to her stronger friend as some delicate tendrils twine around and are supported by a noble stem. There never was one who needed fostering and tending more than the gentle, delicate orphan; her health was so frail that Gertrude often endured intense anxiety as she noted the wan cheek and slight form, so like those of her mother. 'She is too pure, too good for this world,' sighed Gertrude; 'and my heart misgives me that I shall lose my treasure.'

Five years glided by, the dowager in her turn was gathered to her fathers; and the Cliffords were expected at St Cuthbert's Priory. Mr Clifford's health was perfectly re-established, and they were coming 'home to settle,' wrote Miss Clifford.

'My darling Aliz!' exclaimed Gertrude with delighted animation, 'how I long to introduce you to these dear friends! They are so noble, and so superior to all other human beings, that I hope you will learn to love and value them as I do.' Aliz said she hoped so too. Why was it that the remembrance of Mr Tresham's boding words came into the heart of Gertrude just then, and caused a pang which she hated herself for feeling?

'Aliz Lee work me mischief!' said Gertrude with a smile: 'it is impossible!'

In a sequestered nook near St Cuthbert's, sheltered by a superbly-wooded hill, and just at the commencement of a green valley, through which tumbled and foamed the rivulet, finding its way to St Cuthbert's hamlet, stood a low and rambling mansion, beautiful and picturesque. This was the Priory, the ancestral home of the Cliffords. There was a curious old gateway enveloped in ivy which admitted to an enclosure too small for a park, yet too wild for a shrubbery, surrounded and dotted by masses of ivy-covered ruins arches tastefully festooned by nature's hand, and a few prostrate pillars now forming moss-covered seats. There was a venerable cedar, too, whose antiquity was the subject of dispute. The original monastic building had evidently been a substantial and highly-decorated one, though not extensive; and in the present dwelling a richly-stained glass window was preserved in the oak library, where the dim religious light fell on sculptured devices, black with time's sombre painting. In the entrance hall were niches containing oddly-carved figures and illegible inscriptions; dark-coloured roses grew in the crevices, and hung round the casements; and what with the gray walls, and gray lichens, and brown moss, and a mysterious dreaminess pervading the very atmosphere, St Cuthbert's Priory seemed a fitting shade for the recluse who, wearied of the

world and its hollow ways, here sought peace and shelter. A stone screen, still bearing traces of elaborate carving, separated the garden from the park-like enclosure; and here, through the narrow arches, might be seen the brother and sister, arm in arm, slowly pacing the broad gravel walks, and engaged in earnest conversation.

'We have been at home for nearly six months, Cyril,' said Miss Clifford; 'and what an eventful six months they have been! Have they not, dearest?' she added, looking up earnestly in her brother's grave face.

'Yet one day has passed like another, Beatrice,' responded he smiling; 'and few persons would call such a life eventful.'

'But there is a monotony of thought and feeling even when the life is one of action,' replied Miss Clifford; 'and such you experienced ere we returned to England. But is not that an eventful portion of life, my brother, when we first learn to love?'

Mr Clifford turned away to conceal a confusion which was not unbecoming even in 'the young man in his pride,' and his voice was low and faltering when he replied: 'It is more eventful, my dear sister, when we feel assured of our love being returned. Then, indeed, life wears a different aspect; familiar objects assume brighter colours, and old things become new.'

'Cyril,' said Miss Clifford impressively, 'your sensitive nature is ruining your happiness. Mr Vaughan is kind; tacitly permits your visits at the Hall—nay, encourages them; and do you think he would do this if he disapproved of you as a suitor for his daughter? Gertrude is not a woman to be lightly won: you must ask her love ere she permits her preference to be visible. Her dazzling beauty, charming disposition, and large fortune—oh, would the last item might be omitted altogether!—have already procured for her many overtures of marriage. She has refused all, her father tells me with triumph in his tone and look: he is not eager to part with her, and yet, Cyril, he permits your approach. Your fortune is far beneath hers; but Gertrude knows—Mr Vaughan knows—that a Clifford never thinks of wealth in the choice of a bride!'

'Beatrice, my counsellor and friend, would that I could open my whole heart for your inspection; but words fail me when I would endeavour to express the timidity and shrinking which deter me from avowing my passion. Gertrude is reserved and silent in my presence, yet behold her devotion to the fair girl whom she watches over as a mother; and her unpleasant father has an indescribable something about him which seems to say "No danger attends your visits here: my daughter is safe for evermore." Yet I am drawn thither, Beatrice: Gertrude must see and feel that I adore her: and there are times when her dark-speaking eyes are full of beaming tenderness. Then she relapses into her reserve, and is the shy, proud heiress again.'

'Cyril, you are a lover, therefore I can excuse you,' replied Miss Clifford; 'but you are wrong to trifle and procrastinate with a girl like Gertrude Vaughan. You have known her from a child; the interesting, affectionate child has become the high-minded, delicate, lovely woman, unwilling to betray a preference until the irrevocable words pass your lips: "Will you be mine?" This is the true state of the case,' continued Miss

Clifford laughing softly; 'but you are such a foolish fellow, that you will not see it.'

'Beatrice,' replied Mr Clifford gravely, 'this is not altogether so. There is a mystery which I cannot fathom attached both to Mr Vaughan's demeanour and to his daughter's. He knows I love his child; she, too, must know it. Yet I know that he always detested our race; for in politics and in religion we have ever been adverse. And had I been told that Mr Vaughan would give me his only daughter in marriage, I would not have credited it. I fear to solve the mystery, for love makes me a coward, Beatrice. I fear to be banished from her presence, for she is as necessary to my existence as the light of day. Mr Tresham, too, behaves to me exactly as Mr Vaughan does: he is very watchful and wary, and seems to enjoy what is going forward. Gertrude gets on amazingly well with the cross old bachelor; and he is as kind to sweet Aliz Lee as to you, Beatrice—which is saying a great deal. But he must have a heart of stone, indeed, who could be unkind to the lovely flower which my noble Gertrude has nurtured in her bosom. I am almost jealous of Aliz Lee though.'

'Well, Cyril, I think you are so sometimes,' responded Miss Clifford, 'and not altogether without cause; for Gertrude's affection for the orphan almost passes the love of woman.'

'Gertrude is the only being on earth whom Aliz Lee has to love, and can we wonder that a nature like Gertrude's returns such affection so deeply?' replied Mr Clifford.

'Ah, no, no! indeed we cannot, dear Cyril,' rejoined his sister sighing. Perhaps the thought smote even her pure unselfish heart, that she herself was not the first in the affections of one human being. Yet Miss Clifford, wise, and thoughtful, and discerning, as she most assuredly was, judged too much from the surface. Gertrude was not the first and only object of Aliz Lee's affection. Well would it have been for the fair orphan's peace had it been so; but six months had been eventful to more than one at Vaughan Hall, for Aliz Lee, without a struggle to combat and to conquer, had given to Cyril Clifford the first love of her pure, young heart—the passionate love so different from that which she bestowed on her protectress—a fact she shrunk from admitting even to herself, and cherished as a secret to be buried with her in the grave. Yet one penetrating eye had pierced the veil, and to Gertrude Vaughan the secret was known.

'Shall I reveal to my Aliz that I read her secret,' soliloquised Gertrude, 'or shall I await the revelations of time?' She decided on the latter. But the remembrance of Mr Tresham's words arose to her mind: 'Aliz Lee will work you mischief'—and Gertrude shuddered. 'Alas!' she murmured, 'twas a strange prophecy, and like to be an over-true one! For how can I become Cyril's bride—for oh, he surely loves me—and seal the misery of her whom I have vowed to render happy at any sacrifice? vowed to the dying mother; for Aliz Lee is mine—given to me—to my care. Fatal foreboding! Can my hand crush the lily I have worn in my bosom so long, which every day breathes forth renewed fragrance, turning its face towards Heaven and me?'

Who so ready as Gertrude Vaughan to sacrifice self? Yet she was but human, she was herself a passionately-loving woman, and who may

marvel if she contemplated the sacrifice from afar?—put it from her if possible, and waited for the revealments of time. Strange revealments old Father Time soon brought to light. Fiction dares not deal with such; it is only in sober reality they are enacted. After a few days' illness Mr Vaughan breathed his last in the arms of his afflicted daughter, and with one hand clasped in Mr Tresham's. 'Gertrude, my child,' were the last words he gasped, 'I have done all for your happiness; pray God it prove so!'

'Amen!' blurted out his old friend. 'I'm sure it will.'

Mr Tresham sobbed aloud, and Gertrude ever after redoubled her affectionate attentions towards him. He was all that was left to her of her father!

The will was read, and its contents made known to Gertrude in due form. She was left sole and undisputed possessor of her deceased parent's wealth so long only as she remained unmarried. But in the event of her *marrying now, or at any future period, all was to be forfeited for ever!* and to be invested in certain charitable institutions, subject to the control, management, and guidance of Mr Tresham. This was Gertrude's 'preservation' from the ills of matrimony! Mr Tresham imagined he knew human nature, and he felt assured that so long as Aliz Lee depended on the bounty of Gertrude Vaughan, the latter would value fortune for her sake. He it was who had never rested until Mr Vaughan was persuaded to make such a will; and he laid the flattering unction to his soul that through his instrumentality Gertrude was saved from all mercenary suitors, and from all the certain miseries of a wedded life! Mr Tresham's own large fortune precluded the suspicion of sordid motives even had not his character for strict integrity been so well established. The sacrifice was complete; the victim was secured by the hands which ought to have led her to the altar in a chain of flowers.

'Mr Tresham, I have a favour to ask,' said Gertrude, whose cheek was ashy pale though her voice was firm: 'it is, that the tenor of this will may be kept from the knowledge of Aliz Lee.' Mr Tresham's eyes were fixed upon the speaker, as if he would pierce her inmost soul. She faltered, and suddenly ceased speaking, and her companion merely bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

'You at least, my darling Aliz, shall be a portioned bride,' cried Gertrude when she found herself alone, brushing a tear from her cheek: 'but oh, father, I deserved not this! Is it not unnatural?—is it not punishing me through my best and purest affections?—for well they know that for the sake of this helpless, fragile being I would sacrifice every selfish consideration. My golden-haired darling, my fond pet, you shall never want again; your early privations shall reach you no more, but as a jewelled lady shalt thou walk the earth, and fairer and holier never trod on earthly ground! Little Aliz, little Aliz, for myself I would toil with one I love, but you, my dainty darling, you are not fit to jostle with the world. Besides, who would wed a portionless creature like me?' Gertrude half smiled, and her face flushed scarlet as she caught sight of her own magnificent form in the glass. 'Who but one? And could I break her gentle heart—take hope away, and be parted from her for ever? for well do I know that Aliz Lee could not live with me were I Clifford's bride. Ah,

the sacrifice is complete; but Aliz and Clifford shall never know it! Already I feel myself a nun—celibacy my portion, chastity my badge, and devotion my motto. But it is a sacrifice!’

After Mr Vaughan’s decease Mr Tresham became a more frequent visitor than ever at the Hall. He came uninvited, but welcome, and left it unquestioned. In short, he evidently made himself quite at home—vented his spleen and animadverted on the world at large to his own full satisfaction and contentment. He also occasionally paid a visit to St Cuthbert’s Priory, and at those periods an alteration in his deportment was always visible. He became subdued and less irascible, more tolerant of what he denominated Cyril Clifford’s ‘pedantry and puppyism,’ and more observant and even tender towards the excellent Miss Clifford. Cyril was much changed of late; he had ceased his frequent visits at Vaughan Hall, and only when Mr Tresham was staying there did the young man present himself. Deeply mortified and wounded by Gertrude’s increased coldness and reserve, he attributed to pride her decided repulsion of manner; she was the sole heiress of unbounded wealth, and she felt her own vast importance and dignity, and to a ‘poor Clifford’ had no heart, no hand to bestow. Thus sometimes, in moments of dejection or irritation, argued the lover; but he soon cast away such pitiful suspicions as unworthy the noble creature whom he worshipped. No, there was a mystery; Cyril Clifford felt certain of it; and more than mother’s love and devotion lavished by Gertrude on sweet Aliz Lee was witnessed by him with an apprehension which connected it in some way with his own rejection.

It is an old and a true saying, ‘that we love those whom our best-loved love,’ or at anyrate that we desire to stand well in their estimation; therefore it was that Clifford treated Aliz with the affectionate kindness of a brother. Her extreme timidity and bashfulness seemed to ask for, protection and encouragement, and by degrees Cyril had won her to a more free and unrestrained intercourse, fraught with danger to her though with none to him. Aliz, with the quicksightedness and marvellous intuition of love, knew that though she had fixed that love on a ‘bright particular star,’ the star was beyond her reach for ever—that its lustre was for another, and that other her dearest earthly friend and benefactress. But how was it that Gertrude repelled such a one as Cyril Clifford—Clifford, whose perfections of intellectual and physical beauty were so absolute and enthralling? It was a puzzle to the gentle Aliz—a puzzle she attempted not to solve: she knew her own love to be hopeless and presumptuous, but, like a wounded dove, she clasped her wings closely to her side, hiding the deadly secret, and only waiting for opportunity to soar away in upward flight—the last journey to a brighter sphere.

With unwonted interest Mr Tresham noted the fair girl’s fading cheek, so gradual and lovely in decay that Gertrude was unwilling to credit that such anguish could be in store. As the mother had declined so declined the child—slowly, slowly, wasting away, happy to depart, resigned to suffering, and at peace. She besought Gertrude not to remove her from Vaughan Hall; besought so earnestly, that although Gertrude proposed a warmer and more genial climate, seconded by medical advice, the wish was abandoned, as likely to do more harm than good when the patient was so averse to it. •

'Do not attempt it,' said Mr Tresham abruptly: 'nothing can save her. Let her die here!'

'Oh, Mr Tresham, how can you speak so to me?' cried Gertrude in a passion of tears: 'have you a heart?' Rarely had Gertrude addressed her father's friend with such acrimony.

'I had one—once—Gertrude Vaughan,' replied the old man; 'but it was cracked early, and has not, perhaps, since then held much.'

Mr Tresham uttered those words with deep feeling, and his voice trembled; never had he so spoken before, and Gertrude took his hand and pressed it to her lips, murmuring: 'Forgive me, dear sir; but I am, indeed I am most anxious and unhappy; for my sweet, patient charge has twined herself round the fibres of my heart, and to lose her will be a crushing blow.'

'Yet she is a stumbling-block in your path,' said Mr Tresham, relapsing into his usual manner: 'she is a heavy chain around your neck, Gertrude Vaughan, albeit the links are of gold.' Gertrude met the old man's eye, and she read a depth of knowledge there which caused her heart to throb and her cheeks to tingle. 'She is as dear to me as an only sister,' replied Gertrude in a tremulous tone: 'she is the most precious treasure I possess.'

'Ay, ay,' muttered Mr Tresham as he watched her retreating form, 'thou art a rare creature, and would value money as dross but for the sake of others. Well, well, we shall see, what is to be will be.'

Like many obstinate and prejudiced people, Mr Tresham had not the remotest idea that he was contradicting his own oft-repeated and dogmatical sayings when he affirmed that Aliz Lee would ultimately 'work mischief' for her protectress; for if her innocent existence was actually the prevailing cause of Gertrude's 'preservation' from any matrimonial alliance, according to his avowed tenets, she was in reality working good, and not ill. But Mr Tresham was a disappointed, chafed man—the grapes had been sour, and he strove to convince himself, even as he strove to convince others that he believed what he preached. Hence his slight mistakes, more in his head than his heart, which was in fact far softer than he cared to allow.

Day after day, week after week, they watched beside the dying; nor was Cyril Clifford altogether absent. But there was a constraint attached to his presence which made itself felt despite all efforts to the contrary. Gertrude's reserve was now habitual; and the hectic deepened, and the dim eye brightened, when he approached Aliz, though she vainly strove to appear calm and self-possessed. He spoke to her as to a dear young sister, and how differently she received his affectionate attentions! But yet Gertrude's pallid cheek and speaking eye did not tell a tale of happiness, or pride, or exultation: every energy was concentrated in soothing and cheering the sick girl, and with a depth of pity and tenderness inexpressible, Miss Clifford assisted in the blessed task. On the whole, her passage to the grave was an easy one: the pure spirit fled with one prolonged sigh as she rested on Gertrude's bosom—the dove-like eyes bending their last look on her who had been more than mother to the orphan.

'Cyril, my brother, it is over,' said Miss Clifford solemnly on her return

to the Priory in the evening. 'Aliz Lee is no more: her spirit is at rest with her Creator. She is so transcendantly lovely in death, that it is scarcely possible to realise the awful truth.'

'And how does Gertrude bear it?' inquired Cyril with anxiety.

'She endeavours to be calm,' replied Miss Clifford: 'her eyes are tearless, but her lips quiver with suppressed emotion. Ah! Gertrude did indeed love and cherish the departed saint, and from the peculiar combination of circumstances, their mutual strong attachment is not to be wondered at.'

'I must look on the faded flower again, Beatrice,' said Cyril mournfully. 'I did not think that her impressive farewell was indeed the last. Sweet, holy Aliz Lee, we may not wish thee here again—thou art better with the angels in Paradise.'

With morning dawn Clifford repaired to the Hall, and found Mr Tresham, to whom he expressed his wish to view the remains. That gentleman led the way with grave decorum to the chamber of death, and leaving Clifford to enter alone, awaited his return outside. The curtains of the casement were partially withdrawn, permitting a faint streak of rosy light to rest on the features of the waxen effigy, white as the white shroud, on which summer roses redolent of sweets were profusely scattered. Closed eyes and straightened limbs whispered the dread reality, and yet a smile lingered round the mouth, from which had never fallen aught but pearls of price—even words of truth and meekness. The shaded chamber did not at first permit Clifford to see that a living form watched the sleep of death, until with noiseless step he approached quite close. A sigh and a soft exclamation caused him to start, and he uttered the name of 'Gertrude.' The thrilling tone conveyed volumes of enduring and passionate affection, and the sole response was 'Clifford,' as she flung herself weeping on his breast. No need of more—a tone, a word, a look, had sufficed. Long they stood together, silently and prayerfully regarding the beloved remains; and when they emerged from the death-chamber, Mr Tresham read at a glance that the heiress of the Vaughans had forfeited all for love!

Food for gossip was afforded to the country-side when the rumours concerning Mr Vaughan's cruel and unnatural will assumed a more positive character, and Mr Tresham, always unpopular among the female community, was voted a 'vengeful old fellow,' for carrying it out to the letter. It was whispered that he never would have connived at such unlawful proceedings had poor Miss Vaughan espoused any other than a Clifford, for it was well known that in early life Mr Tresham had been jilted by Cyril's mother, who, when their marriage-day was fixed, ran off with Cyril's father, then a gay and extravagant young man. This tale was founded on fact, and nearer the truth than idle tales usually are. But more might have been added—Mr Tresham's honest and deep-rooted love and galling disappointment might have been described, and also the false lady's after-life of folly, waste, and dissipation.

Sternly and strictly Mr Tresham fulfilled his duty as executor of the deceased Mr Vaughan's will on Gertrude's marriage with Cyril Clifford, which took place six months after Aliz Lee's departure to a better world. He purchased Vaughan Hall himself, and took up his residence there, frequently residing at the Priory, railing at matrimony and womankind,

and snuffing to a most alarming extent. He was extremely careful of his money, and folks said that he too would doubtless leave it all to charities, were it only to spite the 'proud Cliffords.' They, however, never thought on the subject, but pitied the lonely, ill-conditioned old man, and kindly tolerated his failings.

To their astonishment, and to the astonishment of all others, when in the course of time he went the way of all flesh, it was found that his wealth far exceeded that of which Gertrude had been deprived by her father's will, and, moreover, that it was equally divided between Beatrice Clifford and herself—'two specimens of excellence in womankind, redeeming the sex!'

Vaughan Hall changed its appellation with its owner, Gertrude not caring to retain the cheerless domain; but St Cuthbert's Priory is restored to primitive splendour, and the original happy trio quadrupled—so that the race of 'gallant Cliffords' is not likely to become extinct. In the meantime, the rising generation of the family affords ample scope for the energies of good Aunt Beatrice, who seems to grow younger as her years increase, realising, in the spring of new life rising up around her, the fabled fountain of youth.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

DURING the last ten or twenty years public attention has been directed in a remarkable manner to the condition of the industrial classes of this country. The reports of government officers, the statements made by town missionaries, and the letters of special correspondents of the newspapers, have brought to light such a mass of misery and destitution as to startle and surprise that half of the world which proverbially does not know how the other half lives. Indeed the tender-hearted man of good means and substance, as he peruses the host of publications on the subject—from the parliamentary Blue-Book, with its cold unstudied array of awful facts, to the two-volumed novel with its graphic grouping of forcible fictions—feels himself so much moved that he cannot for a time fully enjoy the ordinary comforts and luxuries of life. In his blazing coal fire he sees pictures of subterranean barbarity that make him shudder, his bread reminds him of poor bakers working out their lives both day and night in close, unhealthy workshops, and sometimes so ill rewarded that they cannot obtain for themselves and their families a sufficiency of that which they are daily making; he pauses as he puts on his coat, and thinks of the sweating-system, and of miserable tailors unable often to earn even soldier's wages of a shilling a day, and many of them unwilling to appear in the streets or at church on Sundays from the want of the clothes which it is their business to make; and his clean, spotless linen loses all its purity when he thinks of the sufferings and the sins of the poor needle women, who

‘With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,’

are wearing out their lives in an almost hopeless struggle to support themselves by honest industry. On every hand he sees the most glaring anomalies in society: immense wealth and gigantic poverty; the highest points of civilisation and the lowest depths of barbarism; men and women living in possession of an overflowing abundance of the elegances and comforts of existence, while in the same city those of like passions with themselves, members of the same great human family, are herding together not so much like savages as like wild beasts—in short, a state of things rising on one side as near to heaven as on the other it sinks near to hell. His conscience gives him no rest till he has done something by

- way of remedy; so he subscribes to some charitable institution, or writes a pamphlet, or forms a philanthropic society. He labours for a time: tries various schemes for man's regeneration; opens a school perhaps, or a soup-kitchen, or promotes emigration; and ultimately finds himself so much imposed on and deluded by the very people whom he is labouring to serve, that he gives up the profession of philanthropy, and returns to enjoy the good things of this life without feeling as previously that 'the trail of the serpent is over them all.'

This class of men — well-meaning, benevolent, and kindhearted — too often actually stand in the way of improvement in the condition of the labouring-classes. They view the subject from the lowest and necessarily the wrong position — they can see nothing but the misery, think of nothing but its immediate relief. Their hearts are so deeply moved that they cannot stop to entertain a few obvious considerations. Without casting any imputation on the veracity of the gentlemen of the press whose researches and reports have lately supplied the public with so much important and valuable information, the question may be asked: How far the experience gathered in the reporters' galleries of the two Houses of Parliament fits a man for investigating the social condition of the country? That these gentlemen have reported accurately what they have heard and seen cannot be doubted; but the very circumstances under which their inquiries were carried on must have prevented them in numerous cases from thoroughly investigating the accuracy of the statements made, and could not permit them to inquire into the real and true causes which had produced the state of things it was their business to describe. Every man who knows anything of the past or present state of the population knows well that at all times and seasons there is a great floating mass of beggary, laziness, and misconduct, always ready to tell any tale to a charitable society, or impose in any way on the benevolent and the inquiring, so that they may procure the means of gratifying their desires for a life of indolence and vagabondage. It is this class who, by being cast to the surface, appear prominently in superficial inquiries, and accordingly attract the attention of the benevolent and kindhearted, who relieve them very often without much inquiry into the truth of their representations. But another consideration is too often overlooked by the class of philanthropists to which we have referred. Seeing nothing but distress, their relief of it is direct and prompt, and necessarily temporary. The causes of distress are left untouched, and constantly reproduce cases of the same kind, and these benevolent gentlemen cannot be induced to adopt the slow and apparently harsher, but in reality more merciful plan, of patiently investigating causes and removing them if they are removable.

Another class of men on whom these revelations have made a strong impression view the subject from an entirely different position. They regard this bad state of things as arising from want of employment and insufficient wages, these again being caused by the system of competition. accordingly, they would abolish this system, and establish the principle of co-operation, or, as it is now more generally termed, Christian Socialism. Of this system we shall in a subsequent part of this Paper have much to say; in the meantime we shall merely indicate its nature. It is very different from what we usually understand by Socialism. So far as it has

hitherto developed itself it has to do simply and solely with the relations between capital and labour: it violates no religious principle or even prejudice; alters no existing institution, whether of marriage or parental obligation; and has no political purpose in view. Nor is it Communism. It seeks no new division of property, no absolute equality in the wages of labour, and no special claim on the civil government: it merely proposes to associate workmen of the same trade in a business-partnership, to be carried on either with borrowed capital or with capital subscribed by those associated together, and to give each man a share in the profits of the business in proportion to the labour which he contributes; in other words, the profits now received by the master will be shared among the men after paying interest on capital.

There is another class of thinkers satisfied with things as they are. They admit the misery, but regard it as inevitable. They consider that so long as sin is in this world, so long will the world contain destitution and misery, ignorance and crime. They can suggest nothing but a passive acquiescence in things as we find them, and leave them to work out, if they can, their own cure.

Among the working classes there is an earnest and sincere desire to improve their own condition. The great majority seek nothing but a fair field for their labour—a just share in the fruits of their industry. Few of them desire to eat the bread of idleness, or to receive charitable assistance except in the last extremity; but they are all too prone to believe in those who tell them that they have been tyrannised over by class-legislators and robbed by rapacious capitalists, and are too eager, in defiance of repeated warnings and ever recurring examples, to engage in schemes that promise advantage, it is impossible to realise, and hold out hopes that must inevitably be disappointed.

If the history of the working-classes of this country were faithfully written, it would throw more light on the measures necessary for the improvement of their condition than newspaper or government inquiries, or abstract speculations. We believe it would be found that at every period in their history some portions of them have been in as depressed a state as those whose case has been so prominently made public. Poverty and destitution are old residents of this world; and there were hard task-masters, practising cruelty with impunity, long before the days of the sweaters and slopsellers of London. We do not say that the existence of such a state of things in the past should render us indifferent to that which exists now, but it ought certainly to diminish our surprise, and prevent us from rushing to rash measures of reform. For however wild and foolish many of the schemes proposed in the present day for the improvement of society may be, other schemes even more foolish and wilder have in days gone by been proposed and tried with results that have ever since been deplored. We believe, further, that it would be found that the low physical condition of the working-classes could always be traced more to moral evils which they have the power to remedy than to want of employment and low wages; and that, generally speaking, at no former period in the history of this country had they a greater command of the comforts and necessities of life, or greater facilities for providing against accident and misfortune, than at the present day.

When a working-man casts even a hasty glance into the future, three great contingencies appear—want of employment, sickness, and death. He may escape the first and second, but he cannot avoid the third. He will at once see the necessity of providing against these, and the impossibility of doing so unless he lives within his income and invests his savings in a profitable manner. There are doubtless exceptions to every rule, but few working-men will be unable, by the help of thrifty and prudent wives, to save sufficient year by year as to make them look on the future with comparatively easy minds. The dangers into which they are liable to run are saving on the wrong items of expenditure, and making ill-advised investments. A man had better not save at all than save by not sending his children to school, or by refusing to allow himself and his family a sufficiency of wholesome food. In the first case, he deprives his children of that knowledge which is 'better than riches,' and of a means of supporting themselves in the world, at least equal in importance to their physical labour; while in the second case, his parsimony will sow the seeds of disease and decay, not to be counterbalanced by any investment. In this unwise neglect of the education of children lies the cause of much of the misery that we see around us. Go into any of our large towns, and you will find thousands of parents spending more money every week in indulgences which they would be far better without, or in subscriptions to clubs which end in disappointment and loss, while their children are growing up not only without the instruction and discipline of the school, but with the instruction and discipline of the streets, that are too well fitting them to tread the same improvident and intemperate path as their fathers. Even among the richer classes a somewhat similar feeling prevails. When a necessity arises for retrenchment, the first item struck off is the expenditure on the education of the children, and they are either altogether removed from school or sent to one of an inferior quality. Parents generally forget what kind of a possession a good education is, and overlook the fact that, unlike material property, when once gained it can never be lost, and that the longer it is used the stronger and more extended does it become.

But there is less danger to be apprehended from saving in the wrong way than from improvident investments. It is with savings as it is in trade and with capital of all kinds—the amount of profits is in the inverse ratio of the security. If a man is anxious to make money fast, he must go out of the field of legitimate business and enter that of speculation, and while he has the chance of great gains he incurs the risk of great losses. When this is practised to an excessive extent it becomes neither more nor less than gambling, and is inevitably followed by the same results. The gains, if any, are not the legitimate interest on capital or the produce of labour, but simply represent the losses of others. There are many societies founded on a speculative basis which hold out to working-men the hope of high interest combined with firm security, but such societies should receive no encouragement. Money, like everything else, has always its fair market-price, and whenever any society offers a higher than the market price, the difference between the two is a gain of interest counterbalanced by the increased risk of the principal. Working-men, therefore, should be especially careful in investing their money to prefer good security to high interest or other great advantages. Great capitalists

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

may with impunity embark in speculations, for their transactions can be so varied that losses in one way are made up in another; but if the working-man be unfortunate in his investment, the loss is usually the loss of his all.

Assuming, then, that by a little self-denial and prudent management savings could easily be made, let us now review the various modes of investment open to the working classes, and the extent to which these have been used. These may be classed under three heads:—1. Investments to accumulate property; 2. Investments to provide against sickness and the consequences of death; 3. Investments both of money and labour, so as to procure a better reward for the latter. Under the first head we rank Savings' Banks, Building, Land, and Loan Societies; under the second, Friendly Societies and Mutual-Assurance Companies; and under the third, Co-operative Stores, and Industrial Associations. Each of these we shall consider in detail.

Before the establishment of savings' banks, the working-classes had no place of security in which their savings could be beneficially deposited. Those who were careful and provident hoarded their money in secret and unsuspected places; wrapped it up in an old stocking, or put it under lock and key in a chest of drawers. It was not perhaps secure, nor did it reproduce itself, but it was always at hand ready for any emergency. The amount thus hoarded up must have been very small when compared with the sums we now find accumulated in the savings' banks. There are many people who when they have money cannot rest until they spend it: a shilling or a sovereign, to use their own phrase, 'burns a hole in the pocket;' and unless it is put beyond their reach, say in the savings' bank, they are sure to squander it away. Large sums were undoubtedly spent in this heedless manner before such banks were formed. The nature of a savings' bank is well known. It meets the requirements of the working-classes by facilitating the weekly deposit of small sums: by paying a rate of interest a little higher than the ordinary banks; and by offering the security of the nation. The limitation of the amount received is merely to prevent the use of the bank by persons for whom it was not intended; and the rule requiring notice to be given before any money is withdrawn, must prevent in many cases a reckless application of the money.

It would be difficult to imagine any bank simply of deposit better contrived for the wants of the working-classes than the savings' banks of this country; nevertheless the truth is, that the depositors belong in very few cases to the working-classes, and that these classes look on the banks with jealousy and distrust. The number of depositors on 20th November 1849, the date to which the most recent returns have been made up, was 1,087,354, including 22,323 charitable institutions and friendly societies, and the total amount deposited, including interest, was £28,537,010. The class of the community who are the chief depositors in savings' banks are domestic servants; after them come clerks, shopmen, and teachers; but of actual working-men the number is very small. The amount invested in these banks has diminished considerably since 1844. In that year it was more than £31,250,000; in 1847 it was £1,000,000 less, and in 1849 nearly £3,000,000 less than in 1844. To some extent this

decrease may be explained by the state of trade and employment, but it is perhaps more to be attributed to the increasing distrust of these banks on the part of the working-classes. Nor is this distrust to be at all wondered at. During the last two or three years the cases of defalcation by the managers of savings' banks have been painfully numerous, aggravated by the manner in which they have been performed, and the number of years over which they have extended. The details of many of these cases have exhibited an amount of maladministration and culpable neglect on the part of the trustees, combined with an ingenuity of theft on the part of the actuary or manager, which, had it been described in a work of fiction, would have appeared incredible. The history of railways exhibits many deeds that will not bear the light of day, but they appear bright when compared with the cold, heartless, hypocritical villany that will for ever disgrace the history of savings' banks. But when the frauds came to light the depositors felt little alarm, trusting to the 'national security;' but they found they had deceived themselves when they learned that the government was responsible only for the money it had received, and that the money of which the depositors had been robbed had never been received by the government at all. The reaction against the banks was natural, and we fear will continue for a long time to come, unless some law, which is evidently much required, should be passed, by which the national security should be given for all the money paid in.

Besides this feeling of distrust other reasons are assigned for non-investment in savings' banks. It was stated before a committee of the House of Commons last year, that 'one reason why the working man does not invest his money in the savings' banks is, that the fact of his being able to save money is used as a pretence for his wages being reduced, and he carefully excludes from the knowledge of his employer the fact that he is able to save.' In proof of this it was stated that working men in Clerkenwell did not invest in the savings' bank there, but went to another at some distance, where they were not known, and that people from a distance came to Clerkenwell for the same reason—to prevent its being 'whispered about that So-and-so is a saving man, and may therefore work for less wages.' We hope for the sake of the employers of labour in this country that such cases are rare. The circumstance of a man saving out of his wages ought to make his master respect and value him the more. The rate of wages is determined by a totally different chain of circumstances; but even if wages were to be affected by savings, it would be the interest of the master, as a general rule, to pay his provident better than his improvident workman, inasmuch as he might gain in the greater economy of labour and material practised by the saving man much more than any diminution of his wages. Before the same committee it was said: 'Very large sums of money are wasted in borrowing money even till the time arrives to get the money out of the savings' bank. If a very poor person wants £3 immediately, he would give 25 per cent. for it.' The rule requiring notice to be given before any money is withdrawn will doubtless be in some cases inconvenient, but it has its advantages. If a man with a deposit in the savings' bank be so pressed for money as to be unable to wait till he can draw out his deposit, he will have no difficulty in obtaining, if not a postponement of the claim on him, at least a

loan on reasonable terms on his satisfactorily proving that he has money in the bank.

But doubtless there are other reasons more powerful still which prevent the working-classes from becoming depositors in savings' banks. They are government institutions, and as such a large party consider it a duty to decry them. This perpetual suspicion of 'the government,' though right to a certain extent, is in this case utterly unjust. The government derives no advantage from the banks, the money is invested in the public funds, and the small difference in the interest paid and received is entirely absorbed in the expense of management. If the banks were either private or joint-stock concerns, and the depositors had a share in their management, they would find more favour, at least for a time, with many among the working-classes. But it requires no prophet to foresee that from such a state of things mismanagement and frauds would ensue, and the establishments share the fate of many other schemes founded on appeals to the prejudices, ignorance, and cupidity of the people.

These banks are, however, simply banks of deposit; the money accumulates at the usual rate of interest, and no indirect advantage results from them. To obtain a higher rate of interest, combined with social or political advantages, building and land societies have been projected, offering a good investment, and at the same time the prospect of the possession of household or landed property, and its natural attendant—the right of voting in municipal and general elections. The principle of the building society may be thus stated.—The society consists of so many shares, usually about £120 each. Each shareholder pays a certain weekly, fortnightly, or monthly sum—amounting to from £6 to £7 per annum—for each share of the above amount. When the accumulated payments reach the value of one share, it is put up for sale among the members, and sold to the member offering the highest premium, in fact, the money is advanced as a loan, on which interest has to be paid by the purchaser until the society comes to an end—that is, until each member has received the value of the share. The money thus purchased by the member is invested by him in land, buildings, or other premises approved of by the society; and on this property the society of course retains a claim until all the obligations of the member have been discharged. Each society is not expected to last more than ten years, but the time is necessarily shorter or longer according to the success or otherwise of its operations. Thus if each share is fixed at £120, and a member purchases one at a premium of £20, he will have to pay 5s. each fortnight for his share; the same sum as interest on the money advanced, and a portion, say one-tenth (supposing the society to last for ten years), of the premium. These payments would be £15 annually for ten years, but to meet these he has the rents of the property purchased by the money advanced. Now it is obvious that the value of his investment will depend on the choice he has made of the property purchased, it may bring him in 10 per cent., or 5 per cent., or some years it may not bring him anything at all. The cases are extremely rare in which house-property realises more than 10 per cent. per annum; so that the utmost to be expected in the shape of rent would be £12 per annum, leaving £3 to be paid out of other savings for ten years. Virtually, then, at the end of ten years the member would

have paid £30 for property originally worth £120. But this is under the most favourable circumstances, and is quite irrespective of fines, repairs, deterioration of property, and casualties. Had the same sum—that is, £3 per annum—been invested in the savings' bank, it would at the end of ten years have increased, at compound interest, to about £36. If, on the other hand, the property returned only 5 per cent., this would necessitate a payment of £9 per annum; or, at the end of ten years, property originally costing £120 would have been procured for £90. The same yearly sum paid into the savings' bank would during the same time have accumulated to not much less than the same amount. In both the society and the bank the risk of loss by fraudulent management has to be encountered, but the risk is certainly much greater in the former than the latter.

Viewed simply as an investment, it is difficult to say whether such societies are preferable to savings' banks, good management being presupposed. In the one case, a certain yearly rate of interest is guaranteed—small certainly, but about equal to that received by holders of stock in the public funds, and greater than the dividends paid by many railway companies; while in the other, the returns from the property are liable to constant fluctuation from bad tenants, houses standing empty, and other causes. The bank investment does not deteriorate by time, but houses are constantly requiring repairs, and at the end of fifty or sixty years many of those built to pay such high interest will be of no value. To superintend property and to collect the rents involves an expenditure of time if done personally, and of money if done by deputy, to neither of which the depositor in the savings' bank is liable.

But irrespective of the question of investment, there are indirect advantages connected with these building societies that greatly commend them to the favour of the people. They are self-governed: each shareholder has a voice and a vote in the management, and at all meetings has a right to that 'honest liberty of free speech' so dear to every man in our island. The lessons in the management of public business given in these societies form in themselves a most important part of the education of the people. It is not in political clubs—where speculative questions are freely discussed, and the management of public business commented on, but where no one has anything but his opinion at stake—that sound practical views of government can be acquired, but it is rather in such societies as we are now considering, where men have real business to manage and actual property at stake. Again, these societies give great facilities for the acquisition of property in its most attractive form of houses and lands, and of that much-coveted privilege—the right of voting. A man who has risen by his own industrial savings to be a house-owner, a landed proprietor, and a free and independent elector, has more importance in the community than the man who has merely a deposit in the savings' bank; and no man rises to such a position without at the same time rising in his general character and in the respect of those by whom he is surrounded. Some of the best citizens of the community are found among these men; for their actual experience of public business has trained them to form just opinions of public affairs, and their love of country is rendered all the more intense because some portion, however small, of that country belongs to them.

On the other hand, it cannot be disguised that these societies have in many instances given encouragement to that system of building what are called 'jerry-houses,' by which the poor have been the greatest sufferers. In large towns in Scotland such houses appear to be unknown, for there is plentiful and cheap, and the people live in 'flats,' so that there is little inducement to build houses otherwise than of strong materials and of large dimensions. But in England the case is very different: bricks take the place of stone; even the mechanic and the labourer will not dwell in other than 'self-contained' houses; and the consequence is, that in the suburbs of such large towns as Liverpool and Manchester there are miles upon miles of what is called 'cottage property'—consisting of houses erected usually with reference to nothing save a large percentage. A man with no capital gets money from a building society; he may be a builder himself, or he contracts with some builder for the erection of houses in a rapidly-increasing neighbourhood. The houses are ran up in a few weeks by inferior and badly-paid workmen, who use bad and cheap materials; they are soon tenanted; the speculation pays; but the tenants pay high rents for bad accommodation, and the houses will perhaps be in ruins before the death of the builder or proprietor. A Liverpool architect thus described the system in the 'Morning Chronicle' of 16th September last:—

'Not long ago I made a valuation for a building society of five cottages, each consisting of two rooms and a kitchen. They were macerable places; the rooms were less than twelve feet square, with a staircase leading directly from the kitchen, or lower room, to the room above. They had no back-windows. There was but one privy for the five cottages. The joiners' work was of the most inferior and rude kind, and the timber was of the worst and commonest sort. These houses and the land on which they stood cost £400, and each house let for £8 per annum—thus yielding an interest of 10 per cent. They were seldom or never unlet, and the rents were collected weekly. I have known instances—not two or three, but I may say scores of instances—in which 15 per cent. has been cleared for cottage property of this inferior class. Even if such houses drop to pieces in twenty years, it is a first-rate investment. It is the poor who pay the highest prices for everything—houses not excepted. Middle-class houses are "scamped" in the same way. The walls are so thin that you can hear in one house the conversation of people in the next. The joists are not sufficiently thick or strong—the wood is "green," and instead of sound Baltic or red American pine, which ought to be employed for the bearing timber, the jerry-builders invariably use the cheap, common yellow pine, which is not fit for the purpose. The workmanship is not quite so much scamped as in the houses of the poorer classes, but it is very far from being what it ought to be. These rows of nice new houses and bran-new streets may look pretty enough outside and in, but it is all show and no substance. Slop-work never lasts, and such houses will be old and rickety long before they have stood sixty years. To secure comfort in a house—to have a house honestly built—it ought to last for 200 years, with ordinary repairs from time to time. Very few such houses are built now for private occupation.'

If a man's chief motive for entering a building society were to obtain a house as a dwelling for himself, such erections would not be tolerated; but

this seldom appears to be the case. The greater portion of the members of the societies belong to a class who inhabit much better dwellings than those in which they invest their money. They look on the transaction generally as a mere business speculation: their interest is to get cheap houses and high rents; and all other questions, sanitary and the like, are made quite secondary. It is true that in many places the mode in which land is sold encourages such a state of things. In Liverpool, for example, a very large portion of the land on which the town is built belongs to the corporation, who sell it only on leases of seventy-five years, and no man has therefore an interest in erecting buildings calculated to last longer than that time. The immediate effect of such influences is, that the poorer part of the population live in houses with comparatively fewer comforts and comparatively higher rents than their richer neighbours. This is a point from which building societies have seldom been considered; and the inattention to it is strikingly illustrative of the direction hitherto taken by the associative principle in this country. It is admitted on all hands that the dwellings of the working-classes, especially in our large towns, require improvement, and that they have been in too many instances constructed with little regard to the laws of health; while in these very towns we find societies framed specially to give working-men facilities for becoming house-owners which are actually increasing the number of such dwellings, instead of erecting them on improved principles, calculated to give additional comfort and to secure better health to their inmates. At the same time there exist other societies, the members of which do *not* belong to the working-classes, whose chief object is the erection of improved dwellings, and who look less to any interest for their money than to the improvement of the houses of the poor. These things should be well considered by the wordy advocates of co-operation and the denouncers of class-oppression and capitalist tyranny.

The freehold land-societies resemble the building societies to a considerable extent. A large class of county votes exist in England and Wales that are unknown in either Ireland or Scotland. In an English or Welsh county the possession of a piece of freehold land of the annual value of 40s. and upwards entitles the possessor to a vote, even though he should be non resident; and it is to increase the number of these votes for certain political purposes that these freehold land societies have been established. Their mode of working is simple:—The members pay so much per week, month, or other convenient term, and when a sufficient sum to purchase a large piece of land has been accumulated, the directors look out for a freehold estate suitable for the purpose and profitable as an investment, which is bought by some of them in trust for the rest. The land is divided into lots, each conferring a vote, and these are balloted for, or in some other way allotted to the members. As an investment, the chief advantage of the scheme is, that the members purchase land by retail at the wholesale price. Thus in some of the societies a piece of land which, if purchased by itself, would have cost 3s. 4d. per square yard, has been obtained for about one-third of that sum. The recent changes in the stamp-duty, and the proposal to have a better system of registering landed property, will prove of great value to these societies, as much of the cost of the land consisted in the expense of conveyance, and often in searches

into the validity of the title. It is perhaps, unfortunate for such societies that they have hitherto aimed chiefly at manufacturing votes, and been associated with a political party for political purposes. The wider extension of the franchise, which appears inevitable, will doubtless deprive them of much of their political importance, and then their usefulness and unsurpassed security (for no investment can be so secure as that in land) will become more and more apparent. The extension and good honest management of such societies in connection with those for building, if less tainted with the spirit of realising a large percentage, would in a short time greatly promote the comfort, social happiness, and independence of the working-classes. If through these societies, by means of easy weekly payments, a freshhold site for a garden and a house, and money sufficient for the erection of the latter, can be procured, what is there but the want of prudence, self-denial, and good management, to prevent many artisans from living in their own houses, digging in their own gardens, and doing that which Charles II. said was the best preservative of health—taking exercise every morning on *their own land*?

Of loan societies we cannot speak so favourably. As hitherto conducted they have been hurtful to shareholders and loanholders. They have assumed two forms: the first somewhat resembles the building society, in so far that when a certain amount is collected by the subscriptions of the members, it is put up for sale, and knocked down to the bidder of the highest premium. Sometimes this premium is as high as 50 per cent., and the purchaser must apply the money in an unusually advantageous way to enable him to repay it by regular weekly or monthly instalments. In many cases when a poor man is hard pressed, or when a tradesman sees a profitable means of extending his business, the purchase of a loan in this way will prove of great service and value; but in many other instances the reverse is the case: the money is spent at once; the loanholder finds he cannot pay regularly; fines accumulate to an enormous amount; and at last legal proceedings are taken, usually with great severity; and the effects of himself and his sureties are sold at a ruinous sacrifice, to pay an amount which, with premium, fines, and expenses, is perhaps double or treble that which he originally received. The second form is somewhat different. A society is established with a certain number of members and shares, and a certain capital. Loans are advanced on good security, repayable by instalments extending over about fifty weeks. Thus a person requiring money makes application for, we shall say, £100. Three householders become his securities for the repayment of the money. The sum he receives is £95, the difference being deducted for interest. He pays £2 per week for fifty weeks, and then the transaction ends. For the sum of £5, therefore, he purchases the use of £95 for the first week, of £93 for the second, and so on in sums diminishing weekly by £2 until the whole is repaid. The actual amount of interest which he ought to pay, if calculated weekly at 5 per cent. per annum, would be about £2, 3s. 6d., the difference, £2, 16s. 6d., being a kind of premium for the immediate advance; or, in other words, the interest he paid was at the rate of more than 11 per cent. per annum. But his repayments would enable the directors to advance other loans on the same terms, so that the interest

accruing to the shareholders would be very high, and the investment be exceedingly profitable. But we have already shown that the interest on investments is great or small in the inverse ratio of the security; and so in this case the interest is great, but the security is doubtful, and the result is that very few of these societies have been profitable. The loose system under which they were managed opened up opportunities for fraud, and many suffered severely by the defalcation of secretaries and other officers: the facilities afforded for procuring loans held out temptations to many to procure them and then abscond, leaving their sureties to bear the loss; and often honest, well-meaning people have been obliged to contract one loan to repay another, until they found themselves in inextricable difficulties. Indeed the system of carrying on either a business or private affairs by means of such loans strongly resembles the system of 'wind-bills' in ordinary commerce, with the same result—that of bankruptcy—in almost every case. It is quite possible to place such societies on a better footing, and with good management and reasonable rules to make them what they ought to be—a help to the honest struggling man; but as at present constituted and managed, they ought to be avoided both by those who want money and those who have it to invest.

From a return dated 28th March 1851, applying to 200 loan societies in England and Wales, we learn that during the year 1850 the number of applications for loans was 87,563, of which 83,862 were granted: the money circulated during the year being £373,608, or a little more than £4, 10s. to each borrower. The sums remaining in borrowers' hands on 31st December amounted to nearly £150,000. The gross profits were £17,461, or less than 5 per cent. on the money circulated, but from this must be deducted the expense of management, amounting to £6745, or more than one-third of the entire profits, leaving a clear gain on the operations of these 200 societies of about £10,000. Some idea of the mode in which the proceedings of these societies are conducted may be gained from the fact, that the number of summonses issued against borrowers in 1850 was 2281, and of distress-warrants no fewer than 114. The amount for the recovery of which these summonses were issued was £2842, and the amount recovered £1969. Of the 200 societies, 44, or more than one-fifth, held their meetings in inns and public houses.

Another great class of societies, more important than any to which we have alluded, embrace those in which provision is made against sickness and death. These originate from a different and a higher motive than the others that have been described. They are far less tainted with selfishness than societies that propose simply to afford a good return for money invested; for no benefits can accrue from them unless by the occurrence of events which all men would probably avoid if they could, and to which even the best of us cannot look forward without apprehension and awe. The artist and the artisan, the professional man and the labourer; all, in fact, who are dependent on the sweat of their brow and—the term may be appropriately used—the sweat of their brain, are placed during sickness in a far different position from those whose income is derived from property. In the former case, sickness immediately stops the supplies, and death cuts them off altogether; but in the latter, the source of income is not affected by either of

these events. A man may bequeath an estate to his children, but he cannot bequeath his own labour, his own busy brain, or his own skilful arm. To all working-men it is of the utmost importance that when sickness diminishes their income and increases their expenditure they may not be without some new resource in that day of need; and when death calls them hence, that their wives and families may not be left to a certain public or an uncertain private charity. To provide such resources it is imperative on all such men 'to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' It is a duty public as well as private; for no man is justified in placing himself and his children in a position calculated to make them burdensome to society, when the means of avoiding such an evil as well as such a degradation are within his reach.

Friendly societies have been established chiefly with the view of providing against sickness; but their history is a sad page in the record of humanity. With the best motive and the most laudable ends their promoters, chiefly working-men, erred grievously but not intentionally in their calculations, and the result was disappointment and loss. When we consider how irregular and uncertain sickness is, and what a vast amount of laborious and patient research, combined with the most minute calculations, is necessary to arrive at even an approximation to the expected amount of sickness, we need not be surprised that men unaccustomed to such investigations should err, and that with economy in view they should err on the wrong side. There is no study that requires from its followers a greater amount of patience, of long-protracted inquiry, and of caution in stating results, than the science of statistics. It is very easy to collect a few facts, make a few calculations, and produce plausible results, but if these stand the test of experience it is owing purely to accident. When such attempts are made by schoolboys as mere lessons in arithmetic they are perhaps useful, but when applied to the actual business of life they become 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.'

Though these friendly societies have existed in our country for more than a century, it is only recently that efficient steps have been taken to place them on a stable foundation. Many, we might perhaps say the majority, are still unsafe, and can never realise the expectations of their members. It is indeed very distressing to notice in the history of these societies the utter blindness continually manifested to the cause of their failure, and the reluctance with which their promoters and members listen to the warnings of experience or the advice of friends. Many parliamentary committees have considered the subject; but their able reports, and the valuable evidence that accompanied them, have done less service than might reasonably have been expected. One of those committees so far back as 1825 reported most unfavourably of the tables of sickness, &c. of the Highland Society, which were then usually taken as the guide for these societies. But no other table was given in its place, and the societies continued to adopt it in spite of warning and failure. In 1835 Mr Ansell published, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, an excellent work on the subject, in which other tables, founded on experience as far as it could be collected, were given. But neither of these appears to have been safe; for in a pamphlet on the subject published this year by F. G. Neison, Esq., the celebrated London actuary, it is shewn that the

results of both these tables are below the actual truth. The former two tables were no doubt founded on facts, but these facts were not sufficiently numerous to afford a broad enough basis for generalisation. Thus, according to the Highland Society's table, the annual amount of sickness each year to each person was estimated to be at 20 years of age, 4 days; 30 years, 4 days 8 hours; 40 years, 5 days 7 hours; 50 years, 9 days 13 hours; 60 years, 16 days 10 hours; 70 years, 74 days 22 hours: while in the tables of Mr Ansell the sickness was calculated at from 24 to 44 per cent. more than the above; and in the tables of Mr Neison from 5 to 23 per cent. more than in those of Mr Ansell. In other words, if a society consisting of 100 members, say 30 years of age each, were established on the basis of the tables of the Highland Society, and that they proposed to allow each member 1s. per day during sickness—the payment to be fixed according to the expected rate of sickness—the result would be that at the end of the first year, instead of having paid only about £21 as anticipated, the payments would have amounted to about £30. The ruin of such a society is apparent. Accordingly, very few of these societies have lasted many years: they have been bolstered up from time to time by fines, special contributions, &c. &c.; but few, if any, have adopted the effectual mode of raising their payments to an adequate scale. This course has in too many cases been persisted in by the managers and members more through a reckless confidence in themselves than through ignorance of the dangers they were encountering. A striking proof of this was given by H. B. Ker, Esq., a barrister, in his evidence given on 30th May 1850 before the select committee of the House of Commons on the savings of the middle and working classes. He was asked: 'Do you believe that the question of self government of those societies—namely, that of electing their own managers—enters in any degree however small into the consideration of the advisability or inadvisability of increasing the facilities for forming these associations?' His reply was very striking, and deserves to be well considered by the working-classes of this country, for it is a statement not of opinion, but of a sad fact not at all creditable to themselves. 'Very little indeed, as far as my experience goes. I may state that the honourable chairman and myself belonged to a society for many years and we collected very valuable information indeed upon all friendly societies, and upon all similar institutions, and nothing could furnish a greater mass of proof of mismanagement, and waste, and miserable loss of money, than the information we collected at some £500 or £1000 expense, and which we printed and circulated without, I believe, producing one per cent. improvement on those institutions. I was very sanguine the other way.* A more specific case of benefits offered on too low calculations exists in the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows. This unity is the greatest of the kind that has ever existed in this country. It numbers more than a quarter of a million of members, spread all over the country, and its income exceeds £300,000—a gigantic union, originating in the best feelings of humanity, and calculated, if well managed on a sound basis, to exercise a highly beneficial influence on the people of this country. The benefits offered are—1. An allowance of 10s. per week

* Parliamentary Report 508, Session 1850. Question 713, p. 67.

during sickness; 2. A payment of £10 at the death of a member; and 3. A payment of £5 at the death of a member's wife. To secure these the annual average payment from each member is £1, 2s. 9d.; but Mr Neilson has shown that these benefits can be secured only by a payment of not less than £1, 19s. 5d. per annum.* The result is obvious. The society will go on prosperously until the members become old, and the claims on the funds heavy, and then another sad failure will be added to the long list.

Many acts of parliament have been passed from time to time for the regulation of friendly societies; but they did not touch the crying evil—want of accuracy in the tables. The most recent act, however—13 and 14 Victoria, cap. 115—provides that the rules and tables of every friendly society shall be certified by an experienced actuary, who must declare that the tables 'may be fairly and safely adopted,' and that they 'fairly represent the interest of members entering at those years or terms of age without prejudice to any.' This provision it is hoped will prove effectual, and place all future societies of the kind on a safe and permanent basis. It may be said that it is only recently that such a provision could be introduced, in consequence of the paucity of the knowledge of even the most eminent actuaries on the subject. The results to which they have now arrived may be shortly stated. The causes that produce sickness are exceedingly varied and complex, but three of these can be immediately grasped by statistical inquiry—pamely, age, occupation, and residence. The first of these has often been neglected, for in many societies the young have had to pay just as much as the old, while the latter have absorbed nearly all the benefits. The effects of the other two are not so marked in the history of these societies, because many of them have usually been composed of people in the same trade and locality. The tables arrived at from their experience are of little use as applied generally, for example, the tables of a society in a healthy rural district would be a bad guide for a society in a large and comparatively unhealthy town, and the experience of a body of shoemakers would lead astray a society formed of miners. The tendency, however, of these societies is to embrace all kinds of artisans, and to adopt a general table founded on the experience of the whole country. This is the course that has been pursued by insurance companies whose premiums are fixed at a general scale, and only modified by special circumstances.

In Mr Neilson's work, 'Contributions to Vital Statistics,' the average amount of sickness to each person annually, at the age of thirty-two, is estimated as follows:—

Rural districts (population under 5000),	6 days 1 hour.
Town (population 5000, and under 30,000),	6 12 hours.
City (population upwards of 30,000),	8 1 hour.
Total,	6 11 hours.

Again, from the experience of the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, the following table has been made up, illustrative of the aggregate amount of sickness experienced by persons in various trades, and though

* 'Odd Fellows' and Friendly Societies, by F. G. Neilson, p. 28. London: 1851.

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founded on a limited range of facts, it is yet highly interesting and instructive :—

	Age 30 to 40.	Age 40 to 50.
Blacksmiths,	8 weeks 4 days.	13 weeks 1 day.
Bricklayers, Plasterers, and Slaters,	8 ... 6 ...	12 ... 6 days.
Carpenters,	9 ...	10 ... 5 ...
Agricultural Labourers,	10 ... 1 day.	14 ... 1 day.
Town and City Labourers,	10 ... 5 days.	14 ... 6 days.
Mill Operatives,	7 ... 1 day.	12 ...
Miners,	15 ... 4 days.	25 ... 4 ...
Plumbers, Painters, and Glaziers,	8 ... 4 ...	17 ... 5 ...
Servants,	7 ... 4 ...	10 ... 3 ...
Shoemakers,	8 ...	12 ...
Spinners,	9 ... 3 ...	18 ... 3 ...
Stonemasons,	11 ... 2 ...	16 ... 3 ...
Tailors,	9 ... 4 ...	12 ...
Weavers,	10 ... 4 ...	13 ... 6 ...

An examination of these tables, and a consideration of the vast amount of experience and investigation on which they are founded, will easily explain why so many societies, unaided by such experience, or unwilling to acknowledge it, have gone so far astray.

Another cause of failure has been the excessive amount expended in management. If the management of a large public office—say that of an insurance company or bank—be compared with that of a friendly society, the contrast will appear very striking. In the one case there are no unnecessary offices or officers; no complication of business by means of signs and symbols; and no waste of time or money in mere display: while in the latter the offices and officers are usually not only too numerous, but too frequently changed; there are often absurd and wasteful forms and ceremonies kept up, and in too many cases large sums are extravagantly spent in processions, dinners, decorations, and useless paraphernalia. This is strikingly exemplified in the Manchester Unity. The total receipts of this association in 1844 were £325,200, 11s. 1d., and the total expenditure was £241,603, 16s. 9d., of which no less than £71,420, 16s. 4d.—or not much under one-third—was for expense of management alone.

The safe investment of the funds is of primary importance to all friendly societies. Many have suffered severely, and others have been totally ruined by bad investments, but it is a cheering sign that every year witnesses an increase in the number of those who invest their funds in the savings' bank. On 20th November 1828 the amount held by the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt belonging to friendly societies was £142,118; in 1838 it was £952,768; and in 1848 it had increased to £2,003,435. The interest allowed on these deposits, as specified in the Friendly Societies' Act of 1850, is 'twopence per centum per diem,' or a little more than 3 per cent. per annum.

There is great reason to hope that the future of these societies will wear a brighter aspect than their past. Sad experience has taught many a bitter but salutary lesson; and the recent legislation on the subject will, as far as legislation can, prevent the recurrence of many of those evils that have destroyed society after society!

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Of the important advantages of life insurance very few of the working-classes have availed themselves. It is true that in many, if not in all the friendly societies, a payment is made on the death of each member; but this sum is usually so small, as to do little more than cover the funeral expenses; beyond which it is of little material benefit to the widow or children of the deceased. A personal visitation was made not long ago of the families, chiefly of the working-classes, in a district in Manchester, and it was found that in only a few instances had the subject of life insurance been ever seriously considered; while in a great number there existed either prejudice or indifference, and in others the subject had never been heard of at all. This ignorance could certainly not be charged against the insurance companies; for many of them have employed agents to diffuse in every possible way, by lectures and otherwise, information on a topic in which every man of the community is deeply interested. It has been estimated, though we are afraid on imperfect data, that the number of lives insured in the various offices of this country is only about 250,000, and the amount £150,000,000. And yet if we consider the process of thought through which a man must pass, and the principles by which he must be actuated previous to insuring his life, this number will not appear so very small. The majority of the investments of money are purely selfish: the investor expects from them some great gain or gratification to himself, and that he will live to enjoy the fruits they are expected to produce; but the insurance of a life is, in ordinary cases, a purely disinterested act, the insurer himself derives no benefit; and it is only in the event of death that the insurance is useful. So long as man remains the same selfish, avaricious, ambitious creature he has been for the last six thousand years, so long will he prefer his own present gratification to the happiness of posterity, and so long will the adoption of the principles of life insurance make slow progress.

And yet, if the working classes of this country would but exercise sufficient prudence and self-denial, how soon could they, to use their own language, 'emancipate their order.' If effected at an early age, say twenty-five, a man may for about 9d a week insure his life for £100. Let him drink a few glasses of ale less every week, and the thing is done. In the one case he has the ale, which very likely does him harm instead of good; in the other his deathbed is rendered calm and peaceful by the reflection that he leaves his widow and family provided for in so far as his exertions and means will allow. In the one case he has to look on death as a dire calamity, that may bring poverty, and destitution, and pauperism; in the other as an event for which he has provided, and on which he can look with a serene eye.

The forms under which life-insurance companies present themselves are numerous and varied. The simplest is that where the company agrees, on payment of a certain sum per annum by the assured, to pay a certain amount to his heirs or assigns at his death. The yearly rates vary, according to the prospect the assured has of long life—that is, according to his age and the state of his health. Thus a man in good health at the age of twenty-five may insure his life for £100 on paying yearly about £1, 17s 6d., or somewhat less than 9d per week. Few of the companies, however, receive payments otherwise than yearly, though some receive

them quarterly; and in the case referred to the quarterly sum would be 9s. 8d. Suppose the assurer were to live to the age of threescore-and-ten, he would have paid in yearly premiums much less than the sum for which he had insured. But he has no guarantee that he will live *any* number of years after the insurance has been effected: an attack of some contagious disease, such as cholera or fever, may carry him off before he has made a second payment, but nevertheless the amount to which his heirs are entitled is the same. This constitutes the peculiar value of life insurance, apart altogether from its value as an investment. The records of many of the companies for the year 1849 demonstrate the great value of the system. It will be remembered that during that year the cholera made fearful ravages among the population; and many cases occurred in which the widows and orphans of those who fell victims to this dire disease were well provided for by insurance policies on which only single premiums had been paid. In some cases also persons have been known during that year to express a wish to insure, and to have actually taken the preliminary steps for that purpose, when they were cut down by the disease before their object could be effected. It is also a curious fact that, as a general rule, persons whose lives are insured enjoy more than the average duration of life. This may to some extent be accounted for by the fact, that men who are so careful in providing against death will be equally so in preserving life; but some influence must also be ascribed to that calm and serene feeling which the effecting of a life insurance must necessarily create.

Another form is that in which the assured obtains a share in the profits of the company. For this he has of course to pay a higher premium; but as the company prospers—and few insurance companies have not been prosperous—he obtains either considerable additions to the amount of his policy, or reductions in his yearly payments. Insurances can also be effected for the payment of a certain sum at a certain age. Thus a man at the age of twenty-five may, by paying about £4, 16s. annually for ten years, entitle himself, at the age of thirty-five, to receive £100. If, however, the assured should die before reaching the specified age, the company are not liable; but if the insurance be effected according to another and a higher scale, the company are liable to pay the amount, no matter at what age the assurer should die.

Our space will permit us to specify only two other forms of life insurance that have been recently introduced. Men of property have for many years been in the habit of insuring houses, &c. from fire, and ships from wreckage, but it is only within the last few years that people have thought of insuring themselves from accidents. Houses will be burnt, ships cast away, and people killed and wounded accidentally, even when insured; but the insurance is certainly a great mitigation of the calamity; and even when no calamity occurs, few people consider the money so invested as absolutely thrown away. Since the construction of railways the number of travellers has immensely increased; and however well managed railways may be, those who use them will be always more or less exposed to some risk. Many widows have been left destitute and many men rendered helpless for life by railway accidents which no penetration could foresee, and which no prudence on the part of the sufferers could prevent. To meet such cases a

company has been recently established, which for a small payment grants compensation to a certain amount in case of injury resulting from a railway accident. Thus if a working-man had occasion to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow by a third-class train, instead of paying for 46 miles, the computed distance, at the rate of 1d. per mile, he pays as it were for 47 miles, and receives not only his pass-ticket for the journey, but also another ticket for the additional penny, that entitles his heirs to receive compensation to the extent of £200 in the event of his being accidentally killed during the journey, or to a portion of that sum should he receive injuries that do not prove fatal. The chances against his being injured are pretty fairly indicated in the disproportion between the payment and the promised compensation, but nevertheless the precaution ought not on that account to be neglected. The owners of property pay ungrudgingly for scores of years for the insurance of their property against fire, even though during all the time not a farthing's worth of damage should be done; and working-men ought to be even more careful of health and life than the richer classes of material wealth. Besides, it is in the third-class carriages that the passengers in case of a railway accident are usually the greatest sufferers—a fact significantly shewn in the scale of the insurance company's premiums, in which one penny insures £200 in a third-class carriage, twopence £500 in a second, and threepence £1000 in a first. Since its establishment about two years ago, this company has issued 500,000 journey-tickets, and have had claims made upon them in about sixty-eight cases of accident, of which only two were fatal. The value, however, of this mode of insurance is more clearly seen in its application not to the persons travelling, but to the persons employed on railways. The number of persons so employed was during last year 59,974, of whom 52,239 were essentially working-men. The peculiar risks to which all these men are exposed in the discharge of their duty are too well known to be particularised, and as it would be ridiculous for an engine-driver or a guard to be taking out an insurance ticket for every journey he has to perform, an arrangement is made by which an insurance can be effected for a year or a shorter period. Thus for 30s. per annum—that is, about 7d. per week—a guard, an engine driver, or a stoker may insure his life for £100, and should he during that time meet such an accident as incapacitates him from employment, he is paid at the rate of 30s. per week, for a period not exceeding twenty weeks, until he is able to resume work. For porters, policemen, gatekeepers, &c. as they are exposed to less risk, the charge is only 13s. per annum, the sum insured being the same, but the amount of weekly compensation being only one guinea per week. Several cases have already occurred in which railway servants have been killed, but whose widows and children have been comparatively well provided for through the medium of this insurance company. One or two of the railway companies have expressed their readiness to pay one-half of the premiums in insuring the lives of their servants; and it is much to be hoped that very soon there will not be found one man employed or one person travelling on any railway whose life is not insured.

Another company, still more recently established, provides against accidents of all kinds. This company divides the public, for the purpose of rating, into three great classes:—

1. Ordinary risks—comprising the gentry, professional men, farmers, commercial travellers, clerks, shopkeepers, tradesmen, &c.

2. Hazardous risks—comprising builders, carpenters, sawyers, masons, house-painters, coopers, millers, printers, policemen, labourers; all persons employed about horses, and others engaged in the construction of large engineering works, as docks, tunnels, &c.

3. Extra-hazardous risks—such as boatmen, sailors, persons employed on railways, miners, colliers, &c.

Any person enrolled in the first of these classes may insure himself against accidental death to the extent of £100 by a payment of 2s. 6d. per annum; in the second, by a payment of 5s.; and in the third, by a payment varying from 7s. 6d. to 40s. But this company had not existed long before it was found that its operations must not be restricted to mere cases of fatal accident, but must apply to all; and accordingly a scale of premiums for a weekly allowance in case of non-fatal accidents was adopted. Thus to insure £100 in case of a fatal accident, or a compensation in case of a non-fatal of £1 per week and a weekly allowance not exceeding £2 for medical expenses, the annual payment in class 1 is 12s.; in class 2, 15s.; and in class 3 it ranges from £1 to £2, 10s. This company has been in operation little more than a year, but during that time the annual premiums amounted to £1228.

Let any working-man, instead of declaiming against capitalists and bad government and bad laws, sit down and seriously consider how much misery could be prevented, and how much true happiness and peace of mind be gained in the class to which he belongs, by the use of those inestimable advantages of life assurance which the capitalists against whom he rails have placed within his reach. These advantages are not visionary or chimerical, the stability of the system under which they are offered has been tested and tried by time, and not found wanting. There are hundreds and thousands of persons in the middle-classes who are now well provided for life, because those on whom they were dependent, but who have now passed away, availed themselves of the same advantages, through acts of self-sacrifice and self-denial of which the world knows nothing. Why should not the working-classes do so likewise? Here are the benefits and there are the men; it is the fault only of the latter if they do not possess themselves of the former.

From this account of the modes in which savings can be invested, it must be apparent to every one that there is no unavoidable contingency against which a working-man may not at a small sacrifice provide. That this provision is not always made is to be attributed in no small degree to the indifference, and, we may say, prejudices of the working-classes themselves. It is difficult to awaken them thoroughly to the necessity of present self-denial to meet future contingencies, and still more difficult to convince many that their condition is to be improved more by savings and judicious investments than by any attempts to alter the relations between labour and capital. The profits of the capitalist are often considered as so much deducted from the wages of the labourer; the interests of masters and men are looked on as directly antagonistic; the prospect of saving sufficient to become an employer seems too remote; and in too many

cases the idea of saving is abandoned, and men look for the improvement of their condition to the adoption of some scheme for re-adjusting the relations of society. The uselessness and expense of all strikes and similar combinations have been proved by the saddest of all experience, and ideas of unions with better and nobler objects are beginning to arise. The first-fruits of these ideas are seen in the various industrial associations that have been formed all over the country. The leading idea of these associations is perhaps best expressed in one of their favourite phrases: 'Not capitalists' labourers, but labouring capitalists;' in other words, associations in which the labour is the director of the capital, and in which all profits, after payment of usual interest, are divided among workmen.

Whatever views may be entertained of the soundness of this idea, all must feel that it is deserving of a fair trial. Everything that would prevent it from being freely and fully tested should be removed, so that its failure or success may be dependent on its weakness or strength. It is clear that a great social problem is involved, and the result of the attempt at its solution will not be received as final unless all parties consider that it receives fair play. In the present state of the law in this country such a trial is hardly possible. Thus if fifty workmen associate together, the law regards them all as partners, and as such each man is liable for all the debts that may be contracted, and, on the other hand, each is at liberty, without committing a legal offence, to seize on the property of the association to any extent. If, therefore, a man were to lend the association a small sum, his interest to be dependent on the success of the undertaking, he would at once become personally liable for all debts, even though he were not a working member, while one bad man in the association could plunder it with impunity. Under such circumstances it is perfectly clear that money will not be lent and that workmen will not associate. But the law further says, these evils may be avoided by procuring an act of parliament or a royal charter. The price of the former varies from £1000 upwards, and the latter can seldom be procured under £800 or £1000*. Combinations of capitalists, such as railway companies, may afford to purchase the limited liability of their shareholders at this high price, but no man in his senses will say that this is practicable for an association of working men. The law is manifestly unfair: it shelters the rich, but it does not protect the poor. It may be true that if the law were altered so as to recognise limited liability only, the flood-gates of speculation would be opened, and the results be ruinous in the extreme, but surely it is as possible as it is just to modify the law so as to meet the requirements of the poor without encountering such a danger. England is perhaps the only country where such a law exists. In France, under the law of *communauté*, none but the managing partners in an association are liable beyond the amount of their share, and the same law prevails in other European countries and in the United States of America.

It is, however, manifest that the existing law on this subject will be changed. The select committee of the House of Commons, appointed in the

* The cost of obtaining a charter for the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes was £1189, 7s. 6d., of which £724, 10s. 8d. consisted of fees paid at the Home Office. See Parliamentary Report, previously quoted, p. 40.

session of 1850 to consider the savings and investments of the middle and working-classes, suggested that charters of incorporation should be granted at a far more reasonable cost, though with the greatest caution, and expressed 'their strong opinion of the pressing necessity of the subject now referred to them being speedily attended to by the legislature;' and another select committee, appointed in 1851 'to consider the law of partnership and the expediency of facilitating the limitation of liability with a view to encourage useful enterprise and the additional employment of labour,' after repeating the recommendation to grant charters at a more reasonable cost, express an opinion, 'that the law of partnership as at present existing, viewing its importance in reference to the commercial character and rapid increase of the population and property of the country, requires careful and immediate revision;' and the appointment of a commission is suggested 'to consider and prepare not only a consolidation of the existing laws, but also to suggest such changes in the law as the altered condition of the country may require.'*

In spite, however, of these legal impediments, a large number of such associations of working men have been formed in this country. The example of their brethren in France, especially in Paris, has had a very marked effect on the working-classes of our island; and to the success of some of the Parisian associations the establishment of several with us has been owing. The oldest of the existing French associations was formed in 1835. It consisted of four working-jewellers, whose united capital amounted only to 200 francs, or about £8. They wrought on with varying success for eight years, when, through some internal quarrel, the association was nearly broken up; but a new code of rules was framed, an addition made to the number of associates, and operations resumed with more success. By the rules then adopted—which represented the hard-bought experience of eight years—no associate was allowed to leave for the purpose of establishing himself in business under a penalty of £1000, nor was he allowed to bring anything into the society except his own labour. The capital was indivisible, and to it was added each year one-seventh of the profits of the concern. The associates were paid certain fixed sums according to the work done, and at the end of the year the profits were divided among them in proportion to the amounts thus earned. The society is still in existence, and numbers now eleven members. The other Parisian associations are all placed on a somewhat similar basis. The capital of the greater part of them is considered inalienable, indivisible, and hereditary in the association. This is an arrangement which, under proper regulations, is well calculated to insure stability and success, but which, on the other hand, experience has shewn to be more likely to result in the formation of exclusive and wealthy guilds existing only for their own aggrandisement. With such a plan the association may work well during the lives of the present members; but as years roll on, and capital accumulates, when the spirit that animated the founders shall have lost its influence, and the members consider it to be their interest to diminish rather than increase

* It has been stated on very good authority that the present government has undertaken to bring in a bill legalising industrial associations; that in fact the bill is printed, and would have been introduced last session had there been sufficient time.

their number, the evils of the arrangement will become manifest, and the world will hear these associations denounced as 'close corporations' by men belonging to that class whose interests they were originally intended to promote. The association of working-jewellers already referred to is an illustration of this tendency. It at one time numbered more than seventeen members; but six, or more than one-third of these, have left through various causes, after having laboured to increase a capital in which they had neither share nor claim. This accumulated capital remains with those associates who adhere to the society; and it is perhaps unnecessary to say, that there is more danger in such a case of that capital being used not for but against labour, than if it were in the hands of one man alone.

The experience of these associations has led to the adoption of a rule obvious to all who are not blinded by ideas of equality—namely, the payment both of wages and of shares in profits according to the amount and kind of work done by each man. Thus if a man be lazy or unskilful he is paid little, but if active and skilful he is paid much. Absolute equality in the remuneration of labour has been the leading idea in many Socialist schemes; and it is really painful to find that men will not become convinced of its injustice as well as impracticability except through experience. Thus in an establishment for making bottles in Paris the employer was requested by his workmen to pay them equal wages, and not according to the work done by each man. Each had hitherto been paid so much for every hundred bottles he made, but it was proposed that the day's produce of the labour of all the men should be thrown into one common stock, and the proceeds divided at the end of the week. The result was thus described by Mr. Cunningham in a lecture lately delivered in London:—"For the maintenance of emulation, and the satisfaction of the "point of honour," it was agreed that each man's produce should be written up day by day against the workshop wall. For a few days there was great emulation, each workman struggling to establish his superiority. This point once fairly ascertained, the skilful workmen rested from time to time, to let their slower comrades catch them up. When reproached for indolence, they now replied "Of what do you complain? I make as many bottles as the best man here." The second best workmen soon took to resting also; the third and fourth hands gradually followed their example; and so on, till the worst workman became the standard. Thus the rate of production and of wages declined, till at the end of eight months there was a falling off of 20 per cent., and next season the employer returned to the old plan of paying piece-work wages, and the earnings of master and men rose at once to their former level."

The mode in which these associations are managed is somewhat similar to that of joint-stock companies in our own country. A council is elected, usually for one year, by the associates, which has the regulation of all matters except such as require the sanction of a special meeting. Accounts are made up and ordinary meetings held twice every year. Many of the associations have a multiplicity of rules regarding various matters—such as the admission of new associates, the administration of sick funds, &c. &c. to all of which it is unnecessary here to allude further. Several of them have received loans from the government, either to enable them to com-

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mence or to extend their proceedings; others have borrowed capital from private individuals, and some have started with the accumulated capital of the members themselves. The following list, prepared a few months ago in Paris by the correspondent of the 'New York Tribune,' will shew to what an extent these associations have been formed, and what a strong hold the principle on which they are established has acquired over the minds of the working-classes of Paris:—

	Associa- tions.	Mem- bers		Associa- tions.	Mem- bers
Bakers,	6	111	Lacemakers,	1	14
Brickmakers,	1	116	Lantern-makers,	1	8
Bronzemakers,	1	48	Lastmakers,	1	12
Brushmakers,	1	256	Laundresses,	5	125
Butchers,	3	227	Lemonade and Beer-Sellers,	3	182
Buttonmakers,	2	56	Lithographers,	1	?
Bookbinders,	1	14	Locksmiths,	1	30
Builders,	2	113	Marble-Cutters,	3	84
Cabinetmakers,	2	14	Masons,	1	165
Carpenters,	1	42	Musical-Instrument-makers,	1	19
Capmakers,	2	184	Nailmakers,	1	6
Chairmakers,	2	14	Pastrycooks,	2	186
Clockmakers,	1	8	Paviors,	1	15
Carriage-makers,	1	8	Piano-makers,	1	?
Collar-makers,	1	74	Plate-Engravers,	1	58
Colliers,	1	3	Pocketbook-makers,	1	35
Combmakers,	1	27	Potters,	1	49
Compass-makers,	1	20	Printers,	4	31
Cooks,	47	1772	Pumpmakers,	1	32
Corset-makers,	1	143	Saddlers,	1	23
Curriers,	2	47	Sawyers,	1	61
Cutlers,	2	39	Sculptors,	1	7
Daguerreotype Apparatus- makers,	1	14	Shirtmakers,	5	163
Dyers and Scourers,	2	22	Shoemakers,	4	303
Embroiderers,	1	14	Silk-Dyers,	1	29
Filemakers,	2	40	Spectacle-makers,	1	26
Founders,	2	22	Spinners,	1	8
Gasfitters,	2	261	Steam-Engine-makers,	1	?
Goldsmiths,	1	11	Stovenmakers,	1	3
Hairdressers,	34	2583	Tailors,	4	100
Hatters,	6	182	Tanners,	2	50
Hosiery,	1	47	Tileis,	1	21
House-Painters,	4	108	Tinncis,	1	70
Inkstand-makers,	1	12	Upholsterers,	1	7
Iron-Bedstead-makers,	1	5	Vintners,	5	118
Jewellers,	2	238	Whip and Canemakers,	1	63
			Wood-Engravers,	1	?

Besides the above there are two bath-associations, two grocery-stores, two milk, and seven medical associations.

Of the proceedings of all of these it is impossible, in the limited space of this Paper, to give an account, but we will briefly sketch the history of a few.

One of the first associations formed after the Revolution of 1848 was that of the tailors, in the Rue de Clichy, in a building which had formerly been used as a debtors' prison. It soon numbered about 2000 workmen, paid at two francs, or 1s. 8d., a day, with a share in the profits. It was

highly favoured by the Provisional Government, from whom it received an order for 40,000 uniforms; and though this order was executed at a very low price, yet the profits on it and the contributions of the members raised the capital of the association in three months to about £3000. The disastrous days of June 1848 broke up this association, but many of the members soon after formed another in the Rue du Faubourg St Denis. This association during the past year transacted business to the extent of about £4000, on which a profit of 6 per cent. had been realised; occasionally as many as sixty hands would be employed, and there were also several hundreds ready to work whenever there was a demand for their labour.

In March 1849, a few pianoforte-makers commenced business with a capital of less than £100. Their workshop was in a wretched garret in an ill-paved yard in an unfrequented street. To procure materials with which to commence operations, their prudence, economy, and self-denial were taxed to the utmost. First they made one piano; it was sold in May; and then for the first time they received any remuneration for their labour, and that was only at the rate of about 5s. for each man. They went on gradually extending their business until they became favourably known, and according to the last account they numbered thirty-five; had work and sale-shops rented at £80 per year; had property to the extent of nearly £2000; and they have now in the Great Exhibition two pianos that reflect on them the highest credit as skilful workmen.

In August 1848 fourteen workmen, with a stock in trade of £91. 4s. and £20 in cash, formed the 'Fraternal Association of Working Filemakers.' Their shop was opened in December 1848, and during the first fortnight the produce of their work was 16s. to each man. In 1849 they received an advance of £400 from the government, and since that time they have prospered to such an extent, that in December last they were forty-two in number, had two sale-shops, and paid £89 per annum in rent and taxes. Their business is said to be worth £2400 a year, on which a net profit of from 14 to 15 per cent. is realised. They have purchased 'a patent for improvements in file-making, which, without any increased expenditure, enables them to sell their files from 25 to 30 per cent. cheaper than the best French files hitherto manufactured, and to supplant even the English. For the working of this patent they have borrowed £2000 at 5 per cent., together with a share in profits.' The wages paid are about one-fifth more than the average of the trade.

The experience, however, of these associations can never be a safe guide to British workmen. They exist under an entirely different law, amid a totally dissimilar class of social arrangements, and among an excitable people eager in their attempts to realise impracticable theories. A brief outline of the history of some of those established in our own country will be more useful than any more extended account of those in Paris.

The statements that appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle' about two years ago regarding the condition of the labouring poor in London excited general interest and sympathy. The distressed state of the tailors and needlewomen in particular was brought conspicuously into notice, and the attention of the benevolent was roused to the adoption of some means by

which their state might be improved. It was easy to foresee that any temporary means of relief would be of little value, and that something very different from the establishment of charitable institutions must be done. The problem* to be solved was briefly this: given a certain number of workers to find employment for them at good wages. The circumstances under which this problem had to be solved were, that the demand for the labour of these workers was less than the supply, and that the competition that necessarily followed reduced the rate of wages. But few of those who directed their attention to the subject considered it in this naked aspect. It became complicated with questions arising out of the selfish conduct of some of the large employers, and that conduct was in too many instances regarded as the cause of the evils complained of. Those who considered it a question of 'supply and demand,' and proposed to reduce the supply of labour by encouraging it to take a different direction, either through emigration or otherwise, were stigmatised as cold, heartless economists. The workers themselves held several meetings at which the subject was discussed, but these meetings were little else than time thrown away; and all that they did was to give expression to a vague belief that the evil arose from competition, and that co-operation was the remedy.

In these circumstances a number of gentlemen in London, anxious to see something of a practical nature done, and desirous of testing the idea of industrial associations, offered to lend money and to give other assistance to a few bodies of work-people, to enable them to commence business. The first association created by this encouragement was one of tailors, who opened a shop in Castle Street, London, in the beginning of 1850. Other associations were speedily formed, and up to 30th June last there had been advanced the following sums.—

Tailors' Association,	£378	9	8
Shoemakers'	279	8	0
Strong Shoemakers' Association,	129	12	0
Printers'	284	1	1
Bakers'	57	18	0
Bootmakers'	44	12	6

For the use of this money the associations were to pay interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and each was to appoint a manager, approved of by the lenders, in whom the property of the association was to be vested, and who was to give to the lenders a bill of sale, thus giving them complete control over the property purchased by their advances. A code of laws was also prepared for the government of each association.

The working-tailors have been the most successful. In sixteen months after commencing business they had repaid out of the profits £142, 10s. of capital; and their wages averaged, including their share in the profits, about 35s. per week to each. The prices which the association charged were from 30 to 40 per cent. below the first West-end houses, but no decidedly inferior articles were made, as the association never pretended to compete with the excessively cheap houses. It is, however, a curious fact, that the association gave in an estimate at their usual prices for the livery of a marquis, and obtained the work, even though among their competitors was

a firm which the 'Morning Chronicle' letters brought very prominently before the public. The number of workmen who started the association was twelve; of these nine are still connected with it. Some of these had employment when the association commenced, and they were for the most part fair average workmen, some of whom would have little difficulty in procuring employment elsewhere. The greatest number associated at one time has been thirty-five, and the applications for employment that have been rejected have been innumerable. The affairs have not been conducted with constant unanimity and good-feeling. Quarrels have arisen between the manager and the workmen that required to be settled by arbitration, and which resulted in the expulsion of some of the men. In a recent communication to the 'Christian Socialist' on this subject, the manager wrote, speaking of the commencement of the association: 'We called each other brothers, sung songs about "labour's social chivalry;" we did wonders in the way of work and profit, and for four or five months all went smoothly enough. But the slack season came for which we had not provided, and brought with it those terrible evils of jealousy and disunion. However painful it was at that time, I for one do not regret passing through "the fiery ordeal"—for association is a furnace in which men are tried—so I do not regret although jealousy and disunion have destroyed one flourishing association of builders, and caused much that was unpleasant and painful among almost all the other associations; although at one time they threatened to destroy us altogether.' All the work of the association is done on the premises, the workrooms have been made airy and healthful; a small library has been collected, and a bath-room fitted up.

The associations of shoemakers have not succeeded so well. Three were at first started—one in Holborn, one in Castle Street, and one in Tottenham Court Road. The first and last have amalgamated, and the second has been given up. The shoemakers of London are in a much less distressed condition than the tailors, and the rule of the associations requiring all work to be done on the premises is strongly objected to by many of the workmen, who have so long been accustomed to work at home.

The builders' association was established in May 1850 by twelve workmen. No association could have been more prosperous or fortunate. They were assisted at the outset by loans and advances on their work; they were kept in constant employment, and fulfilled all their contracts in a good and workmanlike manner. On 7th February 1851 they had repaid loans and advances, and had made altogether, after expending £713 in 'allowances'—that is, wages—a clear profit of £235. In the same month (February) the association was broken up. Why? 'Because,' to use the words of the manager, 'we suspected each other, opposed each other—ay, hated each other, and fellowship at last was not to be found among us.'

Among the numerous provincial associations we have space to speak in detail of two only—the 'Whit Lane Weaving Company' at Pendleton, near Manchester, and 'The People's Flour-Mill' at Leeds. In the course of last year a strike for wages took place at the works of Sir E. Armitage and Son at Pendleton. Various meetings were held,

at which the men spoke very freely of the conduct of their masters, and complained bitterly of the low rate of wages they received. In reply, Messrs Armitage published in a Manchester newspaper their wages' list for the three weeks immediately preceding, specifying the amount paid to every man, woman, and child in their employment. From this it appeared that the average sum per week paid to each person, young and old, male and female, in the mills, was 12s. This set the dispute right with the public; but the men were 'out,' and as they were supported to some extent by a union-fund, they continued out. In these circumstances a clergyman in the neighbourhood (the Rev. T. G. Lee), who has great faith in the co-operative principle, recommended the men, instead of lying idle and prolonging a useless contest, to commence work on their own account, and thus 'substitute a practical, self-reliant spirit for a pauper-like dependence on union support.' In a short time shares to the extent of nearly £1500 were taken up, and ultimately a capital of £2000 was subscribed. A building was erected, machinery purchased and fitted up, and it was said that the late employers of the men offered to purchase all they could produce at the fair market-price. The number of looms in the building is 66, of which 60 are ready for and most of them are really at work. The number of persons employed is at present about 48. The net profits on the first half-year's work after paying allowances, were about £100. This company supplies the working-tailors' association in London with pocket lining and other similar material used in making clothes. The great difficulties against which it has had to contend have been a poverty of capital and a surplus of labour; jealousy, ignorance, and dissension. In addition to the original cost of the machinery each of the looms should have for its supply alone a floating capital of about £6—that is, £3 worth of material always in it and as much in the warehouse ready to take the place of the former as soon as it has been woven. In addition to this there must be money for wages and other expenses, and the produce of the mill must be quickly sold, otherwise the capital will soon be exhausted—in perhaps about ten days. This is a difficulty, the practical knowledge of which has hitherto been confined chiefly to the employers, and when working-men thus find it out through the medium of that true but most severe of all teachers, experience, they will look with very different feelings on the actions of employers. Again, the number of shareholders, chiefly working-men, was much greater than the means of employing them, and as each considered he had a right to employment in a mill in part at least his own, a constant series of quarrels was the result, which it required the utmost prudence and self-denial to suppress. It is said, however, that the company is getting over these difficulties, that confidence is rising, and that everything indicates future prosperity.

'The Leeds District Flour Mill Society' was formed in 1847, having for its objects to 'purchase corn as cheap and as good as possible, and manufacture flour for the members only, which shall be delivered to them at as near prime cost as possible.' The amount of each share was fixed at one pound or upwards, payable in sums of not less than one shilling per week. The shares were declared to be not transferable, but 'the investment of each member shall be employed for the sole benefit of the member investing, or the husband, wife, child, or kindred of such member investing.'

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The following statement will shew the remarkable success that has attended this society. —

Year ending June 1848	1849.	1850	Total.
Subscriptions, £2,252	£695	£295	£3,242
Profits, 27	101	78	206
Capital, £2,279	£3,075	£3,148	£3,448
Fixed do, £762	£2,086	£2,726	
Floating do, 1,517	1,042	721	
Goods sold, 1,481	2,175	23,719	£22,110
Bags of flour sold, 1,211	10,495	12,757	32,497
Members, 2,200	2,102	3,098	

The subsequent progress of the society has been even more clearly marked by success. It now possesses an excellent mill capable of grinding for 50,000 people. Its members are supplied with flour through shopkeepers in all parts of the town, at the rate of twopence per stone less than they could otherwise procure it, and it is a contemplation to undertake the supply of groceries and other provisions. But in all this financial success there have been dissensions and jealous intrigues and quarrelling that have tried the patience of many and excited the distrust of others. One gentleman who has taken an active part in its management writes thus: — 'The real difficulty, however, I find in the management of these societies, is the decided ignorance of the working classes and their vindictiveness should anything be done which may not accord with their ideas. For example, I recently misbehaved, and is discussed immediately a dreadful story is told of my oppression of the tyrannical directors and that his dismissal was not owing to his inefficiency but to a desire on the part of one or more of the directors wishing to get a revolution or friend in his place.' Accord-

ing to the latter statement, in there is such a bad general scene that it is almost impossible to get the better men, who might have managed pretty well, and of consequence or a sign leaving things to their fate. I have urged I might do to persuade a few to retain their seats, but with much small result. But I must confess that in my heart I am thoroughly pained to see the consequences, and the only thing that has sustained me has been the assurance that I have done my best, and believe that, after a little more working, classes will see that their best policy is contained in the old union to bear and forbear and to think that there are other honest men in the world besides themselves.

We have endeavoured without success, to procure a complete list of these associations. The information regarding them is scattered about among sources not easily accessible and often quite unknown. Besides, though founded on principles of association and fraternity the bond of union seldom extends from one individual association to another, and the consequence is that a great number of these experiments are quite isolated, that the experience gathered practically is not diffused and that blunders and mistakes are repeated over and over again. In which an obvious extension of co-operative practice would guard against. One or two conferences have been held with beneficial results, but at them the unrepresented associations were painfully conspicuous. The following list,

however, is correct so far as it goes, and we believe embraces the greater number of the associations :—

Edinburgh.—An Operative Tailors' Company, consisting of ten members ; but they have not been able to employ any more than five of that number since November last, with the exception of one week in the beginning of the season. The difficulties alleged are want of capital and unsuitable premises.

Glasgow.—A Co-operative Tailors' Establishment with thirty-five members.—Fifteen joiners have formed an association here, and propose to commence business in the spring of next year.

Liverpool.—There is a Tailors' Institute in this town, consisting of about 1400 members, and connected with it is an association transacting business to the extent of about £400 per year. The complaint is 'the state of the law,' which prevents the men from obtaining capital; and it is stated that Liverpool 'is one of the worst towns in England for co-operative principles.'

London.—Working-Printers' Association; commenced with two members, and now gives employment to seven. The stock in trade is worth about £500, and all the printing required by the various associations in London is executed by this association.—Pimlico Working-Builders, consisting of about fifty members, thirty-four of whom are at present employed. The association possesses a capital of about £2500; it has undertaken and completed the erection of a number of houses and other buildings both in London and the country, it has formed a co-operative store, and it is in contemplation to establish an educational institute.—Working-Pianoforte-makers; fifteen in number, established in April 1851. This association purchased by means of borrowed capital an old-established business, which they are now carrying on.—Working Tailors and Shoemakers; particulars already given.

Manchester.—There is a Tailors' Association in this town, and another of hatters. The latter consists of twelve members. There is also the factory at Pendleton already referred to.

Newcastle.—Working tailors; sixty-two members. From 5th October 1850 to 1st July 1851 the amount of work done was £477. The capital is in shares of £1 each, and the management is vested in a committee of five and a director.

Sheffield.—There are three associations in this town of workmen employed in making saws; first, the sawmakers, numbering 230. second, the saw handle makers, numbering 160; third, the saw grinders, numbering 150. Each of these is separate and distinct from the others.

Southampton.—Working tailors; twenty-two members, who have taken one or more 5s. shares; eight of these are at work, and the amount of trade done from 27th March to 8th July this year was nearly £300.

In Leeds there was established in September 1845 an association called the Redemption Society, differing very considerably from any that have been described above. Its objects are stated to be 'to purchase land and to erect necessary buildings thereon, and by its cultivation to provide employment and maintenance for its members, both in health and sickness, and in old age: also to erect and establish schools for the proper training and educating their children, that they may become when of age useful

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members of society: and further, at death a decent interment shall be provided for all the dwellers on the estate at the expense of the society.' Funds are procured both by subscriptions and donations. Before any one can become a member, he or she must become a candidate by payment of an entrance-fee of not less than sixpence, and a weekly subscription of one penny for six months thereafter. At the expiration of that time, if approved of by the members, the candidate is admitted on 'his paying sixpence or upwards for his card.' Donations to any extent are received, and applied to the purposes of the society, but without acquiring for the donors any privileges. When the amount of money in hand is considered sufficient to purchase ten acres of land, a purchase is made, and from among the members a certain number of 'pioneers' are chosen by ballot to go on the property and cultivate it, and support themselves by its produce. The society has already acquired the reversion of an estate in Carmarthenshire, South Wales, on which eleven persons are employed. The value on the stock on the farm was estimated in December last at £595 and during 1850, the produce, after supporting the pioneers, realised £38, 14s. One of the residents on the farm is a shoemaker, and it is intended as opportunity affords to locate other trades, so that the wants of the little community may be supplied from within itself. The experiment is one of great practical interest and importance; and those who have its management seem, apart from their perhaps justifiable enthusiasm, to be clear-headed, sensible working-men.

Besides such associations as those described, there are many others, under the title of Co-operative Stores, in various parts of the country. Their object is to supply their members with unadulterated groceries at the cheapest possible rate. The number of these stores is considerably greater than that of the associations. The following list comprises the principal establishments of the kind in London, Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cheshire—districts where the co-operative idea seems to have taken deepest root in the public mind.—

Locality	How long, in existence.	Number of Members	Amount of Business, pounds
Charlotte Street, London,	Six months	140	£60 per week
Newman Street, London,	Just commenced	5	
Burgley		10	10
Sankey Lane,	March, 1849	90	50
Haslingden,	1849	67	
Swinton,	March, 1851	250	£3000 since commencement
Rochdale Mill,	Feb. 1851	207	£50 per week
Halifax,	Jan. 1851	24	11
Ilton,	Nov. 1850	310	110
Heywood,		42	
Lees,	Feb. 1851	140	15
Oldham,	Dec. 1850	155	33
Garrat Road, Manchester,	March, 1851	90	120
Equitable Pioneers, Manchester,	1848	56	16
Todmorden,	Jan. 1848	30	12
Salford,	Nov. 1848	40	20
Littleborough,	Jan. 1, 1851	60	35
Stops, near Rochdale, . .	July, 1850		

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Locality.	How long in Existence.	Number of Members.	Amount of Business done.
Burnley,	Feb. 1851	42	
Royton,	Nov. 1850	78	£27 per week
Oakenrod, near Rochdale, .	Dec. 1850	24	17 ..
Bradford,	No premises	49	
Bolton,	Nov. 1850	97	40 ..
Rochdale,	1845	700	400 .
Padiham,	1848	80	50 ...
Blakely,	Oct. 1850	24	10 ...
Harperhey,	Feb. 1851	35	20 .
Bacup,	1848	400	230 ..
Brickfield,	Jan. 1850	80	40 ..
Macclesfield,	No premises	35	
Chaderton,	Nov. 1850	50	26 .
Ramsbottom,	Jan. 1851	36	11
Bury,	Nov. 1850	100	62 ..
Rooden Lane,	Feb. 1851	26	12
Leigh,	1847	50	20 ..
Middleton,		141	65 .
Wilsden,	1850	30	12

Into the great general questions that these industrial experiments open up it is not our province to enter here. Whatever abstract opinions may be formed or expressed regarding them, it is clear that the time has passed away when a discussion of these would be of much value. The working-classes seem resolved on trying the experiment, and it is the interest of every one to see that it be tried not only fairly but fully. We hope that the working-classes are prepared to abide by the result, and that when they find out, what we think is inevitable, that such associations as a general rule can have no permanent existence, they will acquiesce in the existing relations between labour and capital, and avail themselves as far as possible of such industrial investments as have been described in the first part of this Paper.

LORD BROUGHAM.

IN 1830 Henry Brougham was placed by the suffrages of the electors of Yorkshire at the head of the parliamentary representation of the United Kingdom, amidst the plaudits of the great majority of the British people. This distinguished position in William IV.'s first House of Commons was the reward of a parliamentary career extending over more than twenty years, and presumedly as frank, sincere, and unselfish, as it was unquestionably varied, brilliant, and successful. He had conquered the repugnance of the great Yorkshire constituency to being represented by a practising barrister by the sheer force of his masculine and impassioned oratory, his energetic and unquailing defence of a persecuted lady against the wiles and oppressions of a powerful and unscrupulous court and ministry, by his vehement denunciation of the tyrannies of creed, caste, colour, under whatever pretence enacted or exercised; by his iterated exposures of the law's injustice, extortion, and delay, and his untiring advocacy of the necessity, the justice, and the wisdom, of an efficient scheme of national education. The favour of the people was ratified by the monarch. A short time after the opening of the new parliament, the member for Yorkshire was created Baron Brougham and Vaux, and took his seat on the woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England—with the exception of the members of the royal family, the first subject of the realm in eminence and dignity.

A giddy elevation! upon which it is difficult for men of the firmest, the most evenly-balanced minds to stand erect and undazzled. The new chancellor had himself no misgivings, not a shadow of apprehension clouded for a moment the brilliancy of the prospect which lay invitingly before him. No suggestion of wise self-distrust, it was evident, from the first words he addressed to the half-amused, half-angry Peers, mingled with the natural exultation called forth by the sudden and unexpected elevation to which he had attained. 'The thing which dazzled me most,' said his lordship, speaking from the woolsack—'the thing which dazzled me most in the prospect opened to me by the acceptance of office, was not the gewgaw splendour of the place, but because it seemed to afford me—if I were honest, on which I could rely; if I were consistent, which I knew to be a matter of absolute necessity in my nature; if I were able as I was honest and consistent—a field of more extended exertions. That by which the Great Seal dazzled my eyes and induced me to quit a station which till that time I deemed

the proudest which an Englishman could enjoy, was that it seemed to hold out to me the gratifying prospect that in serving my king I should better be able to serve my country.' These confident words were uttered on the evening of Friday the 26th November 1830. On the 15th November 1834, not quite four years afterwards, the 'Times' newspaper announced that the Whig cabinet, of which the noble and learned lord was so able and eminent a member, had been summarily, almost insultingly, turned out of office by the king; and so thoroughly had those few years of power, whether by his own fault or the people's caprice, stripped the ejected chancellor of the popularity he had before enjoyed, that his fall alone, of all the cabinet, excited neither sympathy, regret, nor indignation. And so deeply rooted has proved this disfavour, indifference, ingratitude, or whatever else it may be called, that although the dismissed ministry was not long afterwards restored to office by the House of Commons, and that the Whigs have since, with the exception of Sir Robert Peel's last great administration, continued in the enjoyment of power, Lord Brougham, with his formidable oratorical and debating talents as brilliant and effective, his all-embracing industry as unflagging, as ever, has never been invited to re-enter the cabinet; and perhaps stranger still, no general desire that he should resume his place in the royal councils has been heard from the people with whom he was once so powerful and popular! How may we account for this extraordinary change? Must we ascribe it, with Lord Brougham's thorough-going partisans, to the mean and rancorous jealousy of former colleagues, impatient of his manifest superiority—the scandalous misrepresentations of a truculent and mendacious press, and the undiscerning, unreasoning caprice of a fickle people? Or, adopting the assertions put forth by his lordship's habitual detractors, must we say that his splendid and mighty efforts to loosen the bonds of the slave, his vehement denunciation of fraud and oppression, his strenuous advocacy of extended popular rights and the diffusion of popular instruction, were all mere promptings of a restless and insatiable vanity, to gratify which he would and did sacrifice the cause of progress, and the best interests of a people whom he only looked upon as the instruments of an intolerable, self-seeking ambition, and unhesitatingly abandoned the moment his selfish purpose was achieved? A heavy charge!—one easily made; and however essentially false, not difficult to be showily supported by one-sided and garbled views and quotations of the acts and speeches of a public man who has been busily engaged in the political struggles and vicissitudes of the last forty years of change and strife!

Is not the truth rather that Lord Brougham and the more eager, impatient reformers were mutually self-deceived; that he was never half so popularly disposed, in a democratic sense, as they—misled by occasional bursts of fiery eloquence—believed him to be; and that he, if not mistaken in the direction of the tide of popular opinion, underrated its depth, constancy, and force; and in endeavouring to arrest its progress at the limits which he thought desirable, found himself tossed aside, with no other resource left but to rail at the power of a movement which he had neither desired nor anticipated, and no longer possessed strength to guide or to control? Add to this an inveterate habit of indulging in exaggerated invective, cruel and indiscriminating sarcasm, together with a few eccentric

peculiarities of manner and expression, and you have a sufficient key to Lord Brougham's public character and conduct, to the secret of his popularity and unpopularity, without the necessity of seeking for it in groundless hypotheses of personal unworthiness, and selfish disregard of party and national obligations. This at least is our impression. Whether the reader, after glancing over the following slight sketch of the noble and learned lord's literary, forensic, parliamentary, and judicial career, will arrive at the same conclusion, we cannot of course venture to predicate; but at all events we can confidently promise that it shall not be exaggerated or distorted in outline, nor falsely and delusively coloured or disguised.

Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, although essentially the architect of his own fortunes and position, claims to be descended from a very ancient if not very distinguished family. The genealogists trace his descent from the De Burghams, an English territorial family settled in Cumberland and Westmoreland long before the Slys and others came in with the Conqueror. Where Brougham Hall now stands, Walter de Burgham in the time of Edward, saint and confessor, was possessed of the manor of De Burgham. In Henry II's reign Odard de Burgham distinguished himself from the crowd of forgotten nobodies by incurring with others a heavy fine for unworthily surrendering the castle of Appleby to the Scots. Setting, however aside these and other dim traditions, it appears certain that one Henry Burgham or Brougham did really marry, towards the close of the seventeenth century, 'the fair Miss Slee, daughter of Mr Slee of Carlisle, a jovial gentleman of three hundred a year.' It is also sufficiently clear that the Broughams were high sheriffs of Cumberland in the reigns of George I and II. This ancient stock, somewhat shorn it should seem, not of its honours but of its manors—a more tangible loss—intermarried by its representative, Henry Brougham of Scales Hall, in Cumberland, and Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, with a highly-respectable Scotch family; the said Henry having espoused, on the 22d August 1777, Eleanor, only child of the Rev James Syne by Mary, sister of Dr Robertson, the historian of Charles V and America. This marriage had numerous issue, the eldest of whom was Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux, and Lord High Chancellor. He claims also to be heir general and representative of the ancient and noble House of Vaux. His motto, discovered by the Heralds Office to be the ancient one of his House, is 'Pro rege, lege, grege;' and his crest is a hand and arm in armour holding a lance, argent on the elbow a rose, gules. He was born in St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, on the 19th September 1779, and received his preliminary education at the High School of that city. When only fifteen years of age he entered the university. An insatiable thirst after and love of knowledge, a singular power and aptitude for acquiring it, combined with unbounded self-confidence, appear to have characterised him from the first dawn of his discursive ambitious, and splendid career. He was little more than sixteen when he transmitted to the Royal Society a paper describing a series of experiments in optics, and an exposition, more showy and pretentious than sound and philosophical, of the principles which govern that science. The Royal Society thought sufficiently well of the paper to print it in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1796. They conferred the same honour in 1798 upon a dissertation he sent them on 'Certain Principles in Geometry.'

These precocious labours called forth replies and refutations from Professor Prevost of Geneva and others; and the youthful scholar was soon busily engaged in a Latin correspondence with philosophers of European reputation, on multifarious scientific questions, most of which he is said to have treated with his accustomed brilliance and audacity. Neither was European travel, such as then could be obtained, wanting to the development of his lively intellect. He made a tour through the northern countries of the continent in company with Mr Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, and on his return was duly called to the Scottish bar, where he practised with fair success till the year 1807, when he finally took up his abode in London.

Many and various were the modes by which, in addition to the study and illustration of Scots and civil law, he kept his restless energies in full activity. He was a distinguished member of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh—a school of exercise for embryo orators and essayists connected with the university of that city—over which the great success in after-life of several of its members has thrown a lustre it did not probably in itself deserve. The aspect of the time was troubled and stormy. Constituted authorities were angered and dismayed at the moral phenomena which everywhere gleamed through the thick darkness generated by centuries of leaden despotism and inert social apathy and ignorance, now bursting into baleful and destructive flame, and now sending forth a holy, regenerative light. In Scotland, as elsewhere, alarmed officials were fulminating decrees of fine, imprisonment, transportation, against the favourers of the new opinions with merciless severity—a comparatively modern illustration of an old truth, that fear is always cruel. The natural consequence in such a state of society as that of Edinburgh ensued: reprobation of the errors or faults of the sufferers was lost in the indignation excited by the excess of punishment inflicted. The leading spirits of the Speculative Society kindled into ardent Whiggism, and for a time perhaps something more, and when sufficiently matured in intellectual power, started in 1802—with the assistance of that prince of argumentative humorists, the Rev. Sydney Smith—the world-famous ‘Edinburgh Review;’ the first number of which

‘Waved its light wings of saffron and of blue’

under the reverend gentleman’s guidance, and at once soared into a far higher region of critical disquisition than the then feeble and drowsy arbiters of literary fame had ever striven, or indeed had power to reach. Henry Brougham, it is known from a paper communicated to Mr Robert Chambers by Lord Jeffrey, did not contribute to the first three numbers, in consequence of the repugnance of Sydney Smith to admit him as a member of the critical confederacy, he, Smith, having ‘so strong an impression of Brougham’s indiscretion and rashness.’ After the third number, however, he was admitted, ‘and,’ adds Lord Jeffrey, ‘did more work for us than anybody.’ To be sure he did: it would not have been at all surprising if he had volunteered to do it all, editorship included! Amongst the multifarious contributions of Mr Brougham appeared the much-talked-of notice, in 1808, of Lord Byron’s ‘Hours of Idleness’—a rather smart piece of writing, but which would have perished and been

forgotten with other ephemera of the season, had it not been for the angry response which it elicited from the enraged author, and the striking contradiction given to the prediction of the critic by the poet's subsequent success. The criticism was, however, substantially just, contemptuously expressed as it may be. The noble lord's juvenile volume contained no indication of the fervid genius he afterwards displayed; and a critic not professing to be endowed with second-sight must surely be excused for not discerning in the sentimental prettiness of the 'Hours of Idleness' the developed beauty and passion of 'The Giaour,' or the haughty misanthropy and eloquent scorn of the 'Childe Harold.' The brief review is written in a tone of light badinage which Brougham was often very happy in. The best bit is the passage we subjoin, relative to the author's implied claim to admiration on account of his verses having been written at a very early age. This juvenile plea is handled with considerable humour:—'The law upon this point,' says the reviewer, 'we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron for the purpose of compelling him to pay into court a certain quantity of poetry, and judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken were he to deliver for poetry the contents of this volume. To this he might plead minority; but as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he has no right to sue on that ground for the price in good current praise should the goods be unmarketable.' There was nothing very truculent or savage in this, and a laugh would have been a far better answer than the elaborate bitterness of the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which, clever as it may be, certainly did not prove the 'Hours of Idleness' to be a work of genius. Had Byron lived, he would long since have discovered that, although happening to be quite right in the particular instance under discussion, the judgment of his early censor as regards 'poetry' was of very little worth. Of this we shall have presently to offer proof, but in the meantime we must turn from these by-paths of non-political literature, into which Lord Brougham only occasionally digressed, till the multiplying shadows of the giant years he had passed, and the more and more distinct echoes of his daily lonelier footfall, gave solemn warning of his near approach to the setting sun—to the broad high road of his crowded public life. In 1803 he published a treatise in two volumes, on the 'Colonial Policy of the European Powers,' which attracted a good deal of attention. In this work the most careless eye will readily discern the germ of those peculiarities of temperament, thought, and style, which afterwards developed themselves into such luxuriance. Vigour and facility of expression, bitter sarcasm, exaggerated statements, and singular brilliancy of illustration, run through volumes intended to elucidate and enforce a theory of colonial policy which subsequent events have deprived of all interest or present applicability. The burning indignation afterwards displayed by Lord Brougham in his speeches denouncing negro-slavery is very coldly if at all manifested in this work; indeed one or two of the passages were frequently quoted against him, during the struggle for slave-emanipation, as evidence of his opinion of the natural inferiority and subjection of the coloured race to the white. This, though literally, is not morally accurate. The book was

written solely with a view to enforce the policy, on the part of the European powers, of putting down the slave-trade, the success of which efforts, amongst other advantages, would, he contended, 'render all the planters more careful of their stock, and more disposed to encourage breeding;' the diminished supply would, he also thought, have the ultimate effect of bringing the slaves into 'the same condition as the bondmen of ancient Europe and the slaves of the classic times.' The question of negro-slavery, as afterwards raised in this country, is not discussed in the book.

Whilst thus writing and reviewing, Mr Brougham continued to practise at the Scottish bar, and gradually acquired a reputation, if not as a remarkably sound lawyer, still as a bold and able speaker. On one occasion he appeared before the House of Lords as one of the counsel in the case of Lady Essex Ker, involving the title and estates of the dukedom of Roxburgh. At last, impatient of the slow progress he was making, and believing London presented a more ample field for the profitable exercise of his peculiar talents than the northern metropolis afforded, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was in due course called to the English bar, at which he soon acquired a considerable practice. Shortly before taking up his abode in England he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1810 Mr Brougham was heard at the bar of the House of Lords two days consecutively, as counsel for certain London, Liverpool, and Manchester merchants against the celebrated Orders in Council, issued in retaliation of Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, which, besides establishing a paper-blockade of Great Britain and its dependencies, forbade the continent—then for the most part at the feet of the French emperor—to have any commercial intercourse whatever with the hated and dreaded English. The retaliatory Orders in Council declared all the coasts of France, and those of every country under Bonaparte's control, to be in a state of permanent blockade, and empowered the British cruisers to capture any neutral vessel which should attempt to enter any of the enemy's ports, until after touching at a British port and paying heavy duties on articles *not* contraband of war. The legitimate law of blockade is well known. It is that only an efficient, real blockade, by a sufficient number of vessels to practically enforce it, is valid and legal. Mere paper-decrees, or an insufficient force to fairly carry out its ostensible purpose, international law does not recognise as constituting a valid blockade. It is clear, therefore, that even Great Britain, with the thousand vessels of war she had then in commission, could not fulfil the requisite legal conditions; and as for the decree of France, it was simply an absurdity. Not only were the Orders in Council manifestly unjust in regard to neutrals, but they operated most injuriously upon the export of English merchandise to America, whose lucrative carrying-trade was crippled by the British cruisers. Remonstrances poured in on all sides, and an angry spirit was evoked in the United States, which ultimately found vent in the subsequent absurd and purposeless war. Speaking in the House of Commons upon the subject in 1812, Mr Brougham drew the following picture of the distress of the cotton weavers and spinners consequent upon the ministerial Orders:—'The food which now sustains them is reduced to the lowest kinds, and of that there is not nearly a sufficient supply; bread, or even potatoes are now out of the question; the luxuries of animal food, or even milk, they have long

ceased to think of. Their looks as well as their apparel proclaim the sad change in their situation.' This is we daresay a somewhat overcoloured sketch of the condition of factory-workers in the good old war-times—the speaker's imagination, and the necessities of his striking oratory, forbidding a strict adherence to prosaic accuracy; still there can be no doubt that the retaliatory measures were very injurious to trade; and so fiercely did the popular clamour rage, that ministers were finally compelled to rescind them—not, however, till after a bitter and protracted struggle, in which Mr Brougham was the most effectual combatant on the side of plain justice and equity. Amongst the articles which the Orders peremptorily prohibited to be conveyed to France by neutrals was Jesuits' bark. This 'bark'-warfare against Napoleon was an especially favourite mode of battle with Mr Perceval. He did not place much reliance upon Wellington and his army; but he had unbounded confidence that his own pro-fever tactics would prove more than a match for the military prowess of the French ruler. A more legitimate mark for Mr Brougham's unrivalled sarcasm can scarcely be imagined, and the opportunity was not neglected. The Orders were, as we have said, rescinded, but not till after Mr Perceval's death.

Mr Brougham entered parliament in 1810 as the nominee of the Earl of Darlington, afterwards Duke of Cleveland. The noble earl returned him for his borough of Camelford, vacated by the translation of Lord Henry Petty to the Upper House as Marquis of Lansdowne. The new member of course attached himself to the Whig Opposition of those days, an opposition which, from various causes—the chief of which was the slight sympathy expressed by some of the leaders with the successes of the British arms against the French emperor—was about the feeblest and most unpopular known to the annals of English party-warfare. It was not till the war had ceased, and the echoes of its triumphant conclusion had died away—or, to speak more correctly, had changed to a dismal, lugubrious wail at the enormous charges entailed by so much glory—that discredited Whiggery raised its head, and 'aggravated' its voice in time and unison with the rising storm of discontent, which at no distant day resolved itself into a passionate demand for parliamentary reform, realised to a great extent by the famous measure of Earl Grey for transferring the nomination of the House of Commons from the close-borough proprietary to the middle-classes of the three kingdoms. Besides his speeches relative to the Orders in Council, Mr Brougham's parliamentary efforts, till the dissolution in 1812, were chiefly confined to the slavery question, upon which he early associated himself with Clarkson, Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, and other leading abolitionists. It was greatly owing to his exertions that in 1811 it was made felony for any British subject to engage in the slave-traffic. At the dissolution he contested Liverpool against Mr Canning. He was beaten by a large majority, and remained out of parliament till 1816, when he was again nominated by the Earl of Darlington, this time for his lordship's borough of Winchelsea. Mr Brougham was consequently not in the House when Mr Frederick Robinson (the Earl of Ripon) brought in, and, by the aid of ministers and the country party, carried (1815) his famous bill for maintaining wheat at 'the fair, legitimate' price of 80s. a quarter. In a speech, however, which he delivered on the 19th of April

1816 upon agricultural distress—a disease which appears to be ineradicable in this country by any mode of state treatment—he remarked ‘that he was disposed to think favourably of it.’ The distress on this particular occasion was said to have resulted from an agency over which acts of parliament, however craftily framed, have no control—namely, a baffling continuance of fine weather, propitious seed-time and harvest-time, bringing forth such heavy crops that down corn would come spite of all the law-props in the world. This misfortune Lord Castlereagh said was not confined to Great Britain. ‘In many parts of the continent,’ quoth he, ‘corn was such a drug that it would not pay for the labour of reaping!’ Mr Brougham himself, if the truth must be told, was scarcely less brilliant upon the calamity of abundance than the secretary for foreign affairs. He, however, did not impute the distress so much to the favourable harvest-weather as to ‘excess of cultivation;’ and not entirely either to excess of cultivation, as the following passage of his speech clearly shews.—‘Excess of cultivation is not the only cause of the evil we complain of, and may warn us against the error of imputing it to any one cause alone, for I am certainly disposed to rank the great extension of cultivation among the principal causes, or at least to regard it as lying at and near the foundation of the mischief.’ Who shall say that inconsistency of opinion is not a virtue when he perceives the folly which such a man as Brougham could utter in 1816, upon a subject he discussed with truthful power and eloquence a quarter of a century afterwards? The reasoning we have quoted, however statesman-like and philosophical the ministry and their supporters might consider it, did not at all satisfy the country gentlemen, who insisted that as there was an act of parliament avowedly intended to keep wheat at 80s., it ought by some means or other to be raised, and then the country might have a chance of getting through its difficulties. They had not, unhappily, long to wait. To the plethora of agricultural distress succeeded scarcity and commercial ruin. On the 13th of March 1817, manufacturing distress was the sad theme of Mr Brougham’s eloquence, and a frightful picture of the state of the northern counties was exhibited to the House. Seasons of partial dearth followed, and a stern cry from famishing millions rang through the land against the legislation which had interposed between labour and a free supply of food. This was the era of tumults, riots, menacing assemblages of men and women, with hunger at their hearts and unreasoning grief and rage in their thoughts and upon their tongues—stified for awhile by the blood poured forth at Manchester, and the stringent provisions of the Six Acts. A mournful time for all men, save indeed the reckless demagogue and incendiary, who traded on the deep indignation of the multitude, and incited them to deeds which gave a colour of necessity to the high-handed measures of the cabinet. Mr Brougham and others resisted the more objectionable of the new enactments, unsuccessfully of course. The measures passed, some misguided people were made examples of, and discontent was exultingly said to be ‘put down’—after the old fashion of thrusting it out of sight—there to germinate in a rank, untended soil, and in due season again burst forth with augmented power and unabated virulence.

About this time Mr Brougham directed his attention to the flagrant abuses which in the lapse of time had crept into the numerous educational

and other corporation charities of England, in respect of which he discovered and exposed practices the most scandalous and revolting. After several able speeches, which enlisted a large amount of public opinion in his support, an expensive commission was appointed to inquire into and report upon the alleged abuses. Little ultimate good was effected, if we are to believe Jeremy Bentham, who many years afterwards accused Brougham of allowing the subject to be frittered away, and declared that the only result was a batch of expensive Chancery suits. The utilitarian sage, it is well to remark, had no very great esteem or liking for Brougham. Bentham, a man of much originality of thought and considerable mental power, had one grand fixed idea, to which all others were subsidiary, and this was, that utilitarian 'codification' was the sovereign panacea for all human ills: 'a system whereby,' remarks Mr Carlyle with his usual caustic humour, 'any people, for a reasonable consideration, may be accommodated with a patent code—more easily than curious individuals with patent breeches, for the people does *not* need to be measured first.' Mr Brougham, although friendly to many of the law reforms suggested by the great master of codification, demurred to many of his suggestions, and a kind of civil enmity arose between them. Bentham thought, too, that Brougham had set the 'Edinburgh Review' upon him, and informed him of his suspicion. Mr Brougham indignantly denied the dishonouring imputation. 'How can you imagine,' he says in a note dated November 21, 1831, Hill Square, 'that I could ever have let slip the dogs in E. R. at you?' A preposterous accusation truly, indeed it was declared in the same note that Lord Brougham—this was after he was chancellor—had almost quarrelled with his friend Jeffrey for inserting the offensive article. Jeremy Bentham does not appear to have been withal effectually mollified; and for this supposed offence, or other more positive ones, he indited the following lines, which his editor, Dr Bowring, calls a *jeu d'esprit*: its more appropriate title is that of a *jeu de mots*; and not, to our judgment, a very brilliant one either —

'O Brougham! a strange mystery you are;
Nil fuit unquam sibi tam dispar:
So foolish and so wise, so great, so small,
Everything now—to-morrow nought at all.'

It is quite evident, therefore, that we must receive Mr Bentham's dictum upon the utter failure of Mr Brougham's exertions in the matter of corporation-charities with much reserve. The learned gentleman's letter to Sir Samuel Romilly upon the subject breathes a tone of earnest sincerity, of resolute indignation, which justifies the belief that nothing was neglected on his part to correct the evils which he so eloquently denounced. And a large allowance must be made for the powerful influences which, in those days especially, could be brought into successful opposition to the exertions of an individual member of parliament, however sincere, able, and earnest he might be.

A series of events which shook the kingdom to its centre, affording as they did a rallying-cry for all the otherwise discordant griefs, resentments, discontents of the people, occurred in 1820. We allude to the arrival in England of Queen Caroline, to claim the crown-matrimonial, legally devolved

upon her by the demise of George III., and the subsequent proceedings before the House of Lords. Mr Brougham had been for some time law-adviser to the unfortunate lady when Princess of Wales: he was now her majesty's attorney-general—Mr, now Lord Denman, was the queen's solicitor-general—Mr Wilde, the present lord chancellor—Mr Tindal, who died chief-justice of the Common Pleas—Mr Williams, who succeeded to the bench—and Dr Lushington, were also of counsel to her majesty. We have no wish to revive the painful memories connected with the prosecution of the queen—to recall what were on every account best forgotten. We have merely to remark that Mr Brougham and his able coadjutors displayed great professional talent and vigorous eloquence in the conduct of a case beset with unexampled difficulties, and urged with unscrupulous legal acumen and power. Mr Sergeant Copley (Lord Lyndhurst) was the king's solicitor-general; upon him fell the chief burden of the prosecution, and it cannot be denied that he sustained it with giant vigour and ability. The speech of Mr Brougham in defence, after the hearing of the king's witnesses in support of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, produced a great effect at the time out of doors; but read now, when emotions of compassion, sorrow, indignation, no longer colour and light up the speaker's periods, affects the mind but feebly. It displays much logical acuteness, skilful contrasts of evidence, abundance of the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, ever freely indulged in by practised and successful counsel, but there are few bursts of the electric eloquence which one might have expected to leap from the burning lips of a fiery and indignant orator in presence of such an accusation. The peroration, which has been much praised, is short enough for quotation:—My lords, I pray you to pause: I do earnestly beseech you to take heed. You are standing on the brink of a precipice—then beware. It will go forth your judgment if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril, rescue the country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer when severed from the people than the blossom when cut off from the roots and stem of the tree. Save the country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is jeopardised—the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne. You have said, my lords—you have willed—the church and the king have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has instead of that solemnity the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayer of mine; but I do now pour forth my humble supplication at the Throne of Mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice.'

The accessories of a crowded, eminent, and attentive auditory—the presence of the distinguished, ill-starred personage whose fate was trembling in the balance—the breathless excitement of the people, gave a force and effect to this elaborate rhetoric which intrinsically it cannot be said to possess. Indeed the most successful speeches upon subjects of passing interest are generally the least readable in aftertimes, and for the very obvious

reason, that the personal allusions, the telling sneer, the veiled but bitter virulence, which elicit the applause of a contemporary audience, lose all point with the passing away of the circumstances and memories which gave them significance and power. It is this which renders Hansard such dismal reading, and has wrooked every effort made to force political speeches into the abiding literature of the country.

The shining phrases we have quoted were lost upon the Peers, who read the Bill of Pains and Penalties a second time by a considerable majority. In consequence, however, of the retention of the divorce-clause—voted for by the Whigs—several of the supporters of the bill divided against the third reading, which, being carried by a majority of nine only, the measure was abandoned amidst the jubilant exultation of the great majority of the nation, and Mr Brougham was a power in the state.

The obstreperous applause which greeted Mr Brougham's successful exertions in defence of his royal client drowned the murmurs which a remarkable bill he brought into parliament on the 28th of June 1820—with a view to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales—excited amongst dissidents from the established church, or 'squeamish sectaries,' as the learned gentleman politely termed them. It was nothing less than a scheme for placing the education of the people under the sole, irresponsible control of the established clergy. Schools were to be founded upon the recommendation or presentment of a grand jury—of a rector, vicar, perpetual curate or actual incumbent of a parish—or of two justices of the peace acting for an ecclesiastical district, the appeal as to the necessity of the school lying to the magistrates at quarter-sessions. The salary of the schoolmaster was to be not less than £20 nor more than £30 a year, and no one could be a candidate for the office without a certificate of character and ability from a clergyman of the establishment. The rate-payers might, however, at a properly-convened meeting presided by the senior parish officer, raise the master's salary, 'with the permission of the resident parson.' But the most extraordinary feature of the measure, coming from such a quarter, was the absolute veto given to the clergyman upon the appointment of the master, as well as a power of summary dismissal; and if the rate-payers elected a person whom he disapproved, he could peremptorily annul their choice, and order a fresh election. This, as Mr Brougham emphatically remarked, 'would give the parson a veto not nominal but real.' No question that it would; but why the rate-payers were to assemble and go through the farce of an illusive nomination is difficult of comprehension. The improvement of the old educational establishments of the country was also a professed object of the bill. The introductory speech was thoroughly an established-church speech. Mr Brougham's first principle was, that a religious education was the great desideratum—the indispensably one thing needful; and from this premise it followed, according to him, that that which could alone afford a security 'that this system would be a religious one, was placing it under the control of those who taught the doctrines of the church.' 'Let the House,' said the learned gentleman, 'look at the alacrity, the zeal, the established clergy manifested for the education of the poor. . . . The clergy were the teachers of the poor—not only teachers of religion, but, in the eye of the law, teachers generally. What, then, he asked, could be more natural than that

they should have control over those who were elected to assist them? . . . It did appear to him that the system of public education should be closely connected with the church of England as established by law. He stated this after mature consideration, and he was anxious to make the statement, because on a former occasion he did not go quite so far as he now did. He had then abstained from going so far, because he dreaded the opposition of the sectaries.'

In another passage of this curious speech he alludes to the high salaries of masters of grammar-schools upon ancient foundations, which he would not, if he had the power, by any means reduce, although contrasting so strangely with the bare existence allotted by his bill to the new school-masters. The disparity, he said, 'would be an advantage analogous to that which existed in the church. Many persons objected that in the church one individual should have £20,000 a year, while another laboured for £50 a year; but the good must be weighed with the bad, and this good would be found in the disparity of income, that by how much £20,000 was superior to £50, was the character improved and the class raised of the person who had £50, but who had a prospect of obtaining £20,000.'

We offer no opinion upon the wisdom or justice of the scheme of education proposed by Mr Brougham's measure, and illustrated by his speech. Many, very many sincere, estimable persons, we are quite aware, are of opinion that to the church, and to the church alone, as by law established, should the education of the people be confided. Many others, equally estimable and sincere, may, for aught we know, agree with Mr Brougham, that a splendidly-endowed hierarchy, in contrast with a wretchedly underpaid working clergy, is advantageous, and promotes the efficiency of humble, earnest, self-sacrificing pastors: that, in fact, according to the quotation from Burke, with which Mr Brougham enforced his proposition, 'the church raises her mitred head in palaces,' not to gratify and enrich the wearer of the mitre, the dweller in the palace—by no means; quite the reverse indeed—and solely for the sake of the poor curate vegetating upon £50 a year. We offer in this place, we repeat, no opinion upon the abstract truth, wisdom, and beauty of these *dicta*, but we do confidently affirm that they do not at all harmonise with the general idea entertained of Mr Brougham in his palmy and triumphant days; and for this amongst other reasons we think that he was from the first in a great degree misunderstood, and that his loss of popularity has been brought about, not so much because he has retrograded in liberality of sentiment, as because his former admirers have discovered their partial mistake.

There was ample excuse for the general error. In the year 1821 Mr John Ambrose Williams, the proprietor of the 'Durham Chronicle,' published an article in that paper upon the refusal of the Durham clergy to allow the church-bells to be tolled on occasion of the death of the 'murdered' queen, as she was frequently designated, which so offended those gentlemen that they caused a criminal information to be filed against Mr Williams for libel; and in 1822 the case came before a jury at Durham, Mr Scarlett, attorney-general for the palatinate, appearing for the prosecution. Mr Brougham was retained for the defence; and in a speech overflowing with the bitterest irony, regaled the public with quite another dissertation upon the advantages of a magnificently-endowed church

hierarchy from that which he had delivered in the House of Commons. The following passage cannot perhaps be equalled, certainly it cannot be surpassed, as a specimen of mocking persiflage:—‘His majesty,’ said Mr Brougham, ‘almost at the time I am now speaking, is about to make a progress through the northern provinces of this island, accompanied by certain of his chosen counsellors—a portion of men who enjoy unenvied, and in an equal degree, the admiration of other countries and the wonder of their own. In Scotland the prince will find much loyalty, great learning, and some splendour—the remains of a great monarchy and the institutions which made it flourish; but, strange as it may seem, and to many who hear me incredible, from one end of the country to the other there is no such a thing as a bishop—not such a thing to be found from the Tweed to John o’Groat’s House; not a mitre, no; nor so much as a minor canon, or even a rural dean, so entirely rude and barbarous are they in Scotland. In such utter darkness do they sit that they support no cathedral, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, the poor, benighted creatures are ignorant even of titles! Not a sheep nor a lamb, nor a pig nor the value of a plough-penny, do the hapless mortals render from year’s end to year’s end. Piteous as their lot is, what makes it infinitely more touching is to witness the return of good for evil in the demeanour of this wretched race. Under all this cruel neglect of their spiritual concerns they are actually the most loyal, contented, moral, and religious people anywhere perhaps to be found in the world. Let us hope (many indeed there are not far off who will with unfeigned devotion pray) that his majesty may return safe from his excursion to such a country an excursion most perilous to a certain portion of the church should the royal mind be infected with a taste for cheap establishments, a working clergy, and a pious congregation.’

And when did irreverence indulge in more bitter jibing than the eulogist of the state establishment permitted himself in the following sentences?—‘If there is any part of England in which an ample licence ought to more especially be admitted in discussing such matters, I say without hesitation it is in this very bishopric where, in the nineteenth century, you live under a palatine prince—the Lord of Durham: where the endowment of the hierarchy, I may not call it enormous, but I trust I shall be permitted without offence to term it splendid; where the establishment, I dare not whisper proves grinding to the people, but I will rather say is an incalculable, insupportable blessing, only it is prodigiously large; showered down in a profusion somewhat overpowering, and laying the inhabitants under a load of obligation overwhelming by its weight.’

This irritating sarcasm could not have been necessary for the defence of Mr Brougham’s client. It would rather insure a conviction from a Durham special jury, and a heavy sentence, if the judge had been as hotly zealous for the establishment as the counsel for the defendant shewed himself in his speech on the abortive Education Bill. In fact, John Ambrose Williams *was* found guilty, but owing to a technical defect in the proceedings he was never called up to receive judgment. We do not quote these widely-opposite speeches with any view to raise the cuckoo-cry of inconsistency against Mr Brougham. All wise men are necessarily inconsistent men—always with the exception of these highly-favoured

persons who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being born wise. Congenital wisdom and experience are, few will deny, rare gifts, deficiency in which may indeed be a misfortune, but can scarcely be deemed a crime; we therefore merely reproduce the passages we have transcribed, as examples of the rhetorical exaggeration which has induced so many persons to doubt the honesty and parity of Lord Brougham's motives. The pendulum's centre of gravity is the mean of its oscillations; and we have no doubt that both when dilating upon the great blessing, in a national sense, of a splendidly-endowed hierarchy and an indigent, working ministry, and triumphantly contrasting the assumed apostolical simplicity of the Scottish kirk with the gorgeous English state establishment, Mr Brougham was truly and sincerely the friend of a modestly yet amply-endowed church; and in contending for a monopoly of education being secured to the orthodox clergy, intended merely that liberty of education should only be so far trammelled as to insure that infidelity or atheism should not be promulgated at the expense of a Christian community. But men of the world, busy in their vocations, have no time to reconcile such apparent contradictions, and hence have rashly concluded that Lord Brougham has been chiefly anxious to shew how admirably, and with what force and *verve*, he can argue either side of a question, however complicated, difficult, or abstruse it may be. Hence want of confidence in the reality of his convictions, followed by coldness and distrust.

During the proceedings against Queen Caroline, Mr Canning, who had previously declared that *he* would be no party to the prosecution about to be instituted against a lady whom he had known as 'the life, grace, and ornament of society,' went over, on a well-paid special embassy, to Lisbon. What he effected, or for what public purpose he proceeded thither, is only known to persons having access to the archives of the Foreign Office. His appointment to this lucrative mission kept him at all events out of the turmoil of party-politics till the grave had closed over Mr Brougham's illustrious client. Subsequently Mr Canning was about to proceed to India as governor-general, when the death, by his own hand, of Lord Castle reagh opened the way to his re-entry of the cabinet as secretary of state for foreign affairs. Mr Canning had always been a strenuous advocate of Catholic emancipation, but it was now rumoured that he had taken office with a secret understanding to abandon the question in substance while he continued to sustain it in words. This charge was, it is now well known from Lord Eldon's published correspondence, true of the right honourable gentleman when, in 1827, he obtained the premiership, but whether the same corrupt understanding existed when he entered the Liverpool cabinet as foreign secretary we have no positive means of judging. Mr Brougham at all events believed so; and in the course of his speech, on the 17th April 1823, in advocacy of the Catholic claims, accused Mr Canning of 'the most monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present.' As these words passed the orator's lips, Mr Canning started to his feet, and exclaimed in a clear, sonorous voice: 'I rise to say that this is false!' A dead silence of some duration ensued; then mutual friends interposed; the good offices and authority of Mr Speaker were

invoked and exercised; and, finally, the offensive words on both sides were declared to have been uttered in a parliamentary sense only, and were therefore without meaning or significance. The papers of the following day remarked approvingly upon the magnanimity displayed by the two gentlemen, who were seen, not long after the painful occurrence, to shake hands in the lobby of the House, with a resigned acquiescence in the peaceful termination of the quarrel quite touching.

In 1825 Mr Brougham was elected lord rector of the university of Glasgow, beating Sir Walter Scott by one vote—that of Sir James Mackintosh. The inaugural discourse was written, the author states, during the business of the northern circuit. There is nothing in it which might not have been so written by a much less gifted man than Mr Brougham. Its chief aim was to impress upon the students the infinite superiority of classical learning, as the crudition embalmed in the dead languages is termed, over all other as a means of disciplining the intellect and forming the taste of the scholar. This assumption, which time—the generally slow but infallible solver of ingenious fallacies—is now rapidly disposing of, is made to include the *art* of poetry. ‘The great things of poetry and eloquence,’ says Mr Brougham, ‘have been done by men who cultivated the mighty exemplars of Athenian genius with daily and with nightly devotion.’ This is nothing like the truth as regards English, Scottish, and American poetry and eloquence. Emerson forcibly remarks upon the absurdity of insisting that the mind of the country should be directed in its best years on studies which lead to nothing. Greek and Latin, it appears from him, went suddenly out of fashion with the shrewd students of America; and ‘to the astonishment of all, the self made men took even ground at once with the oldest of the regular graduates, and in a few months the most conservative circles of Boston and New York had quite forgotten who of their gownmen was college-bred and who was not.’ This is perhaps an overstatement of the objections to the dead-language idolism which has so long, for many easily-appreciable reasons, prevailed, but as regards ‘poetry’ there can be no question of the incorrectness of Mr Brougham’s dictum. Indeed in another sentence of the inaugural discourse we have a hesitating admission of its fallacy. ‘Among poets,’ he says, ‘there is hardly an exception to this rule, unless may be so deemed Shakespeare -- an exception to all rules.’ A very significant exception, it must be admitted; and Burns! how could a Scotsman forget the decisive exception which Burns presents to this pretended *rule*? Take from Anglo-Saxon poetry and eloquence all which has been written and uttered by men who knew ‘little Latin and less Greek,’ and you might in very truth cry ‘Ichabod, Ichabod— the glory is departed!’ The discourse has the following vigorous passage, in the practical verity of which we should be happy to believe:—‘The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, that man shall no longer render an account to man for his belief, which he can no more control than he can the height of his stature or the colour of his hair.’ Mr Brougham’s assertion of the superiority of literary pursuits to all others—especially over those of ambitious, worldly men—might have produced more effect on the students if the practice of the moralist had been in harmony with his precepts. ‘To me,’ exclaims the lord rector—‘to me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits

seem far more noble objects of ambition than any upon which the vulgar herd of busy men lavish prodigal their restless exertions.' This is a venerable saying, but its truth is not so incontestable as its age. With all deference to the eloquent orator, that pursuit is the most noble which is the most useful to humanity, not that which is most pleasant or self-honouring; and it may not be doubted that in the busy walks of ambitious life there are means and opportunities of usefulness as manifold and great as can be found in studious leisure and retirement. Work, useful work, is always noble, of whatever kind it be, the sole difference being that the capability of useful literary exertion is confined to comparatively few persons; but the nobleness of the work is to be measured by the spirit and motive of the worker, not by the rarity of the power which is brought to the task. To shut one's self up in bookish seclusion from the world in order to gratify a love of study for its own sake is anything but noble, resulting as it clearly must from the hermit-spirit, than which nothing can be more entirely, thoroughly selfish; for is it not prompted by a desire to escape from the duties, anxieties, and cares of active life to the self-hugging quietude and safety of a solitary, unsympathising joy? Taken as a whole, the inaugural discourse must, we think, be pronounced inferior to orations by other lord rectors, and of course to what Mr Brougham, had he given himself more time, might unquestionably have himself produced.

The parliamentary life of Mr Brougham till 1830 was one of brilliant and useful exertion. Champion of Roman Catholic emancipation, friend of the slave, denouncer of the Holy Alliance, his fearless and mighty advocacy of freedom and the rights of conscience stirred and elated the national heart with remarkable power and effect. Who will forget that heard the following denunciation of the despotic league which had just put down liberty in the Italian and Iberian peninsulas?—and who can think without pain and mortification that the Henry Brougham who, on the 4th February 1823, so eloquently denounced and defied the oppressors of the continent, is the Lord Brougham who, a quarter of a century later, cheered on Austria and Russia to their evil work, praised 'the noble conduct of the Austrian captains,' and mocked the efforts of 'the rebellious clubs of Milan?' 'It is not,' said Mr Brougham—'it is not against freedom on the Ebro or freedom on the Mincio they make war: it is against freedom—against freedom wherever it is to be found—freedom by whomsoever enjoyed—freedom by whatever means achieved, by whatever institutions secured. Freedom is the object of their implacable hate. For its destruction they are ready to exhaust every resource of force and fraud. All the blessings which it bestows, all the establishments in which it is embodied, the monuments that are raised to it, and the miracles that are wrought by it, they hate with the malignity of demons, who tremble while they are compelled to adore, for they quiver by instinct at the sound of its name. And let us not deceive ourselves: these despots can have but little liking towards this nation and its institutions; more especially our parliament and press. As long as England remains unenslaved, as long as the parliament continues a free and open tribunal, to which the oppressed of all nations under the sun can appeal against their oppressors, however mighty and exalted, so long will England be the object of their hate, and of machinations sometimes carried on covertly, sometimes openly, but

always pursued with the same unremitting activity and pointed to the same end.' To perceive how lamentably time and circumstance have dimmed and distorted the once clear views of this great orator upon the foreign policy of Great Britain, it is only necessary to glance at the following recommendation, addressed in 1849 to the House of Lords upon the desirableness of an intimate political alliance with Russia:—'We should avail ourselves of the establishment of a republic in France to ally ourselves with a mighty empire which is impregnable in itself, and has resources which no other country possesses, even pecuniary, as well as military resources.' This was said but a few days before the ruler of the 'mighty empire,' possessed of unrivalled pecuniary resources, was under the necessity of asking the English people to lend him money, at an exorbitant rate of interest, to finish the railway from St Petersburg to Moscow!

But let us not dwell upon so painful a contrast. The law-reforms urged by Mr Brougham, eloquently, but for the moment unsuccessfully, were of the wisest, and did him honour; and in the settlement of the emancipation question in 1829, he took a zealous and decided part, supporting the Wellington-Peel cabinet with his utmost power. His popularity increased daily; and although he still sat for a close borough—that of Knaresborough, the Duke of Cleveland, his former nominator, supporting the general policy of the Wellington ministry—he was one of the most important members of the House, as well as one of the most influential men in the country. We may here remark that Mr Brougham always exhibited a great deal of shyness and indecision in the matter of parliamentary reform. Not only did he treat Jeremy Bentham's scheme of universal suffrage—*not* excluding idiots (this was one of the utilitarian philosopher's amusing crotchets) with unsparing ridicule, but others of a moderate and sober character met with but faint support at his hands. At one time his plan of organic reform appears only to have contemplated the reconstruction and enlargement of the Scottish constituencies, and thus chiefly as an experiment to ascertain how far innovation was likely to prove safe and expedient. William Cobbett was constantly twitting 'Lawyer Brougham' with his indifference or hostility to parliamentary reform. Mr Brougham's own experience had not hitherto been of a nature to incline him to regard large constituencies with affection or esteem. He had been, as before stated, defeated at Liverpool by Mr Canning, and twice he unsuccessfully contested the county of Westmoreland with the Lowther family. The time at last arrived for a striking reversal of this apparent denial of confidence on the part of the electoral body. In 1830 the tomb closed over his Majesty George IV, and a numerous and influential requisition soon afterwards invited Mr Brougham to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the great county of York. He complied with the invitation; and although second on the poll to Lord Morpeth, there can be no question that Henry Brougham, with no claim on the suffrages of the electors but his public character and qualifications, was, as he proudly styled himself, the representative of Yorkshire, in a more strict and positive sense than the noble and amiable lord and others, who owed their seats in a great degree to traditional and family influence. It was a stirring time on the continent as well as in England.

The long pent-up indignation of the French people against the assumptions of an ignoble despotism had at last exploded, and shattered to atoms the throne of the elder Bourbons. The new government had not yet had time to develop its true character and mission, although

‘What seemed its head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on ;’

and the victorious shouts of the French people were re-echoed from almost every hustings, and from every popular body in Great Britain. The aspect of the Opposition on the meeting of parliament was exulting, defiant. Mr Brougham, the acknowledged leader of the liberal party in the House of Commons, was brimful of triumph; not that he expected, nor would, so he said, accept of office under any circumstances. ‘When I was returned for Yorkshire,’ he exclaimed, ‘I made my election between power and the people.’ But he rejoiced in the nation’s joy, and eagerly girded up his loins for the great struggle which he and all men felt instinctively was close at hand. The abrupt and impolitic declaration of the Duke of Wellington against any change in the representation of the people kindled the zeal of the Opposition both within and without the walls of parliament into a blaze, and Henry Brougham was the conducting-rod which discharged the consuming flame upon the heads of the ministry. After a fierce preliminary invective in allusion to the Duke of Wellington’s speech, he exclaimed, looking Sir Robert Peel and Sir George Murray full in the face: ‘Him we scorn not; it is you we scorn—you, his mean, base, fawning parasites!’ Sir Robert was in a moment on his feet, and in a voice as augry and contemptuous as that of his assailant, denied ‘that he was the parasite of any man.’ The uproar and confusion excited by language so unusual lasted for some time, but at length, according to immemorial usage on such occasions, the offensive expressions were pronounced to be merely parliamentary, and Mr Brougham went on with his speech. Very soon afterwards the ministry were out of office, and the country knew that Earl Grey had been sent for, and had undertaken to construct a cabinet upon the principles of peace, retrenchment, and reform. It seemed at first that Mr Brougham would not be in the ministry. He himself declared he should not, and he gave notice in the House of Commons that he would bring forward his motion on parliamentary reform: let who would be minister. There was evidently some hitch or hesitation about his appointment to or acceptance of office. Some of the newspapers adverse to the cabinet in embryo asserted that Mr Brougham was first offered the attorney-generalship by Earl Grey, and that the only answer the learned gentleman made to the insulting proposition was tearing and trampling upon the official letter in presence of the messenger who brought it. He, the leader of the Opposition in the Lower House, and the member for Yorkshire, attorney-general! Monstrous! At last it was announced that Mr Brougham was to be lord high chancellor! The news was received, literally, with a shout of mingled terror and exultation. Henry Brougham a lord! and, moreover, a lord chancellor! Why, that alone in those days looked like a revolution. Mr Croker immediately accused the noble and learned baron of gross inconsistency in accepting office immediately after his declaration that he would not do so; to which

the Lord Chancellor indirectly replied in the speech of which we have already quoted the most important sentences. The deed was done—was irrevocable; and the astonished lords went home to muse and moralise upon the ominous coincidence of Brougham's appearance at the head of the House of Peers and the advent of the Asiatic cholera, just declared to be certain and imminent in these distracted kingdoms.

The admirers of the noble and learned lord, whose name was legion, felt great anxiety as to how their favourite would deport himself amongst the grave and reverend seigniors with whom he found himself so unexpectedly associated. He did not disappoint their expectations. Night after night, especially during the first session subsequent to his elevation, the lords were assailed and overborne by a torrent of sparkling and nervous eloquence utterly new and strange to their noble House. It was a tribune of the people haranguing against privilege and prescription from the woolsack of the hereditary Peers! Sight so portentous they had never seen, and it was some time before they could look the danger calmly in the face. When they did so, they quickly found there was no great cause for fear. The new chancellor they perceived was anything but the turbulent and irreverent demagogue they at first apprehended him to be; and the feeling of virulent antagonism gradually subsided. It was long, however, before the atmosphere of the august chamber had so far subdued his impetuous temperament that they could feel tolerably secure against a sudden infringement of the dignified courtesy usual to their House. On one occasion, we think in the third year of his chancellorship, a characteristic and amusing scene occurred. The House was thinly attended, and the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland were sitting close to each other, conversing in a low tone of voice. The debate was a dull one, and the Lord Chancellor when speaking took occasion to remark that the epithet 'illustrious' was sometimes used in a conventional sense, implying no real merit or eminence in the person so designated. 'For instance,' said he, looking sharply in the direction of the two conversing dukes, 'the Duke of Cumberland is illustrious by "courtesy" only, but the Duke of Wellington is illustrious by his character and services.' A bombshell falling at the feet of the astonished dukes could not have more startled them—Wellington probably not so much. His Royal Highness of Cumberland was exceedingly indignant. 'Why,' he angrily demanded, 'had he, who had taken no part in the discussion, was not even listening to it, been dragged into it in that unbecomly manner?' The Lord Chancellor coolly replied, 'that it had suddenly occurred to him that his Royal Highness and the Duke of Wellington afforded apt illustration of the truth he was endeavouring to enforce—that there was a vast and essential difference between individuals illustrious "by courtesy" and those who were illustrious by achievements and success.' This was making matters worse, and it was some time before the Duke of Cumberland could be pacified—his irritation being naturally greatly increased by the ironical nonchalance of the chancellor and the partially-suppressed hilarity of other peers.

The vicissitudes which marked the progress of the Reform Bill we need not dwell upon. Lord Brougham throughout the struggle displayed the restless energy which then distinguished him. The taunts he addressed to the Peers upon the insignificance, even in point of wealth, of the aris-

tocracy, 'with all their castles, manors, rights of warren and rights of chase, and their broad acres reckoned at fifty years' purchase,' when compared with the vast possessions of the middle-classes; his assertion of their lordships' inferiority to the industrious men of England—not indeed in grace of manners or refined elegance of taste, but in sober, practical wisdom—were applauded to the echo, and helped to confirm and extend the delusion which prevailed as to the democratic tendencies of Lord Brougham's mind. His greatly-praised speech upon the second reading of the bill strikes us, on perusing it now, as scarcely worthy of the speaker or of the occasion. It is far inferior to the addresses of Francis Jeffrey and Sir James Mackintosh on the same subject, both of which, *because* they were superior to the sparkling mediocrity best adapted to a miscellaneous audience, fell dead and cold upon the House. There was also in Lord Brougham's address a manifest indication of a wish for compromise, cleverly veiled as it may be, which would have greatly lowered his lordship in the estimation of the more eager reformers had it not been lost sight of in the glitter of the more showy passages, of the peroration especially, with its illustration, always effective, hackneyed as it is, of the fabled Sibyl's diminishing books and increasing price. The opening of the speech offers a striking specimen of the exaggeration which at times so greatly marred the beauty and effect of his lordship's oratory:—'If I, now standing with your lordships on the brink of the most momentous decision that ever human assembly came to at any period of the world, and seeking to arrest you while it is yet time, in that position, could by any divination of the future have foreseen in my earliest years that I should have to appear here and to act as your adviser on a question of such awful importance, not only to yourselves but to your remotest posterity, I should have devoted every day and every hour of that life to preparing myself for the task which I now almost sink under.' It is quite certain that if he *had* so devoted every day and hour of his life, he would never have delivered that or any other speech from the woolsack. The first general election under the new law gave the Grey ministry an overwhelming majority. As the returns came in, the new danger, the great peril in this country of a too great success, broke for a moment upon Lord Brougham's mind, and he exclaimed, 'We shall be too strong!' Prophetic words, as the sequel abundantly proved. The ministry had encountered a fierce, able, almost desperate opposition, and the deadlier the struggle the more powerful did they emerge from it. They were now to grapple with a more insidious and fatal enemy—almost absolute political power; and they fell in public opinion almost as rapidly as they had risen. The first act of the reformed parliament was to repeal the habeas-corpus act in Ireland, to substitute courts-martial for jury-trial, and to prohibit popular meetings in that country. However much Mr O'Connell's turbulence might appear to justify measures of repression, the passing of such an act at the dictation of a ministry could not but destroy the prestige of the new House— not perhaps in the opinion of those who opposed the Reform measure, but certainly in that of the men who had so fiercely struggled to obtain it. Lord Brougham, as if desirous of attracting towards himself more than his due share of popular odium, ran riot in his advocacy of this penal enactment, and exulted with rampant delight over the expedients devised for

putting down 'agitation'—language which from *his* lips sounded very strangely. To crown all, Sir Andrew Agnew's preposterous bill for insuring the 'bitter' observance of the Sabbath, although subsequently defeated, was read a second time by the decision of a majority of the new House. The disappointment was general, intense—unreasonably so, as subsequent experience has proved. Sir Robert Peel read the new signs of the times with keen sagacity. The enthusiasm for the Whig ministry having utterly vanished, the next dissolution, whenever it should come, must tell a tale, and the far-sighted baronet immediately began to organise 'liberal conservatism.' The maintenance of the corn-laws 'in their integrity' was made a cabinet question; and coldness and disgust rapidly overgrew the once ardent and hopeful minds of the great movement party. Still it cannot be denied that great and wise measures were subsequently brought forward and passed by the Grey cabinet. For proof of this, we need only mention the Slave-Emancipation Act—the throwing open of the China trade—the modification, in a liberal sense, of the East India Company's charter—the chancellor's bankruptcy reforms—and the promise, at all events, of a popular reconstruction of municipal corporations. They failed, however, to win back the confidence of the people. The early retirement of Lord Durham from the cabinet also told gravely upon the public mind it was believed, and there is now no doubt correctly believed, that to him the comparatively wide sweep of the Reform Bill—especially the total disfranchisement of the close boroughs—was mainly attributable. Lord Brougham was not for going so far. At a meeting of liberal members held in 1830, on the day after the resignation of the Wellington-Peel cabinet, at Lord Althorp's chambers, he said he should propose to cut off one member from every close borough, and to absolutely disfranchise some, 'but he greatly questioned the expediency of wholly abolishing this class of seats.' In the session of 1834 the squabbles, accusations, criminations, explanations of the ministry relative to the renewal of the court-martial clauses of the Irish Coercion Bill, still further damaged the cabinet in public estimation. Lord Grey ultimately withdrew from office, and after much caballing and negotiation, Lord Melbourne's 'lath-and-plaster' cabinet, as the 'Times' called it, was duly installed. The virulence which a portion of the Conservative press had never ceased to manifest against Lord Brougham burst forth at this time with tenfold bitterness. Amongst other agreeable imputations, he was accused over and over again, and in almost direct terms, of habitual addiction to drink—a charge covertly repeated in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham, who remarked that the noble and learned lord would no doubt carouse 'pottle deep' over the success of the intrigues which had removed Earl Grey from office. The Lord Chancellor retorted angrily upon his Grace for assailing him with such 'alehouse slang,' and the dispute was apparently growing serious, when it was suggested, in behalf of the duke, that the words 'pottle deep' were Shakspeare's, and consequently legitimate—orthodox; with which Shakspearian explanation the Chancellor professed himself satisfied, and in his turn said that 'alehouse slang' was merely a parliamentary periphrasis, conveying no meaning of a personally offensive or uncivil nature. The accusation so perseveringly urged against Lord Brougham was a false and scandalous one. Intemperance

of speech he might be fairly enough charged with, but intemperance in drink was an utterly baseless and audacious falsehood. But worse, infinitely worse than the renewed rancour of the Conservative press and peers, was the tone assumed by the liberal papers, which either joined in the cry against the Chancellor, or coldly and feebly defended him. His foibles, once so carefully ignored or concealed, were openly and industriously paraded before the public eye, of course not without much exaggerative colouring. The following hit from an old friend, the 'Times,' seems a cruel and ungenerous one. It was called forth by an article in the 'Caledonian Mercury,' which denounced the arrogance of the leading journal, and accused it of aiming at the direction of the royal counsels. This article a correspondent of the 'Times' imputed to Lord Brougham. The 'Times' thus replied: 'If we have sought to direct the royal counsels in the formation of a cabinet, we have not played contemptible and mountebank tricks to persuade people that we *did* direct those counsels, and that we were actually (when we were not) authorised to share with Lord Melbourne in the trust of submitting a cabinet to his majesty. We did not pretend to be honoured with the king's commands, nor with the royal confidence, while we knew the king would sooner behold a mad dog enter his council-chamber than see us approach within five miles of Windsor. We never gave out to servants and hangers-on that we were going to Windsor when we ordered a postchaise to take us no further than Putney Bridge.' All these imputations were untrue, and the fact is certain that Lord Brougham did receive the king's commands. Other graceful amenities, such as calling the Chancellor 'the cracked and crazy weathercock of the House of Lords,' were showered upon him by the same journal with liberal profusion. But this bitter and undisguised hostility was not shewn till after Lord Brougham's speech upon the New Poor-Law had delivered him into his enemies' hands. In order that the reader may fully appreciate the indiscretion committed by the noble and learned lord, it will be necessary to run over a few of the circumstances connected with the introduction and enactment of that much-controverted measure.

In 1832 a Commission of Inquiry into the causes of the growth of pauperism in England was appointed by the Grey government. The commissioners' report determined the ministry to bring in a bill to provide, by a central board, possessed of ample powers, for the better, more economical, more salutary administration of relief to the poor and destitute than could be hoped for from the discordant action of thousands of independent local boards, all more or less liable to be acted upon by disturbing causes, which could have no influence over a central imperial authority. This bill, although a very stringent one in many of its provisions, maintained and embodied the principle of the old law—namely, that every necessitous person has an absolute claim or right to relief. It passed during Lord Melbourne's administration, safely and without encountering any very formidable opposition, through the House of Commons, under the judicious and temperate management of Lord Althorp, although the rumbling of the *Times*' 'thunder,' and other indications of the tendency of popular opinion, emphatically demonstrated that great circumspection and prudence were required in order to weaken or allay the growing apprehension already entertained by many thousands of persons, who

suspected the new bill was a device conceived by the owners of fixed property to destroy not only the abuses, but the very existence of a law which made the relief of destitution a legal obligation as well as a moral duty. Under these circumstances the Chancellor moved the second reading, in a speech which, spite of the innumerable interpretations, explanations, and excuses afterwards offered in its defence, not only gave the finishing blow to his own popularity, but excited a storm of reprobation throughout the country, due not to the measure itself, but to the introductory speech with which the opponents of the bill took care effectually, and for a time inextricably, to confound it. The new law, as we have before observed, embodied, like the old one, the principle that every necessitous person in England has a right to relief, while Lord Brougham's exceedingly clever speech was mainly directed to prove 'that the right to a share in a fixed fund is the grand mischief of the poor-laws, with the seeds of which they were originally pregnant.' As if this were not enough aliment to feed the rising clamour out of doors, his lordship launched into a laudation of the Rev. Mr Malthus and his doctrine, and with only one well-defined exception, denounced the institution of hospitals for the shelter and relief of the sick and feeble. 'The safest, and perhaps the only perfect charity,' said the Lord Chancellor, 'is a hospital for accidents or violent diseases, because no man is secure against such calamities. Next to this, *perhaps* a dispensary is the safest; but this is doubtful, because a dispensary is liable to abuse, and because, strictly speaking, sickness is a thing which a prudent man should look forward to and provide against as part of the ills of life. . . . But when I come to hospitals for old men—and old age is before all men, and every man is every day nearer to that goal—all prudent men of independent spirit will in the vigour of their days lay by sufficient to maintain them when age shall have ended their labour. Hospitals, therefore, for the support of old men and women may, strictly speaking, be regarded as injurious in their effect upon the community.' Language like this from the lips of a fortunate lawyer in the actual enjoyment of £14,000 a year, with a secured pension of £5000 on retirement from office, seemed to the embittered spirits out of doors very like triumphant mockery of care and toil worn men, although of course not so meant by the unaccommodating orator. The plain-speaking he indulged in with respect to the 'wideswasting ruin' produced by the old poor law—foreshadowing the swallowing up of then lordships' rentals unless some sharp remedy were speedily applied—may be judged of from the following sentences: 'I will not say that many farms have been actually abandoned: I will not say that many parishes have been wholly given up to waste for want of occupants (I know that there are instances of farms here and there, and of a parish—I think in the county of Bucks—which have been reduced to this state); but I will not say that as yet the system has so worked as to lay waste any considerable portion of territory.' All this was founded in truth, and the details of the facts alluded to were fully given by Mr George Nicholls, afterwards one of the Poor-Law Commissioners; but it was answered that no considerable portion of the territory of England could as yet have been thrown out of cultivation, since it was well known that year after year 'enclosure bills' for the reclamation and culture of poor lands had been

more and more numerous. One statement he made relative to the world-famous Deal boatmen called forth a very angry and indignant remonstrance. Their hardihood and daring had, he declared, vanished under the operation of the poor-law, for being able to procure twelve shillings a week from the parish, they refused to put to sea except in fine calm weather. This declamation was not indiscreet because the facts were untrue, but because they were offensive, and wholly unnecessary to induce the Peers to pass the bill. We need not say, however, that many wise, and good, and great men rank to this day on the side of Lord Brougham in the vexed question of the poor-law.

Of course the outcry against what the 'Times' called 'the shocking intimation given in one part of the Chancellor's speech against relieving even the aged, the helpless, and the sick,' became furious and unappeasable; and calmly-judging men saw that the fall of the cabinet was at no distant date inevitable. One word as to the excess of population and anti-poor-law theories propounded by the Rev. Mr Malthus, and eulogised by Lord Brougham. Without wishing to question the humanity of the reverend gentleman, or disputing the soundness of his views under certain circumstances—not certainly the circumstances of Great Britain, with her magnificent colonies calling with the myriad voices of their glorious but solitary rivers, their giant woods and fertile, far-stretching plains, upon the English, and Scotch, and Irishman, to come forth and cultivate the fair earth which the Creator has given them—we may be permitted to doubt the possibility of successfully applying his principles in such a state of society as we see in England. We do not misrepresent the views of Mr Malthus when we say they point to a day as early as may be consistent with prudence and self-safety, when the state shall inexorably refuse to relieve destitution, however incurred or however lamentable. This may, for aught we care to know, be true humanity, far-seeing wisdom, but it certainly could not be carried out in England. A few deaths from the refusal of food and shelter—and such results must under the most favourable circumstances be expected as long as improvidence, disease, misfortune, are incidental to humanity—would raise a hurricane of popular indignation, in which not only the obnoxious law, but the most valued institutions of the country—property itself perhaps not excepted—would be swept away amidst the tumult and uproar of a strongly-feeling, and, upon this matter, excitable and passionate people. The new poor-law proposition became law. It has since been purged of its more repulsive provisions, softened into a charitable but still firm and enlightened code, and is, we believe, in the main both considerate and corrective in its general operation.

Another and a very painful incident which occurred about this time added greatly to the disfavour into which the Melbourne cabinet and its chancellor had fallen. Mr Justice Williams, a newly-created Whig judge, sentenced six Dorchester labourers to be transported for seven years under colour of an obsolete statute against taking illegal oaths, originally enacted to repress mutiny in the navy, but in reality for being members of an agricultural trades-union. This cruel, impolitic, unjust sentence Lord Brougham defended in his place in parliament as wise, legal, and even merciful. He spoke to the winds, and a subsequent ministry were compelled to rescind the sentence.

LORD BROUGHAM

Immediately after the prorogation of parliament Lord Brougham made a tour through the north. In Scotland the popularity of the venerable Earl Grey had not suffered nearly so much as in the southern part of the island. The mock representation of that country under the old system, administered in modern times by the 'dynasty of Dundas,' was more illusory and insulting than that of England; and the Scottish reformers, anxious to testify their gratitude to the distinguished man who had been chiefly instrumental in giving them a potential voice in the national councils, gave the earl a magnificent banquet on the Calton Hill, at which, it was said, 2768 persons were present from first to last. Lord Brougham was there, and made, as he always did, an able, telling speech. 'Fellow-citizens of Edinburgh,' exclaimed the noble and learned lord with eloquent egotism — 'fellow-citizens of Edinburgh, these hands are pure! In taking office, in holding office, in retaining office, I have sacrificed no feeling of a public nature, I have deserted no friend, I have abandoned no principle, I have forfeited no pledge, I have done no job, I have promoted no unworthy man, to the best of my knowledge; I have not abused the ear of my royal master, and I have not deserted the cause of the people.' In another part of his harangue he went out of his way to declaim against the rash and too eager innovators who wished to go faster than he, Lord Brougham, thought safe or expedient. This was caught up and observed upon by the Earl of Durham, whose remark, delivered with strong emphasis, that 'he for one regretted every hour which passed over the existence of recognised and unreformed abuses,' was received with shouts of applause. The Lord Chancellor listened to the earl's significant words, and the echoing cheers which followed them, with a flushed brow and kindling eye, but he offered no comment at the time. This incident was but a distincter revelation than had before been publicly given of a feud of some standing between the two noble lords. Lord Durham was by this time well known to entertain more decided opinions than the Chancellor, and by his early retirement from the Grey cabinet, after the passing of the Reform Act, he had avoided being compromised by their unpopular and halting measures. The quarrel was fanned and envenomed by the partisans on either side, and Lord Brougham threw out a defiance at Salisbury, which the Earl of Durham promptly replied to at the Glasgow banquet given in his honour. 'He has been pleased,' said Lord Durham, 'to challenge me to meet him in the House of Lords. I know well the meaning of the taunt. He is aware of his great superiority over me in one respect: he is a practised orator and powerful debater. I am not. I speak but seldom in parliament, and always with reluctance in an assembly where I meet with no sympathy from an unwilling majority. He knows full well the advantage he has over me; and he knows, too, that in any attack which he may make on me in the House of Lords he will be warmly and cordially supported by them. With all these advantages I fear him not, and I will meet him there if it be unfortunately necessary to repeat what he has been pleased to term "my criticisms." The wager of battle was thus by mutual consent to come off in the House of Peers on the meeting of parliament. Long before that time arrived the following paragraph in the 'Times' of November 15, 1834, announced the sudden dissolution of the Melbourne cabinet:—'The king has been the oppor-

tunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the ministry, and there is every reason to believe that the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. The queen has done it all.'

This note, it was reported at the time, was communicated to the 'Times' by Lord Brougham himself. Be this as it may, its at first suspected authenticity the lapse of a few hours placed beyond doubt. The Whigs were out, and Sir Robert Peel, then at Rome, was, by the advice of the Duke of Wellington, immediately sent for. The Lord Chancellor was permitted to retain office for a short time, in order that he might decide some partly-heard Chancery cases; but at length a summons being received from the king to attend at the palace to deliver up the Great Seal, Lord Brougham bade a final adieu to official power. On the reinstatement of the Melbourne ministry in 1835, the Whigs, who, said the *Times*, 'had sworn at Lord Brougham, abjured him, heaped the opprobrium of all their manifold miscarriages on his head, scouted in all companies the notion of again co-operating with, much less applying to him again,' placed the Great Seal in commission; and in order to the prevention of unseemly quarrels or awkward disclosures in the House of Peers, the Earl of Durham was prevailed upon to accept the embassy to St Petersburg.

The official life of Lord Brougham having thus terminated, many persons hoped that, removed from the Delilah-lap of power, his old strength and usefulness might return. His eminent talents were as vigorous, his industry as untiring as ever. Could he but resign himself frankly to his position—prefer rendering sober services to the exhibition of brilliant personal displays—a great career was still unquestionably before him, in addition to abundant opportunities for the cultivation of literature; so much more noble, as he told the students of Glasgow University, than the avocations of worldly, ambitious men. Before turning over the page on which time has written his reply to the aspirations of Lord Brougham's political well-wishers, let us briefly glance at the noble and learned lord's performances in the world of letters, to which leisure and inclination now invited him.

There is an anecdote told, we think by Sir Walter Scott, of a French gentleman, who, finding himself possessed of a faculty for rhyming—or, as Wordsworth more elegantly expresses it, 'the accomplishment of verse'—and having a good deal of spare time on his hands, resolved on turning the book of Job into 'poetry.' In a much less absurd, certainly, but similar spirit, Lord Brougham, relieved of the cares of office, and conscious of considerable controversial power, set himself to amend, or rather supersede, Paley's immortal and unrivalled work on 'Natural Theology,' by a discourse thereon, and the contribution of various addenda, chiefly relative to mental phenomena, which rather confuse and darken than confirm or illuminate the conclusions of that great and popular deductive writer. Paley's work, which Lord Brougham insinuates to be a mere plagiarism from Derham, has encountered more formidable rivals than the confident dissertations of the noble lord without its pre-eminence having been in the slightest degree affected. We may instance the Bridgewater treatises, which certainly display immense research, and the results of skilled and accurate observation; but they strike the mind merely as subsidiary confirmations of the great truth demonstrated beyond cavil by Paley's homely,

common-sense, irrefragable illustrations—namely the foresight, purpose, benevolence, divinely-artistic skill and arrangement manifested in the visible creation. But indeed the mists of familiarity, to use an expressive phrase of Shelley's, can scarcely blind the dullest of us to the evidences of prescience and design which surround us on every hand, albeit they were never so clearly, so admirably stated as by Paley. Lately, indeed, we have seen some faint symptoms of imputing the attributes we have enumerated as clearly deducible from the facts of creation, to electricity; but this is merely an aberration of minds confused and dazzled by the late brilliant discoveries of the properties of that mighty agent, and is a kind of fire-worship which in this age and country can scarcely be esteemed so respectable as that of the Gibeans. Lord Brougham's chief position is—that the existence of mind, that which thinks, 'I,' 'We,' apart from matter, is more demonstrable than the existence of matter itself; but 'I,' 'We,' that is consciousness of existence, must be possessed by the inferior animals—by the cat, the snail, the grasshopper; and how can this help the proof of an immortal spirit in man? The truth is that the whole argument, apart from revelation, and derived from the study of natural theology, as it is termed, amounts exactly to this—that creation indisputably proves the Creator to be all-wise, all-powerful, and all-just that He has created nothing in vain—no aspiration, no faculty, no expectation, merely to balk and mock it: that man *has* aspirations after immortality, and progressive faculties fitted for an eternity of development, the noblest of which are even here, in this their nascent condition, only evoked by the hope of fame—that is, enduring life—immortality! The entire Gospel, if we rely only on natural theology, is admirably summed up by Tennyson in his hymn to the Strong Son of God, immortal love —

'Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him. Thou art just'

This is all—a transcendent all, no doubt—that man by searching can discover of God and the future. Lord Brougham strenuously insists upon the importance of the study whereon he confidently discourses. We are rather inclined to think that he somewhat exaggerates its undoubted value; and we know that both science and religion have been retarded and dishonoured by attempts to make or break creeds by the necessarily ill-understood and imperfect evidence of—speaking comparatively—the partial and scanty facts which the utmost research of man has been or will ever be able to arrive at a knowledge of. Ignorance is not more certainly the parent of credulity than partial knowledge—and human knowledge in these matters must ever be confined and partial—divorced from wise humility is of the bigotry of unbelief. Pascal observes of the mocking sceptics who had counted the 'countless stars' and found them to consist of an exact number, that the telescope taught them to retract their presumptuous error. The spirit of that remark is of wide application; and we may be sure that spite of all the universe-made-easy dissertations of Lord Brougham and others, it will ever remain true, to again quote Blaise Pascal, that 'creation confounds reason.' It is a study, too, we may be

permitted to remark in conclusion, not to be lightly indulged in. Who that has gazed with the eye of speculative philosophy upon the marvellous revelations of astronomy, with its galaxies of innumerable stars and suns, and seen that the central orb, with his attendant planets of our system, is scarcely discernible amid the vast and countless globes which at inconceivable velocities rush through the infinite void which men call space—who thus gazing has not, we say, felt his heart die within him at the reflection of his own apparent insignificance, and that of the spot, on which he rides amidst the winged and stupendous universe, which the science of the heavens unfolds?—and as the mind staggers beneath an overwhelming sense of infinite magnificence and power, how readily does the mournful thought well up from the troubled soul—‘What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?’ Take comfort, child of earth! He who willed and rules those myriads of glorious worlds which speed in their ceaseless and awful course through the illimitable void, has also willed that *to you* they shall only present an aspect of divine calm, and peace, and brightness. For *you* the rushing of those mighty orbs is arrested; and Sirius, Arcturus, and Aldebaran are commanded to look down with a tremulous and tender light, mantling this earth of ours with the mild, silver glory in which young lovers stray and read each other’s eyes; and the contemplative man finds hope and solace, and a livelier appreciation of the infinite love which thus condescends to soften and conform the awful and unspeakable splendours of His universe to the weakness of humanity!

But our space warns us to proceed to other topics. Lord Brougham has published brief memoirs of the distinguished statesmen and men of science and letters who flourished during the reign of George III. They are remarkable for freedom and vigour of style; and the critical opinions enunciated are generally just and pertinent. One flagrant exception occurs relative to the poetic merits of M. de Voltaire. ‘The tragedies of Voltaire,’ says his lordship, ‘are the works of an extraordinary genius.’ This may be admitted, for unquestionably Voltaire *was* a person of extraordinary genius; but that genius was not, as unquestionably, *dramatic* genius. With this opinion Lord Brougham in another sentence agrees; for Voltaire’s tragedies, he says, are deficient in *real* pathos and real passion, whether of tenderness, terror, or horror. Still, according to his lordship, no one but ‘a great poet’ could have produced them. Voltaire was about as much a great poet as Lord Brougham himself. The value of his lordship’s opinion as to this point is easily settled by quoting the lines which he pronounces to be fine poetry. ‘Few things in poetry,’ he says, ‘are finer—(he is speaking of Voltaire’s play of ‘Zaire’)—than Lusignan’s simple answer to Chatillon, who tells him that he was impotent to save his children:

Chatillon. Mon bras chargé de fers ne les pût pas secourir.
Lusignan. Hélas! et j’étois père, et je ne pûs mourir.’

The reader has only to compare this lakadaisical lament with the last scene in ‘Lear’ to estimate it accurately as an expression of the volcanic grief of parental bereavement. Lord Brougham also stands intrepidly up, as others have done before him, for the extreme force and poetic beauty of the lines

of Orosmane: 'Zaïre — vous pleurez!' and 'Zaïre — vous m'aimez!' This alone would be quite sufficient proof, were the fact doubtful, that Francis Jeffrey, not Henry Brougham, was the poetical critic of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Lord Brougham, in giving vent in his place in parliament to the dislike he entertained for the Provisional Government of France, took occasion to call M. Lamartine 'a middling poet and worse historian.' M. Lamartine may console himself: the critic who pronounces that unrivalled master of persiflage, M. de Voltaire, 'a great poet,' was scarcely likely to appreciate the tenderness and beauty of the '*Méditations Poétiques*.' Lord Brougham has also given the world a translation of the oration of Demosthenes upon the Crown, which had the honour of being most viciously attacked in the 'Times'—by, according to the gossip of journalism, Mr Tyas.

Returning from this digression to the thorny field of politics, we find his lordship actively engaged as a volunteer skirmisher, now acting on one side and now on the other; at one moment assailing the Conservative ranks, and the next carrying confusion into the camp and counsels of his old friends the Whigs. His enemies stigmatised this conduct by their favourite term eccentricity. The time, it would appear, had not come when a public man could be imagined to exist independently of party. It was not possible to conceive that Lord Brougham could be actuated by conscientious motives; and accordingly, when advocating this *measure*, and attacking that, he was said to be attaching himself alternately to the *cliques* by which the measures were originated! But there is one passage in this changeful and desultory warfare, the necessity for which all who respect and admire him for the spirit and power with which he has at various times combated for right and justice could not but look upon with sorrow and regret. We have before alluded to the angry outbreak between his lordship and the Earl of Durham, which the sudden dismissal of Lord Melbourne's ministry, and the subsequent departure of the earl for St Peterburg, prevented from being renewed in the House of Peers. The rebellion of Lower Canada at the close of 1837, put down by Sir John Colborne, necessitated in the opinion of the ministry a temporary suspension of the constitution of that province: it was at the same time thought expedient that Lord Durham—whose character for firmness and liberality would, it was rightly conjectured, be felt as a guarantee that no permanently despotic measures were in contemplation—should go to Canada, invested as Her Majesty's lord high commissioner, with large discretionary powers. The noble earl very reluctantly consented to undertake a mission, the difficulties and embarrassments of which he clearly foresaw. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I can accomplish the task assigned me only by the cordial, energetic support—a support which I am sure I shall obtain—of my noble friends the members of Her Majesty's government—by the co-operation of the imperial parliament; and, permit me to say, by the generous forbearance of the noble lords opposite, to whom I have always been politically opposed.' On arriving at his destination, Lord Durham found Upper Canada also in an alarming condition, chiefly brought about by the valorous eccentricities of its governor, Sir Francis Head—the author of other bubbles besides those from the Brunens of Nassau. Tranquillity was soon restored. Lord

Durham induced the commander of the Queen's forces in the Upper Province to forego all thoughts of hanging the rebels he had captured, and to proclaim a general amnesty. The chief difficulty still remained—as to what was to be done with the ringleaders of the revolt, confined in Montreal prison. To try them, unless the juries were corruptly packed, was simply to afford them the triumph of an acquittal. Lord Durham thought it better to avail himself of a petition sent him by the prisoners themselves, pleading guilty, and placing themselves at his lordship's discretion—in order, as they said, to avoid the risk and agitation of a trial in the still feverish and unsettled state of the country. On the anniversary of Her Majesty's coronation, an ordinance appeared proclaiming a general amnesty to all political offenders, with the exception of the eight prisoners that had pleaded guilty, who were to be transported to Bermuda: others who had fled, would be liable, the document stated, to the punishment of death if they returned. As soon as this technically illegal but just and merciful ordinance reached England, great was the outcry amongst the lawyers. Lord Brougham led the attack, and displayed a virulence which the Duke of Wellington felt it necessary to reprove. The noble and learned lord's bill, declaratory of the illegality of the ordinance, was carried by a considerable majority; and the cabinet, although certain of adequate support in the Commons, sacrificed the lord high commissioner to the resentments of his political and personal enemies. Lord Durham thus relentlessly assailed, and shamefully abandoned, returned at once to England. his health gave way beneath the slights and insults to which he had been exposed, and living only long enough to instruct his successor, Mr Poulett Thompson (Lord Sydenham), in the plans he had conceived for the better government of the Canadas, he expired at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 28th of July 1840. No thinking person will assume that Lord Brougham acted in this matter from any other motive than that of a strong sense of public duty; and imperious indeed must that sense of duty have been, to compel him to appear to those who could not appreciate, or did not believe in the painfulness of the sacrifice, in the light of a man seeking to gratify private malice under the mask of public patriotism.

The opinions of Lord Brougham relative to the operation of the corn laws, and the cause of the agricultural distress which since 1815 has periodically visited this country, were not at one time, as we have seen, very enlightened ones. Much to his credit he speedily, out of office, became wiser upon the subject, and he addressed the House of Lords several times very eloquently in furtherance of the repeal of the corn duties. The motions with which he concluded his speeches were all of course negatived without a division. The question in the meantime had fallen into the hands of the more practical and energetic of the two Houses; the pressure from without daily increased in power and intensity, the wisest statesman of his time yielded to it; and the measure of 1846 was the result. It seemed strange that Lord Brougham, who had so strenuously insisted upon the necessity of rescinding the obnoxious duties, should rise in his place—now that so desirable a repeal, according to his own shewing, was about to be carried—and vehemently abuse the Anti-Corn Law League; declare that it was unconstitutional—all but unlawful; and that he never had yielded, and never would yield to 'any pressure from without.'

According to newspaper morals, no man was to deprecate the employment of what he conceived to be unconstitutional means, since it had chanced to answer a good purpose. The surprise of the Earl of Radnor was of course extreme; and Lord Brougham's reply, when reminded of the means by which Catholic emancipation and the Reform Bill had been carried, must have greatly increased his astonishment. Those measures, Catholic emancipation especially, had been passed by the pure force of eloquence and reason, not by any pressure from without, which was altogether a despicable and unclean thing. Lord Brougham, however, both spoke and voted for the repeal of the corn-duties. Two years afterwards he spoke and voted against the change in the navigation laws, for what reason consistent with his previous approval of the change in the commercial policy of the country we do not profess to comprehend.

Let us pass lightly over the remaining pages of the public life of this unquestionably highly-gifted and extraordinary man—especially we will not dwell upon his speeches and writings on the late French Revolution, and the superlative virtue and grandeur of Louis-Philippe's government. The parliamentary session of 1850 was also anything but a satisfactory one to the noble lord's admirers. Passing by his lordship's strangely-diverse speeches and motions relative to the Great Exhibition, what shall we say to his passionate deprecation of any interference with the discipline of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge? 'I hope,' said he, 'that no Germanic proceedings, and no German discipline will be introduced into our ancient and hitherto flourishing universities.' This was clearly aimed at the extension, through Prince Albert's influence, of the curriculum of the university of Cambridge to the inclusion of modern languages and useful sciences. The report that the place at the Board of Green Cloth, vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Marryat, was not to be filled up, greatly excited his ire, he beheld in it the commencement of a diabolical contrivance for lowering the aristocracy, by depriving them of the snug salaries constitutionally pertaining to boards of green cloth. 'If any person,' exclaimed Lord Brougham—'if any person should have said—as was said to his late lamented Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, by whom it was received with the reprobation which the phantasy, the foreign phantasy deserved—that the time had come for lowering the English aristocracy; if any one should have had the folly, the presumption so to speak, who ever they might be, must know now that parliament is resolved not to lower the English aristocracy. And the English aristocracy would be lowered if such things were allowed to pass as he knew were now passing—namely, that a lady of the highest rank, connected with the families of dukes and marquises by the nearest ties, was reduced to the humiliating necessity of advertising for necessary support.'

His lordship was also grievously amazed at the audacity of a committee of the House of Commons who dared to recommend the House to make large reductions in the salaries of ambassadors and of various judicial officers—especially of Masters in Chancery. Lord Brougham said the scanty emoluments of those learned persons were meddled with by thoroughly ignorant men, 'in order that the ruin of our home-service should keep pace with that of our foreign affairs.' 'Friend Bright' retorted in the Commons, that the ex-Chancellor had written to the

members of the committee, tendering himself for examination, in order to present them on the subject of their deliberations, and that the committee had unanimously declined the favour, on the ground that it was not probable his lordship could offer any suggestion or communicate any information of the slightest value.' Lord Brougham has been always a staunch advocate for the dignity and pre-eminence of law courts and judges; he holds, spite of the general experience of this as well as other countries, that the liberties of the subject are safer under the ægis of legal tribunals than of parliaments. This notion, or prejudice it was which governed his conduct on the 'privilege' question—a notion or prejudice which out of Westminster Hall is not happily very widely entertained.

Lord Brougham was married in 1819 to the widow of John Spalding, Esq., and the niece of the Lords Auckland and Henley. Two children, daughters, have been born to him: the first, Eleanor Sarah, died in infancy; the second, Eleanor Louisa, died on the 30th of November 1839. His lordship's mother died on the last day of the same year, the 31st of December 1839.

His lordship, except during the sitting of parliament, resides chiefly at Cannes, in the south of France, where he has built a château, embedded in orange-groves, and led to by a long avenue of fruit-trees. His residence and expenditure have, according to Mr Baillie Cochrane, greatly benefited the neighbourhood, where he is much liked and respected. This choice of a residence abroad, this 'foreign phantasy,' to quote his lordship's words, has, there can be no doubt, increased the disfavour with which he has been of late years regarded. This disfavour is said to have been painfully manifested by the want of public sympathy on a recent occasion when Lord Brougham announced that the state of his health rendered it probable that he was then in his place in the House of Lords for the last time. But Lord Brougham could not expect to fill the mind of the nation for so long a period to the exclusion of every other subject. Men's thoughts were at the time concentrated on other topics, and there was nothing practical or urgent enough in the misgivings of an invalid to recall them. Such was not the case when it was reported some years before that he was dead. Then was political enmity disarmed; then were even cliques forgotten, then was the Man judged of apart from the turmoil of polemics that had so long hissed around him; and then did the press and the people declare with one voice that a noble and mighty spirit had departed from among us.

It is now said that Lord Brougham's health is improving, and we may fairly indulge a hope, that a long, calm evening may yet remain to him which, if wanting the fervid brilliancy of his day of life, may glow with a more equable and genial light, and be rendered subservient to the unselfish aims of a wise and pure ambition.

